

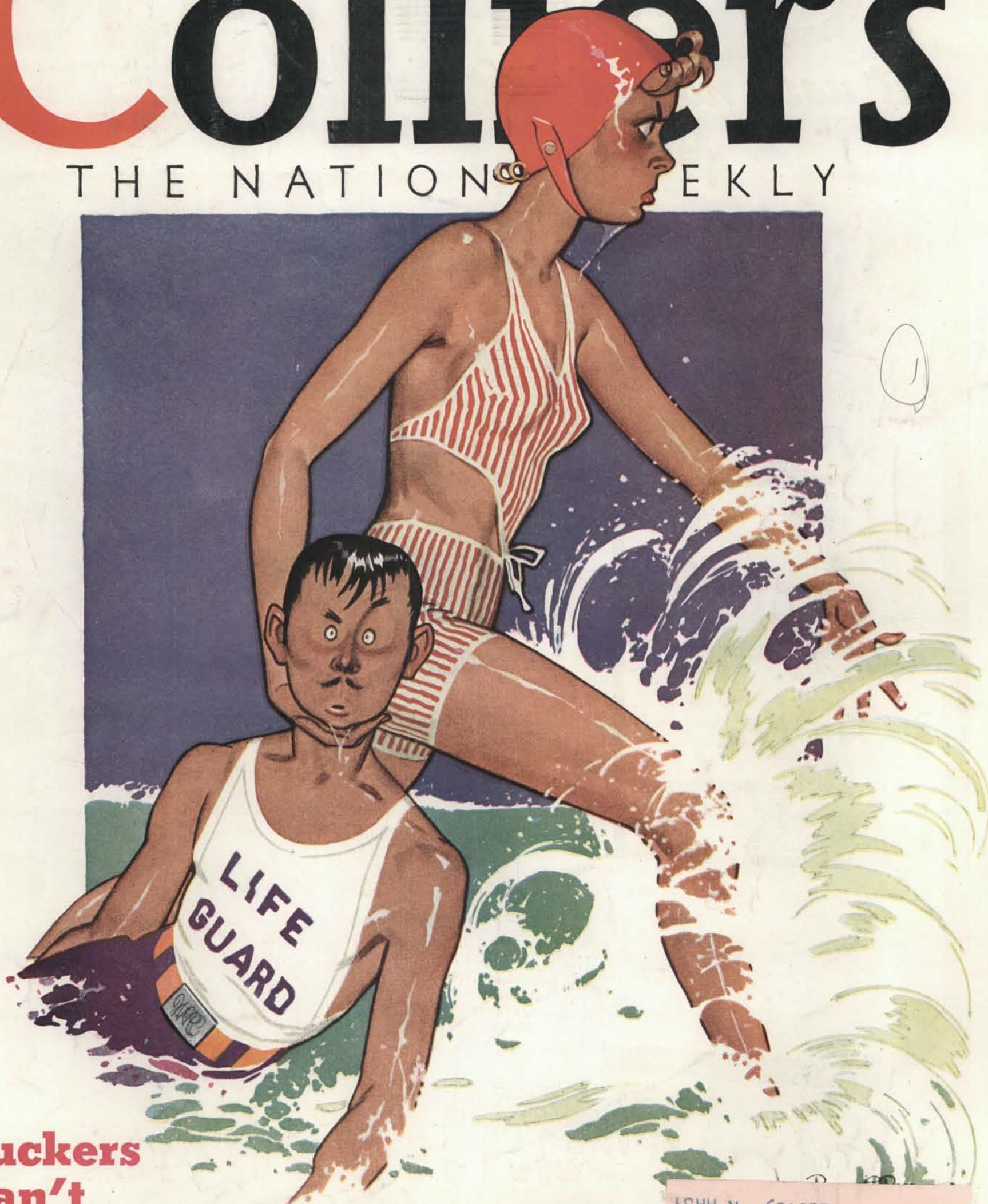
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July 31, 1937

5¢ A COPY

Collier's

THE NATION WEEKLY



**Suckers
Can't
Wait**

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN'S

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MRS. JOAN HARGROVE 12 E MADISON
417 E MADISON
TOLA KANS
22 JY 39 R HH 37

10 HOURS OUT OF 12

it uses no current at all!

Certified tests in 89 Home Proving Kitchens show Westinghouse mechanism runs less than 1/6 of the time . . . holds average food temperatures around 40 degrees . . . uses only 2/3 of a kilowatt hour of electricity daily.

RUNS LESS THAN 2 HOURS IN 12
... reduces operating costs, prolongs life of the refrigerator mechanism.

"ICE CUBES IN 55 MINUTES!"
... reports Mrs. J. S. Carlwright of Nashville; added proof of full-power.

AMAZED BY HELL'S KITCHEN!
Even in tropical kitchen temperatures, Westinghouse provides perfect refrigeration. See this showroom demonstration, re-creating actual kitchen tests in tropics!

FOOD SAVINGS—\$91 A YEAR!
Representative of average food savings is the figure reported by Mrs. Leon Wright of Spokane.

"SHERBETS IN 40 MINUTES!"
... reports Mrs. S. A. Bennett of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

...AND HERE'S MORE PROOF!
U. S. Public Works Administration buys 16,697 Westinghouse Refrigerators to meet rigid economy requirements in low-rent housing projects. They looked for lowest 10-year cost and found it in Westinghouse.

Kitchen-proved

ECONOMY

Never before such proof! . . . of big savings in time and money! . . . from kitchens like your own! Get all the facts! See the Westinghouse "Family Album", containing the complete results of performance and savings in nearly a hundred Home Proving Kitchens. See it today at your nearest Westinghouse dealer.

Westinghouse Electric & Mfg. Co., Dept. 740, Mansfield, Ohio

EVERY HOUSE NEEDS



Westinghouse



A Lady Getting Ready for a Yale Prom can't take chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"

Ipana and massage help your dentist keep gums firm and teeth sound

SOME future day, this charming young lady will stam-
pede the stag lines. For even at six, she has begun to
guard that winning, scintillating smile. She is practicing,
daily, the dental routine her teacher taught her—*regular
massage of the gums for sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.*

For many modern dentists and modern teachers are
stressing the threat of present-day foods—foods soft,
creamy and super-refined—foods that are the natural ene-
mies of our gums. For these soft foods of ours do rob our
gums of exercise, of stimulation. They become flabby,
weak, tender—until, sensitive and "touchy," they flash
that warning signal "*pink tooth brush.*"

The first time you see that tinge of "pink"—*go to your
dentist—immediately.* It may not mean trouble, but your

dentist is the best judge. Usually, however, he will blame
it on lazy gums—gums that "show pink" because of want
of exercise. And probably his verdict will be "more work
and exercise for lazy gums," and often—very often—"the
stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

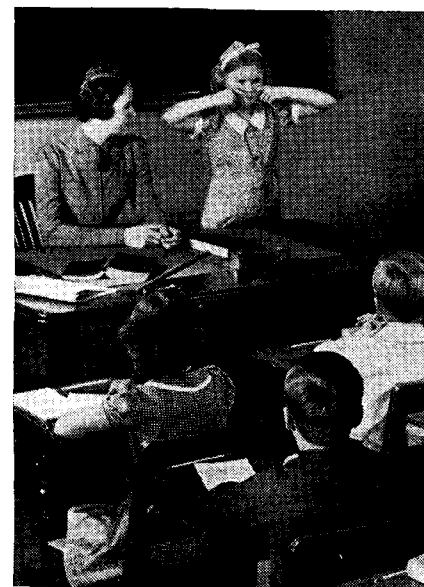
Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra
Ipana into your gums. Gums awaken as circulation quick-
ens within the gum tissues. They tend to become firmer,
more resistant. They show a healthy response that tells
in the *looks* and *feel* of the gums themselves.

Many dentists encourage the double use of Ipana (1)
to clean the teeth (2) to massage the gums. Change to
Ipana and massage—today—and help keep your smile
winning, attractive.

LISTEN TO "Town Hall Tonight"—
every Wednesday night, over N. B. C.
Red Network, 9 o'clock, E. D. S. T.



IPANA *tooth paste*



In classrooms all over the country,
modern teachers are doing much to
help the future oral health of their
pupils by instructing them in the
technique of gum massage.

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Collier's

July 31, 1937

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
GEORGE CREE Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Aviation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
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IFOR THOMAS Photographs
T. R. YBARRA Europe
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
OWEN P. WHITE and JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editors

Next Week

THIS tall young character is named Jonas. He has shoulders like the back of a truck and he has blond hair and pink cheeks and is without doubt as good-looking as any male character has a right to be without causing comment. Besides this, Jonas is an ex-king.

But Margie Grogan's opinion of him is by no means completely favorable. "Good grief," she says the first time she sees him, "another big umbrella." An umbrella, Margie says, is something that folds up. Even after she knows him better she continues to play plenty of ice for him. Mr. Damon Runyon writes about King Jonas, "The Big Umbrella" that wouldn't fold.

THE headquarters of General Francisco Franco, commander of the Nationalist forces in Spain, are in the palace of the Bishop of Salamanca. T. R. Ybarra visited him there and interviewed him for Collier's. Next week General Franco tells his version of the origin of the civil war, his aims and intentions and what the relations of Nationalist Spain will be to the rest of the world when and if he is victorious—in brief, "Spain à la Franco."

MARCH had spent his life in vaudeville. He was a headliner and he knew his way around. Among other things he knew you couldn't expect to get much out of an amateur hour. But he was desperate. That's how he came to sign up Bette. How Bette's name got into lights beside his own and how she came to run the act is her secret. It was a case, as H. Vernor Dixon points out, of "Experience Not Necessary."

THE shotgun took a new lease on life when skeet was invented. So did our wild fowl. The sport now accounts for twenty million shells a year. Bill Cunningham tells you about it and its young champion in "Aiming to Please."

JUST as the big rain was coming on, Susie set out to walk through the swamps to Greenville. The bayou country isn't friendly to strangers. We shudder to think what might have befallen if Susie hadn't found Big Cy. It was providential from Cy's point of view too, as you will discover in reading James H. Street's dramatic love story of the delta country, "Bayou Man."

W. B. COURTNEY, Frederick Nebel, Ruth Carson, Alan LeMay, Freling Foster, George F. Worts, Rose Franken and William Brown Meloney complete the list. Watch for them.

This Week

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FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

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Call Back Love, Part VI. Freedom of Hollywood. Page 17

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Down to the Sea in Teacups. Race for the America's cup. Page 22

FRELING FOSTER

Keep Up with the World. Something simple. Page 6

EDITORIAL

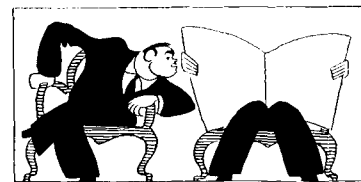
What Makes the Mare Go, by Bruce Barton. Page 54

COVER

ROBERT O. REID

Any Week

WE WERE peacefully minding our own business in Johnstown, Pennsylvania—reading the Honorable Hi Andrews' local newspaper—when a glistening gentleman spoke to us from the adjoining chair. The newspaper had informed us that a group of proper ladies had dispatched to Governor Earle (called Knee-High since his third-term nomination of Mr. Roosevelt) a message congratulating and commending him for that part of his "modified martial law" order which forbade the sale of intoxicants within ten miles of the city. You may be able to imagine our surprise, therefore, when the glistening gentleman said: "Gimme your room number, Mister, and five bucks and I'll deliver anything you want."



WITHOUT betraying the fellow we told a couple of natives about it. "Don't trust guys like that," they told us. "If you want a drink, play safe. Go over to the new John L. Lewis Club. It ain't much—just opened. One room, but safe. Tony'll treat you right." We went. But we didn't get a drink. The place (one room, one window, one barkeep—Tony) was too crowded. Tony told us that the John L. Lewis Club came into being an hour after martial law had been declared. "Be just my luck for the law to be lifted just as I get the place going good," growled Tony. He was indignant otherwise, too. You see, six or seven other clubs had started up. Competition was very keen. Tony said somebody was going to get hurt. Sounded like the good old days.

IN EMPORIA, Kansas, says Mr. Kenneth A. Scott, when they speak highly of Mr. Archie San Romani, the miler, they speak even as highly of Mr. Fran Welch, who coached Mr. San Romani. And we don't object. What aroused Mr. Scott to the type-writer pitch, resulting in a protesting letter, is that our recent story about Mr. San Romani, written by Arthur Mann, did not glorify Mr. Welch. We have gone over the whole subject for an hour seeking ways and means of setting this delicate matter right. The only thing we can think of is to say that Mr. Fran Welch is a good coach. We hope that ends the matter but we shan't be surprised to get a letter saying we're wrong again. That's the kind of life we lead.

NOW we're compelled to tell you some pretty bad news. It's particularly bad for a certain number of ladies and gentlemen in North Carolina. Just after Cameron Shipp's "Popskull Preferred" was published in this magazine the governor of North Carolina, flouting all the traditions of that tradition-packed state, called in his most trustworthy sleuths and cried: "Read this. Get that still." The bad news is that it was got. We are informed too that the still hunters had a fearful time reaching it because the customers were so numerous that the roads were traffic-blocked.

IN PITTSBURGH a telephone operator told us that if she were President of the United States she would put the whole country under martial law during labor disturbances. "Especially in regard to liquor," she said. "It's got so, with all these strikes going on, that every time a man gets a few drinks too many he gets ideas about how to handle the situation and he's always calling up the governor or the President. I worked till two o'clock this morning and twenty-two men tried to get through to the White House. Of course none got through but us girls got awful earaches. They always accuse us of not trying or working for the CIO. One punk said I was a Russian Red."



SIMILARLY the police of Struthers, Ohio, were having a miserable time of it when they were trying to do something constructive about law and order. It was Sunday and several hundred cars from peace-weary parts of the country had descended upon Struthers. All were filled with sightseers, hoping for a nice lively riot. The police struggled down Main Street, begging people to go home—and stay home. How, they demanded, was anything going to happen if folks didn't give it room to happen in? But they wouldn't move and there was no trouble. There wasn't room enough.

BUT we are soled by Mr. Charles Joseph of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Mr. Joseph says he is eighty-eight years old. "I'm reading the papers and remembering back sixty years," says Mr. Joseph. "When I see something new, I'll let you know."

HOPE it won't be that long.

LONG DISTANCE *finishes* "unfinished business"

When you hang up after a Long Distance telephone conversation, your mind and your memo pad are usually cleared of one more item. No waiting, no wondering . . . the two-way call brings an answer at once.

Busy executives find that systematic use of this personal service cuts red tape, gets to the point, and helps them accomplish far more.



Try it yourself. See how *little* Long Distance costs—how *much* it saves—at *today's* low rates.

TYPICAL 3-MINUTE STATION-TO-STATION RATES	DAY	NIGHT and SUNDAY
Cincinnati-Louisville	\$.50	\$.35
Baltimore-New York	.75	.45
Boston-Philadelphia	1.00	.60
Chicago-Omaha	1.40	.85
Denver-Detroit	3.25	1.95
Atlanta-Los Angeles	5.25	3.50



Willard Batteries Give Protection to Millions



"I know Willards Cost Less to Own . . . and through a score of years they never have failed me . . ."

"There's a lad in this town who is alive today only because I was able to get to him quickly. One bitter cold night I received a 'phone call from a frightened mother . . . could I come at once?"

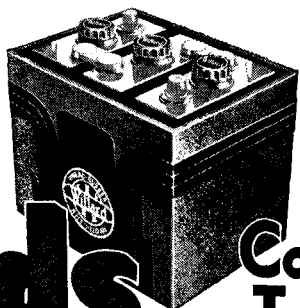
"I had come in tired and left my car standing outside. I stepped on the starter—and if you're one of the millions of Willard owners, you know the answer. I got an immediate start—reached my patient in time to give the emergency treatment that unquestionably saved the lad's life."

"Even if they cost a lot more than other batteries—and they don't—I'd still insist on a Willard. And in addition Willards' extra long life and freedom from frequent recharging make them actually *cost less to own*."

★ ★ ★

Car owners buy more Willards than any other brand because they want the greater safety in the emergencies—the quicker starts and the longer battery life that Willards provide. No matter where you live, you'll find one of Willard's 42,000 expert dealers. Protect yourself and your family by buying a Willard.

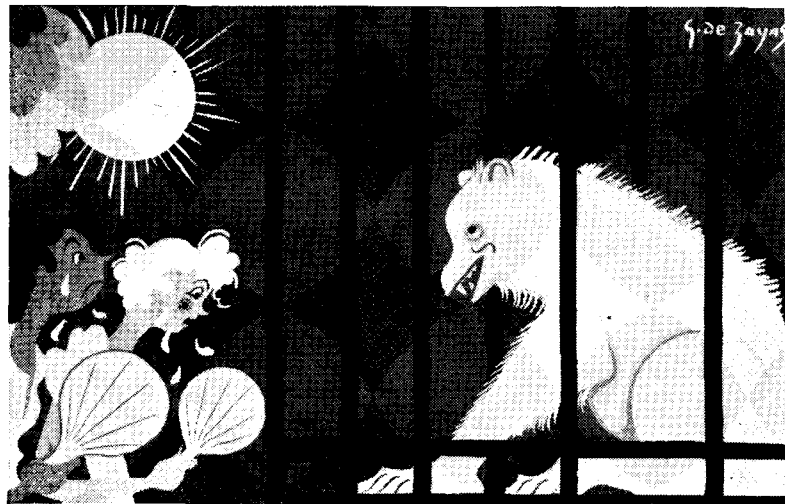
**WILLARD STORAGE
BATTERY COMPANY**
Cleveland • Los Angeles
Toronto, Canada



Willard's

Cost Less To Own

Because they last longer . . . Crank faster . . . Don't let you down!



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD By Freling Foster

Polar bears, brought to zoos in temperate zones, soon become acclimated, liking the summers and disliking the winters as much as other animals. Bears born in captivity are likely to suffer more from the cold than from the heat. When a fine specimen, reared in Berlin, was taken recently into the far North to make a motion picture, it quickly died of pneumonia.

In Great Britain today, it is still customary for a judge to wear a black cloth over his white wig while he is pronouncing a death sentence, and for a prison warden to fly a black flag over his main building after an execution.

The only Christian church that was ever dedicated to the progenitors of the human race is the Chapel of Adam and Eve on Merchant's Quay in Dublin, Ireland.

Most countries adjacent to the sea prohibit commercial fishing by foreigners within their three-mile limits and impose heavy penalties for any violation. In a recent case a British trawler was caught poaching off the coast of Iceland and its skipper was fined \$5,200.

All the numerous state boundary disputes in this country have been settled except one concerning a one-mile stretch between Virginia and the District of Columbia.—By Tom M. Matthews, Lakeland, Florida.

The "protective" fluid of the skunk is so poisonous that the inhalation of a small dose almost invariably weakens the heart action and slows the pulse, while large doses sometimes cause unconsciousness and even death.

The highest valuation ever placed on an oil painting is the \$2,000,000 on Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto," or Sistine Madonna, which hangs in a large room of its own in The Zwinger, the famous art gallery in Dresden, Germany.

The United States has close to 300,000 volunteer firemen in nearly 13,000 companies, and special schools in 42 states give fire-fighting instruction to about 35,000 students a year. In one state having 90 cities and towns, there is only one paid fire department.—By Warren K. Rodat, Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Many Japanese firms are famed for their generosity toward striking and dismissed employees. Not long ago in Japan, after the 1,000 workers of a brewery had been on an unsuccessful strike for more than seven months, the company rehired 300 men and gave the remaining 700 an average of more than \$200 apiece to compensate them for the loss of their jobs.

The largest educational institution in the world is an American correspondence school, which has made contracts, during the 45 years of its existence, to educate the employees of more than 2,700 commercial and industrial organizations, and to sell its textbooks to over 600 schools, colleges and universities.—By Vern I. Tucker, Portland, Oregon.

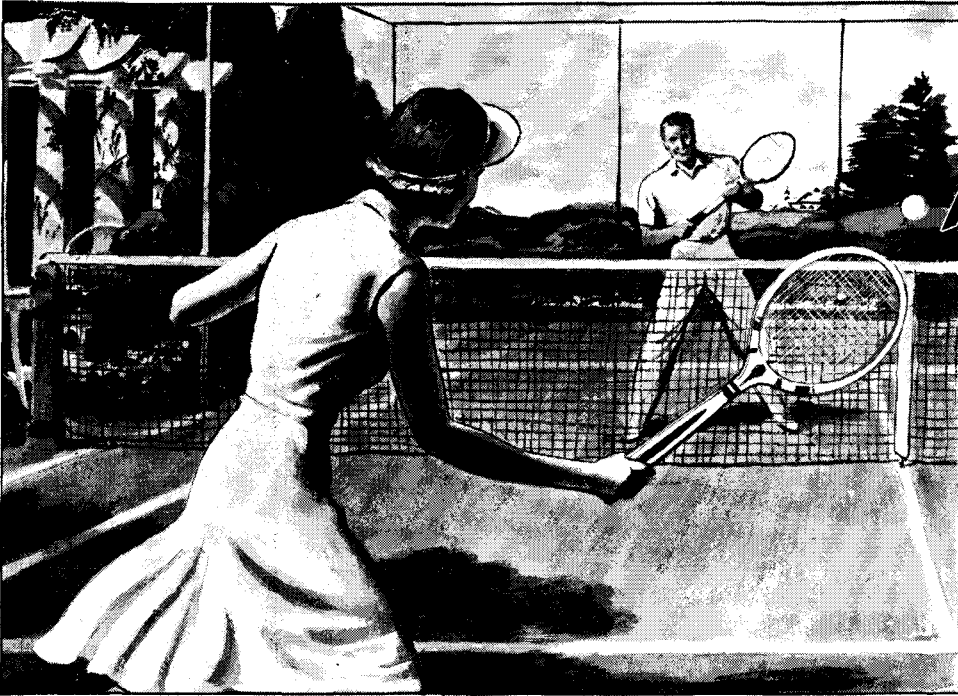
Many large wine cellars in Europe have chapels and shrines installed in them. One vault in Vienna even has an "Apostles' Corner" where the lives of Christ's disciples are beautifully carved on twelve enormous casks.



Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher.

Planning your vacation?

Know your Heart



DON'T be reckless on your first day of vacation. You don't have to play six sets of tennis, thirty-six holes of golf, or swim a mile. The trained athlete doesn't. He knows better. He breaks in gradually.

Exercise which is taken too strenuously at the beginning may strain the heart. The chances are that your heart is good for all the reasonable exercise you will want on vacation. But why guess about it? Let your doctor examine you before you go away on your summer holiday.



Some hearts, even in younger people, are dependable for the usual routine of life but do not stand up under unusual or prolonged effort. The cause may be a previous infection which has been entirely forgotten. Rheumatic fever—"growing pains" in childhood—may have left the heart permanently impaired. In middle-aged persons, particularly those who are overweight or who have a tendency to high blood pressure, important changes often occur in the arteries of the heart which definitely limit its endurance.

A heart that is somewhat below par, if used with care and discretion, may outlast a much stancher one that is abused. Each year many people die of heart disease which might have remained just a heart "condition" if they had realized the need for caution. Sometimes indigestion, nervousness or lung ailments are mistaken for heart trouble, causing needless alarm and anxiety.

Drop in to see your doctor before you go away. Be prepared to get all the enjoyment and health you should out of your vacation. *Know your own heart.* The Metropolitan booklet "Give Your Heart a Chance" contains much valuable information that you should have. A post card will bring you a copy. Address Booklet Department 837-C.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

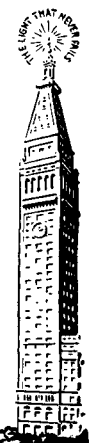
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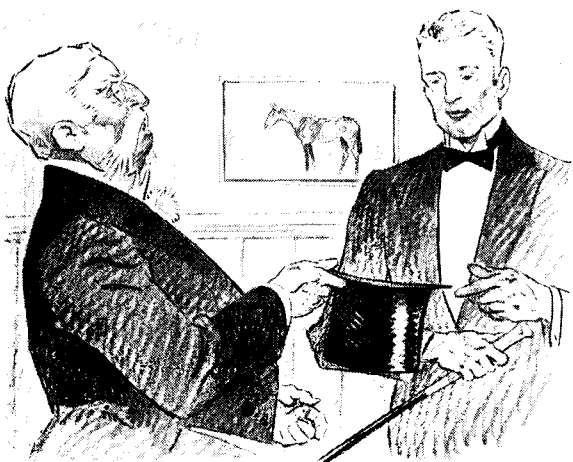
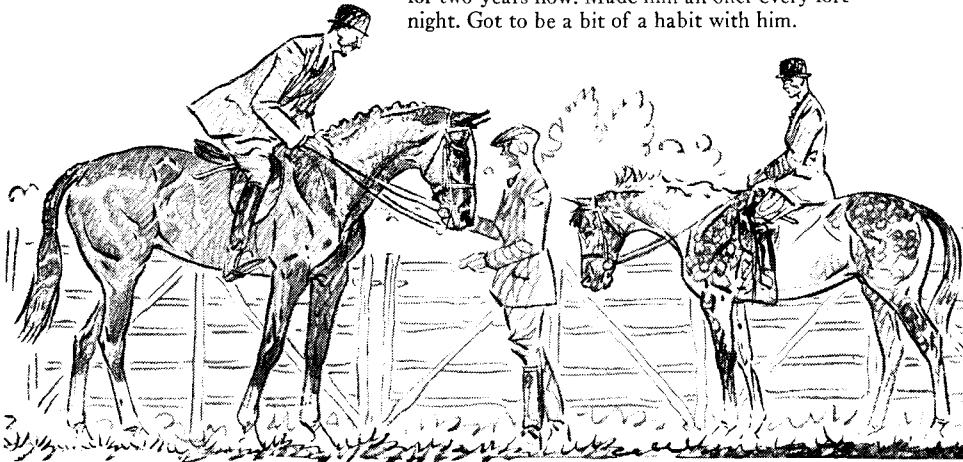
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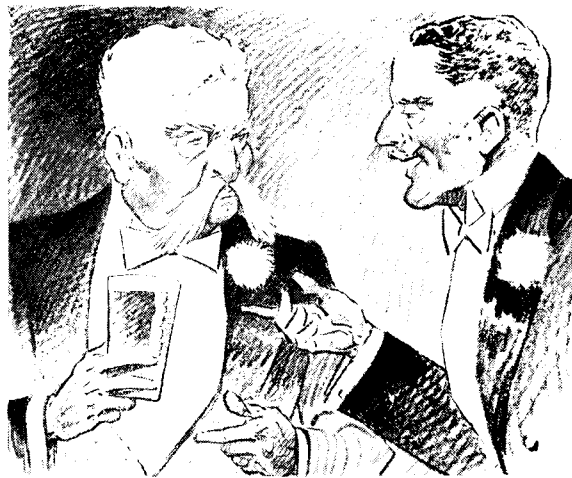
"You mean... the blighter actually got the horse?"



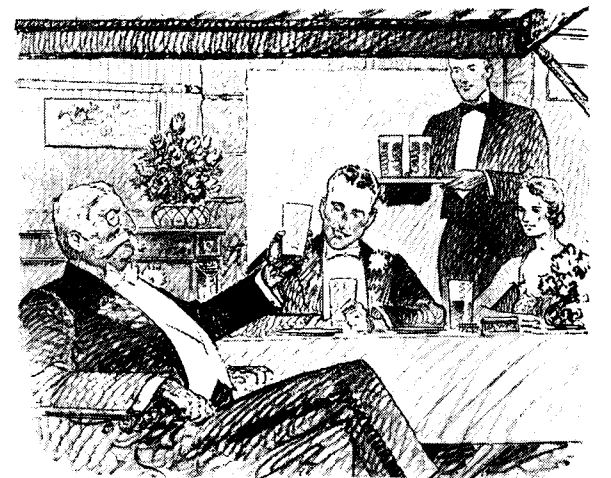
1. Stubborn bounder—Colonel Hackett. Been wanting to buy Lord Clayton's chestnut mare for two years now. Made him an offer every fortnight. Got to be a bit of a habit with him.



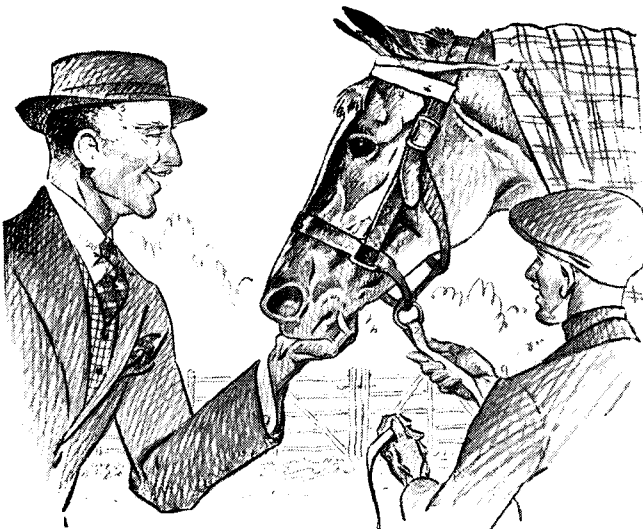
2. Then last night the Colonel had a whopping idea. Invited his Lordship to dinner. Had gallons of the most delicious iced coffee you've ever tasted. Knew his Lordship is positively balmy about the stuff.



3. Wore a bit of a smirk when the frosty brew was served. "I say, this coffee is certain to keep me wall-eyed!" cried his Lordship. "Would you be willing to stake your mare on it?" asked the Colonel slyly.



4. "Righto!" said his Lordship. "If this coffee doesn't keep me awake, you can have her at your own price. But if it does—you'll never mention her again." Dashed if he didn't have three glasses of iced coffee.



5. Pronounced it top-hole. And Jove, he slept like a kitten. Sent his groom over with the mare this morning. All on account of the Sanka Coffee the Colonel had got in America. It's 97% caffeine-free, so the old boy couldn't lose, you see.



"ICED SANKA MAKES SUMMER MY FAVORITE SEASON!"

THIS SUMMER, don't steer away from iced coffee—just because you and caffeine can't travel together.

Drink all you want. *But be sure you make it with Sanka Coffee.*

For Sanka is *real* coffee—grand coffee—delicious and satisfying. But—because 97% of its caffeine is removed, you can drink it, even at midnight, without being kept awake.

Make iced coffee *extra* strong...on account of the melting ice. Use one and a half heaping tablespoons of Sanka Coffee for every cup. If you "perk" it, give it a few extra minutes "on the fire." Then pour the *freshly made* piping hot coffee into a tall glass filled with cracked ice.

Your grocer carries Sanka Coffee. It is a General Foods Product.



SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE... DRINK IT AND SLEEP

Suckers Can't Wait

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Take it from Jojo Ryan, it's lots easier to trim a nation than a single sucker. To Jojo and his "cousins," a nation is the softest touch of all

I WANT to say, firmly, that I am not Jojo Ryan's Cousin Frankie. I am not his old war buddy, his old pal, side-kick, helper, confederate or relative-by-marriage. I am not even Jojo Ryan's friend. If you knew Jojo Ryan when he was milking government whisky warehouses, that does not mean that I will leave my Washington apartment at 3:46 A. M. to sign your bond. I will not speak to a district attorney in your behalf, even if you saved Jojo Ryan's life when he was in the labor-union racket in Chi.

Let us get that straight, once and for all. I am a working newspaperman, covering Washington for my Middle Western paper. My salary is not what I am worth, but fairly adequate. I am happily married and cannot duck around to a little brick house on Z Street to meet a blonde named Alicia. I have no influence with the State Department or, for that matter, any other department. At the President's press conferences, I am the meek, fat, bald-headed guy at the extreme outside edge of the crowd, looking as if I had just managed to squeeze in before the door closed.

I met Jojo Ryan entirely by accident in a corridor of the Federal Building at St. Louis. It merely happened that I was instrumental in clearing Jojo from a rap for mail robbery. The confession I obtained turned up in the course of an entirely different story; for all I knew or cared Jojo Ryan could have gone to Leavenworth for sixty years. Indeed, thinking it over now, I feel that I could face such a miscarriage of justice with steadily mounting equanimity.

Is it my fault that Jojo afflicted me with his gratitude? That he chose to adopt me into that horrible Jojo branch of the Ryan family?

"You saved me from a tough beef, friend," said Jojo, halting me that day in the corridor, "I won't forget it, neither!"

I sincerely wanted Jojo to forget it. The thought that this big gorilla, his blank-faced stare made somehow frightening by a permanent droop to his left eyelid, would remember me was unpleasant.

"Not at all, not at all, Mr. Ryan," I said, trying to hurry on, "all in the day's work!"

Jojo shook his head. A hint of joviality as terrifying as Conrad's "flicker of sunlight on a strange shore" appeared in Jojo's stern right eye.

"You done me a big favor, Frankie," he said. "I'm gonna keep it in mind."

"Not at all. Forget it!" I said, attempting to achieve the gaily casual note. "Glad I could help an innocent man!"

But there was no escape from Jojo's



"C'mon, Cousin Frankie!" said the largest and toughest gorilla, with alcoholic camaraderie, "Jojo says you gotta come. He won't take no for an answer"

stubborn, matter-of-course gratefulness. I had to listen while he explained that he was in Springfield the day of the mail-truck robbery, but he had gone there to do another job. He was working on a Gully that day and a Brady put him on the spot for the mail job. And if it hadn't been for Cousin Frankie Ryan—me—other Bradys would have burned him up with federal heat.

WHEN I got to know Jojo better—knowledge I never sought and always tried to avoid—I learned that Jojo had divided mankind into three big families, the Bradys, the Gullys and the Ryans. A Gully was any victim Jojo had singled out to rob, fleece or perhaps murder. A Brady was any enforcer of law and order or righteous citizen who opposed Jojo in his designs on a Gully. The Ryans, of course, were all those noble souls whatever their real names who helped Jojo in his life's work.

"Very interesting, Mr. Ryan," I said, that day, "but I've got to run along back to the office."

"You got a cigar breath, Frankie. Try some of these!"

He solemnly tendered a smeary bag of cinnamon red-hots, which he, behind his grim mouth, had been sucking all the while. He also recommended a certain brand of mouthwash. When I was forced to know Jojo better, I learned that he was strong for every form of personal-improvement. "It makes a guy better pleased with hisself," Jojo always said.

"I missed my reg'lar wash with No-O-Do," Jojo informed me, "and I sure feel it. Ever try No-O-Do, Frankie?"

At this point in our first meeting, I was desperately determined that it should be the last.

"No, Mr. Ryan," I said, "I use chlorine with a carbolic acid rinse. Try *that* sometime!"

Jojo stared at me as I sidled toward freedom, then one corner of his mouth dropped.

"He he he he he," he laughed. "That's a good one, Frankie! Carbolic acid rinse! It'd take all the skin off!"

"I have to go now, Mr. Ryan," I said. "I'll be seein' you, Frankie," he said. "I ain't forgetting what you done!"

Late that afternoon, warned by a prescience that Jojo Ryan had meant exactly what he said, I left my newspaper office by the pressroom elevator. And I skulked down the alley, reaching the street half a block from the building's front entrance. I could not forbear, however, one lingering glance behind. Sure enough, Jojo was standing with two men companions by the front entrance.

WHEN I arrived home in Webster Groves, my wife greeted me with: "A man named Ryan has been trying to get you for the past hour. He says he wants you to come to his party at the Jefferson tonight!"

I explained, grimly. My wife, who still thought newspaper work romantic, said: "You ought to go. The man might put you in the way of a big story sometime, dear!"

"No," I said.

The phone rang twice during dinner, but I gave orders it was not to be answered. Yet, somehow, all the time I had the ghastly certainty that I would have to go to Jojo Ryan's party.

About seven-thirty, the doorbell rang. "Yes, he's home . . . Frank, dear!"

Three very tough laddies and a dramatically beautiful brunette in a mink cape stood here.

"C'mon, Cousin Frankie!" said the largest and toughest gorilla, with alcoholic camaraderie, "Jojo says you gotta come. He won't take no for an answer, Cousin Frankie. He sent Christine to talk you into it. Christine, do yer stuff!"

Christine merely marched into our

front hall, got my hat and coat from the closet while my flabbergasted wife tried to make conversation, put my hat on my head and ordered Stevie to hold my coat.

"I'll see that he don't get into no trouble, dearie," Christine assured my wife. "Jojo wants to meet you, too, but he feels too gay tonight. C'mon, Cousin Frankie!"

I was placed in the rear seat of a six-thousand-dollar limousine, with my Cousin Christine for company. And very good company she was, too. As she explained, a poor boy like Jojo doesn't beat a federal rap every day in the year. She and Jojo had been *actually* worried this time. How about it, Goldie? Wasn't she worried?

"Yeah. Christine nearly went nuts, Frankie," Goldie assured me. "She was pumped out *twicet*!"

Christine laughed merrily.

"I got a kind of morbid streak in me, Frankie," she explained. "When things ain't breaking right for my Jojo boy, it seems like I wanta *swaller* things!"

"Strychnine—the last time," added Cousin Red.

In a private dining room at the Jefferson, Jojo welcomed me with utterly disarming joviality.

"Ain't a bullet in you, is they?" he demanded. "Nobody ain't said a cross word, hunh?"

"I'm having the time of my life!" I said.

LATER, and quite off-handedly, Jojo turned to Christine, saying: "Go dance with Uncle Tom. I and Frankie wanta talk."

Then, Jojo asked me if I would come to work for him.

"Thanks," I said, "but I like newspapering."

Nodding, Jojo asked me to examine his collar, which was a Wiltless Wonder. Did I see even one wrinkle? He also pointed out that his shoes had Lifeline Arch supports and tossed in the remark that Christine was getting good results from a preparation called Slimmer. Then, abruptly:

"You make a hundred and fifty a week, don't you, Frankie?"

"Y-yes, something like that."

"I'll pay you fifteen hundred—to start."

"Doing what, Mr. Ryan?"

"A new proposition in the East. Strictly legal." And, with naïve earnestness he added: "I owe it to you, Frankie. I'll make you plenty rich."

"Thank you, Mr. Ryan, but—"

My reluctance seemed to please Jojo. His drooping left eyelid flickered. He slapped me heavily on the back and ordered a waiter to refill my glass with champagne.

"I'll come clean with you, Frankie," he said. "We'll need a smart, educated guy like you. It's a new kind of business, see?"

"Putting money back in banks, eh?"

Humor stirred my Cousin Jojo. The three red wrinkles across his brow quivered.

"He he he he—he—you're a card, Frankie. Putting money *back* . . . hey, Christine—"

Jojo heaved to his feet, walked across the small dance floor and stopped Christine and Uncle Tom, telling them the joke. He returned to me with almost a smile on his face.

"We sure need a guy like you, Frankie! I ain't horsing you, neither."

"I'm sorry, but—"

"Listen, Frankie. You don't get it. This ain't rough. It's just selling information, that's all it is. Selling information!"

"Stocks or horses?"

"Naw, that's small-time. Listen, Frankie—you know they's nations? Foreign countries?"

"I've heard a rumor—"

"He he he he—Frankie, you do me good! But serious, now, this thing is *big*. I got two boys been in Washington, D. C., since Christmas casing the whole layout. It's big, Frankie. And strictly legal."

Jojo went on to explain that Washington, D. C., was full of Gullys sent there by the foreign nations. They would do a certain kind of legitimate business with you. Even if you sold these Gullys wrong information they did not squawk to the Bradys. It was, Jojo insisted, nice clean work for the Ryans without any federal heat.

"Oh!" I said, "do you mean espionage?"

"Naw. It's the spy business."

WELL, I did not agree to go into the spy business with Cousin Jojo and Cousin Christine et al. I would not accept Jojo's limousine as a slight token of his gratitude or even the two \$500 banknotes he tucked into my hatband. I parted politely from all my Ryan relatives for good and all, so I thought.

"I ain't forgetting, Frankie," Jojo said.

And Jojo kept his word, too. Before leaving town he called on my managing editor, assuring him that I was the brightest newspaperman in the world and had better be given an immediate raise or else. This made a quaint anecdote around the office and the city editor, a humorist, took to calling me Cousin Frankie.

The next several weeks went by without more than half a dozen social, distress or emergency calls from people describing themselves as Cousin Willie, Aunt Mabel or Uncle Ned. Then, one very busy day, I received notice from the telegraph company that a sum of money was awaiting me at their office.

Accompanying an order for one thousand dollars was this message from Washington.

DEAR FRANKIE STOP THIS LOOKS BIGGER THAN I TOLD YOU STOP CAN GUARANTEE YOU TWENTY GRAND FIRST YEAR STOP COME AT ONCE KINDEST THOUGHTS

J. J. RYAN

I refused to accept the money and wired Jojo a curt "Impossible."

Two days later—shortly before midnight—our telephone rang. It was a doctor at the airport's emergency hospital.

"Your cousin, Mrs. Christine Ryan, asked me to call you," said the doctor. "Er—she swallowed something coming in on the night plane—"

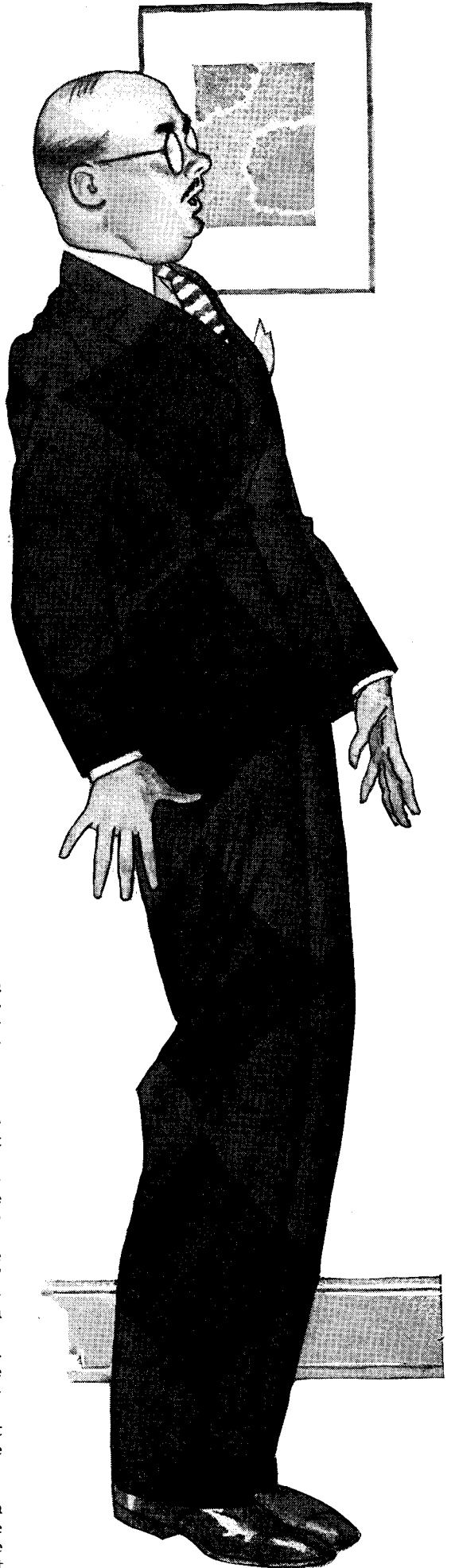
"Stop right there!" I said. "She isn't my cousin. I met the woman only once. Is she dying?"

"Oh, no—we pumped her out in time. But she wants to see you—"

"I'm sorry—no!"

But my wife, who had been listening in, said that of course we must go right out and see the poor creature. She got out the car herself and squeeze-played me into a nonsensical dash to the airport.

We found Cousin Christine wearing a black lace negligee



ILLUSTRATED BY
ROBERT O. REID

Jojo jerked Christine to her feet and shook her. But she merely sobbed



and propped up in bed, the dramatic focus of much excitement.

"Oh, Cousin Frankie!" she cried, holding out her arms.

I shoved my wife forward, so it was Cousin Margaret and not Cousin Frankie who got kissed. But both of us had to listen to the domestic troubles of the Jojo Ryans. It appeared that Jojo had dispatched Christine to persuade me to come to Washington. But Aunt Hettie had wired Christine at Columbus that Jojo was cutting up with a certain Baroness Worner. So Christine had got one of her morbid streaks and had swallowed half a can of disinfectant.

"WE GOT to get Jojo boy outa Washington, Cousin Frankie," sobbed Christine. "It ain't his racket. It's a good enough business but Jojo ain't suited for it. You jest got to fly back with me tomorrow an' make Jojo quit. He'd do it for you, Cousin Frankie. He idealizes you for what you done for him."

By this time, I was past politeness.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," I said. "I don't want to be Jojo's Cousin Frankie or your Cousin Frankie. I want nothing to do with Jojo or his affairs. Tell him that. Tell him to leave me alone!"

I left my Cousin Christine flat on her bed of pain. It was my silly, sentimental wife who held her hand and listened to the rest of the story and who, finally, saw Christine off on the next morning's plane to the East.

Margaret had big round eyes and a rapid pulse when I came home that evening.

"You're missing the biggest story of the year!" she announced. "Jojo Ryan is an international spy! He really is. Last week, Christine says, they stole the plans of a new submarine engine and

sold them to a foreign government for fifty thousand dollars! Is that news, or isn't it?"

I told Margaret she really would have to stop reading E. Phillips Oppenheim. I remarked, in passing, that there is nothing so phony and full of hokum as spy stuff; that even if the thing is true it sounds too unbelievable for any use. "And furthermore, my sweet," I concluded, "Jojo Ryan is a thick-skulled thug who wouldn't know a submarine engine from a garbage disposal plant. I don't want you to mention his name again!"

"But he knows a Baroness—"

"I know a Prince—Mike Romanoff—from Belleville, Illinois."

"You'll be sorry—oh, you'll be sorry!"

How true that was. I could not get rid of Jojo Ryan. The very next week, Ollie Trotter, our Washington bureau man, had a fabulous offer from a New York paper and accepted it. I was chosen to take his place.

"I won't go!" I told Margaret, a bit hysterically. "Jojo's in Washington. This was all worked out by a man with a glass ball—"

"You'll go, darling," said Margaret. "I've started packing."

Jojo surprised me by not being at the train to welcome us. In fact, I successfully dodged all members of the family Ryan for almost a month. It gave us time to learn the ropes and make a few friends among the newspaper crowd.

BUT one night, blowing ourselves to a dinner at the Mayflower, I heard a voice halfway across the dining room.

"Frankie! Christine — psssst — it's Cousin Frankie and Cousin Margaret!"

Jojo, very correct in tails, lumbered across the room to our table, followed by Christine, who looked like, approximately, a duchess.

"Whyn't you let me know you was coming, Frankie?" was Cousin Jojo's greeting. "You all set to start work?"

"I'm covering Washington for my paper," I said, flatly.

"Ain't going to work for me?"

"No, I'm not!"

The force of this last statement was somewhat weakened by the fact that Cousin Christine, having embraced my wife, felt it her duty to kiss me.

"Quit riding Frankie," she said to Jojo. "Can't you see he don't want no part of it?"

"Yeah? What's wrong with it?"

"Everything. It stinks."

"Don't say that."

"I already said it!"

"You better quit discouraging Frankie—"

"Or else what?"

My wife valiantly changed the subject. Jojo, after glowering a moment at Christine, permitted conversation to run to small talk. He asked me to feel his chin, explaining that he was trying Whiskaway, a new electric razor. Passing from this, Jojo informed me that Head Joy was a swell pick-you-up. He would send me a dozen bottles. Also a brand-new Whiskaway. And did I need any money to cover moving expenses? How about a car?

We made our escape when I remembered a Senate committee meeting.

"I'll see you at your office in the morning, Frankie," Jojo said. "I got something extry good."

"Don't you get Frankie messed up with that Worner woman!" Christine said.

They were quarreling as we left.

Margaret asked, shivering with romantic excitement, "Why doesn't the government arrest him for spying?"

"This administration loves melodrama," I said, carelessly.

The next morning, while I was in the midst of filing a Supreme Court fight (Continued on page 44)

Making one of the two daily weather forecasts for nineteen states in the U. S. Weather Bureau in Washington, D. C. Meteorological reports from field stations are being noted on maps and will be studied by the forecaster

Bad weather is weather you don't expect. It doesn't matter whether you're an airplane pilot, a fruit grower, a throat-and-nose specialist or a maker of glazed bricks—provided you know what's coming you'll be all right. But to supply you with that information the United States Weather Bureau has to keep track of what the wild winds are saying all over the world and twenty miles up in the sky. Dramatic business



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FAVELLE-JACOBS

Some Rain Must Fall

By W. B. Courtney

SO YOU'RE going to write a piece about the weather?" the head man said.

"Yes, sir." Humbly.

"Then I hope," he declared, clearing his throat wearily, "you will try to be the only reporter of modern times to do so without quoting Mark Twain's gibe that everybody talks about the weather but nobody ever does anything about it!" He tapped his fingers and looked at me, and I knew how a rain-cloud must feel when it sails within sight of a forecaster on a Labor Day week end he has promised would be fair.

Anyhow, I promised. For to my personal taste the Twainism has always seemed a bit short-tempered. I find a more honest chuckle in the tolerant bewilderment of that alehouse friend of Good Soldier Schweik, who said that he was always surprised how much warmer it was in summer than in winter and he could not make out why nobody had looked into it.

Both the man from Missouri and the Old Gentleman of Prague's Flagon Inn might be enlightened, however, if they could take a walk this morning with you and me in Washington, D. C., to a building on M Street, near 24th, and only a block or two from the bridge across Rock Creek to Georgetown. It is a nice enough building; red brick and curlicues, set back on a high lawn. But in comparison with those hoydens along the Mall, with their brass doors and engraved Latin bromides, this one is

like Grandma dozing in a hoopskirt on a porch rocker.

The map room of the Weather Bureau, when forecasts are being made, is more difficult to get into than your Confirmation breeches twenty years later. You have a pass, however; and presently find yourself in a room that might have done for a countinghouse in Dickens' time. The walls are lined with stacks of chart drawers; down the middle of the room there is a double bank, face to face, of the sort of high desks bookkeepers used before these office machinery days.

The Seven-Forty-five Brigade

Half a dozen intent men breast the high desks, a blank map before each. Another man, from a proctor's table at the end, faces down the line between them; behind him is the sort of contraption on which ham and eggs come up to beaneries from subterranean chefs.

There is much excitement; but you can't learn anything—for a while. The man at the end desk grabs shoals of yellow papers from the constantly moving dumb-waiter. No use peeking over his shoulder; the messages are in a language you never learned in school. If you interrupt him to ask questions you will be thrown out; this is a daily routine without time to spare.

While you were having your breakfast, highly trained if sleepy observers at more than three hundred Weather Bureau stations in key spots of the

continental United States, Canada, Alaska and the West Indies were peering at barometers, thermometers, wind vanes, sunshine and precipitation recorders and clouds. Twenty-five or more Army, Navy and commercial pilots had gone up 15,000 feet into various degrees of dawn skies with airplanes full of barographs and kindred devices. Sixty or more apparently sane men played with small balloons from Alaska to Puerto Rico, from Maine to California. On scores of ships afloat on the Pacific, the Caribbean, the Atlantic, officers unpeeled their weather eyes—and handed their findings to radio men. All this far-spread activity began simultaneously at 7:45 A. M. Washington, or 75th meridian, time.

Before eight o'clock, and for almost one hour thereafter, telegrams and radiograms peppered Washington in a storm, grammatical rather than meteorological, which is a regular daily phenomenon. To make a complete report of what he has seen of haloes, smoke, clouds, signs in the sky and upon the earth, the least windy observer would require about fifty words. Tolls for messages of such length, from hundreds of points, would not ease the national deficit; accordingly, a cipher is used, and four or five words tell each story.

The man at teacher's desk is translating those messages for his associates; drawing from them abundant information. Now walk around the room and you will perceive the other men busily making notes upon their blank maps.

Each seems concerned with a different phase; one fills in wind directions and velocities, his neighbor builds a map of temperatures, another marks precipitation—snow or rain.

By nine o'clock each map has been developed into a complete picture of its specific phase of weather as it now exists over the whole of the United States, and adjacent oceans and territories. Whereupon there is a bit of a stir; as when a play reaches its climax. The forecaster, the star (but not always the hero) of the daily weather drama, strides in.

Now for the Forecast

Quickly he studies the various maps, and sums up their stories. First he pronounces a terse comment, which is written down by one of the busy assistants and hurried out to be broadcast to a wary audience, from the great Arlington radio station, among others. This is the "fair and warmer," or "snow and colder" note, which you leer at every day on the front page of your newspaper. Next he dictates an exhaustive description of the weather for the next twenty-four hours in the nineteen states which comprise his forecast district. A man in Chicago, with all this same information available for him, will make up a prediction for the eleven Midwest-Central states of his district; one in New Orleans for seven, another in Denver for six, one in Jacksonville for four, while a sixth in San Francisco will tell Pa-



cific states what to expect. Each forecaster will also tell conditions you may find in various flying levels across the continental air routes.

These major daily weather prophecies are flashed by wire and wireless to thousands of places, for distribution to newspapers, local radio stations, and other agencies of public information; nearly 100,000 points are reached by mail. Maps are printed and issued from forty-four offices throughout the nation soon after the telegraphic forecasts have been dispatched. These are the maps which you stare at blankly on the wall in your post office. If you don't like to gape in public you can have one sent to your home every day for thirty cents a month. Sunday and holidays only (useful if you run a bathhouse concession at the beach, for example) sixty cents the year.

The weather prophet's job takes about half an hour on normal days; and is repeated every twelve hours. He has

Top, releasing a free balloon at a meteorological station. It rises to the upper air, and the observer, following it with the theodolite, charts wind velocity and direction. Beneath, weather information posted in the dispatcher's room is of inestimable aid to safety in commercial flying

Instruments mounted outside record on this triple register the varying conditions of sunshine, wind velocity and direction, as well as any form of precipitation

been known, however, in times of hurricane peril, to stand his watch with the traditional and oftener-sung devotion of a ship's captain—ten days, virtually without sleep, in the instance of the 1928 storm which devastated Miami and killed 2,000 people in Florida. It is noteworthy that those casualties were the result of burst lake dikes, a local condition outside the sphere of the Weather Bureau. Only a handful were killed directly by the force of the gale.

The prophet retires majestically to his office and you go along, limp from the busiest hour you ever have shared. The city room of a metropolitan newspaper—five minutes before dead line, and all the heiresses in town have just run off with all the bartenders, the mayor has punched the governor in the nose, and the local ball park burned down in the tie-score ninth inning of the deciding game for the Five State League crown—would be the nearest equivalent of the Weather Bureau at forecast time.

It's Important to You

You have seen how the weatherman works. You have been disabused of the casual idea that "what the paper says" about the outlook when you plan to take Nellie for a boat ride tomorrow is cribbed from the farmers' almanac; or made up by editorial ground hogs as they emerge from rathskellers. But now there is more you want to know. Is our climate changing? How many times a year does the forecaster "guess" (he'll write me a nasty letter for that word) right? Since this is an age of growth in knowledge and application, what new things have come into weather science; what progress is being made toward reliable long-range predicting of droughts and similar phenomena? How does the work of the United States Weather Bureau affect your daily life? Indeed, if he gives you the chance, you will make the weatherman's second hour this morning at least busier than his first.

He can well point out to you, in sweet reasonableness, that when you come right down to brass telethermographs there is no function of the United States Government which bears more intimately, or in more ways, upon your everyday life than the work of the Weather Bureau.

You can begin with your breakfast fruit. The grower raised it to market condition—through frosts, wet or dry spells—by timing his orchard work to warnings and predictions of the Weather Bureau. In the Pacific states alone there are millions of orchard heaters, which are turned on when the forecaster so advises. The oil companies, working like military staffs, marshal their reserves at danger points. In one emer-

gency, 300 carloads and hundreds of truckloads of oil were sped to the fruit lands on advance tips from the Weather Bureau; this additional fuel saved the crop. There is drama in weather predictions.

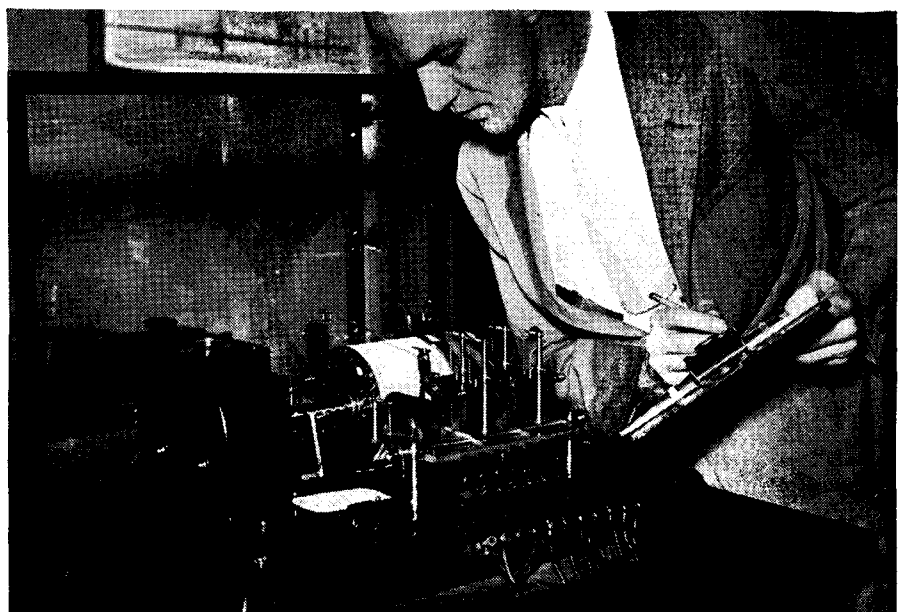
The Bureau was not finished when your breakfast fruit left the tree. Packing and transportation companies made use of the forecasts. Railways will accelerate or delay shipments of perishable things; or even run them into roundhouses for protection. Berries, oranges, bananas, grapefruit, kindred nice things, need careful transit handling; predictions of temperatures and conditions along their route must be carefully studied.

Sailings and emergency portfalls of merchant ships are particularly ruled by Weather Bureau storm warnings. One known occasion saw \$30,000,000 worth of cargoes detained in Atlantic harbors by gale warnings. Another outstanding feat was the saving of \$14,000,000 worth of fruit in California in one cold wave; an amount virtually three times greater than the yearly appropriation for the entire Weather Bureau and its scattered work.

Not only fruit growers and shippers are bounden to your Weather Bureau. Florists close greenhouses and fire boilers when cold waves are predicted. City utility plants get ready for bigger demands. Fire departments see to exposed plugs. Large stockyards, in Chicago and elsewhere, drain their mains. Great department stores hastily arrange for advertising of cold weather garments and other articles. Road constructors and building contractors stop pouring concrete; dredging of sand and gravel is suspended; and charity organizations stock up for increased urgent needs of fuel and food among the poor.

In other seasons, the Forestry Service, lumber companies, and state and local forestry associations are warned of "fire weather." Farmers of whatever district and specialty base their work from day to day, their hopes and plans, upon the weather bulletins; here lies their all. The many ways in which the Weather Bureau serves the men who raise or take victuals for your table—fish, vegetables, fowl, dairy products, flesh—make a list longer than the exemptions you can't claim in your income tax.

Indeed, it would be difficult to come upon one of your everyday activities—in finance, health, commerce, play—in which the weatherman does not have a say. Grain and cotton brokers pester him for long-range predictions. Laboratories use atmospheric pressure reports in tests of boilers, radiators, engines. Humidity records are used by candy manufacturers, in analyses of electric current loss in high-voltage transmission, in tuberculosis investigations. Rain



forecasts are used by medical specialists in advice to throat, nose and ear patients; by roofing contractors; by city street departments in calculating teams and trucks needed for sprinkling; by commercial photographers, especially those who do panoramic work, by ground or airplane. The daily predictions, in all their elements, are followed closely by manufacturers of bluing, varnish, oils, lime, paper, certain acids, bricks, cement, because even slight moisture and temperature changes affect quality in those products.

You could go on like this, but I think most of us have the idea now.

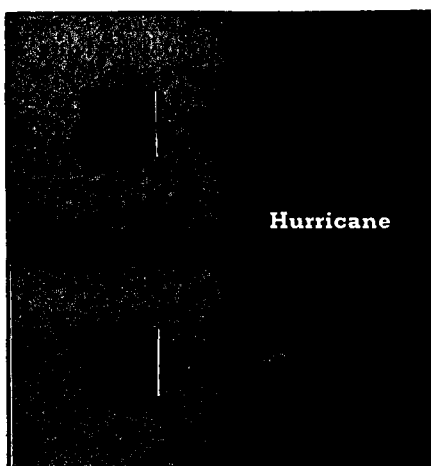
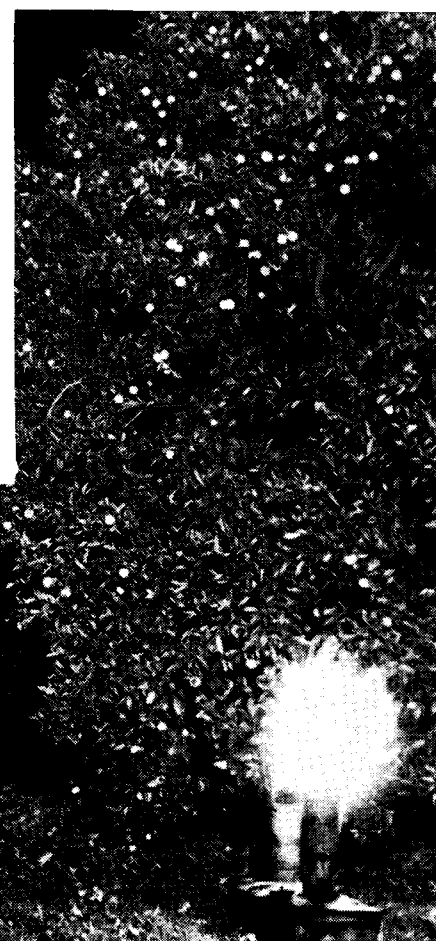
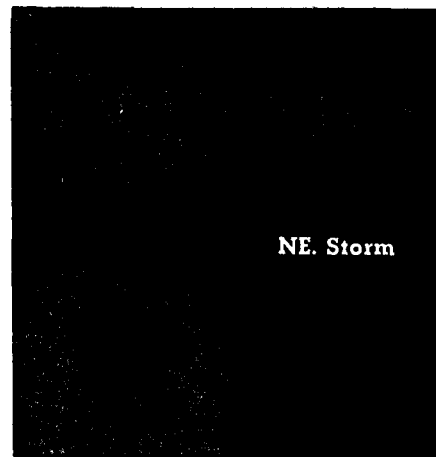
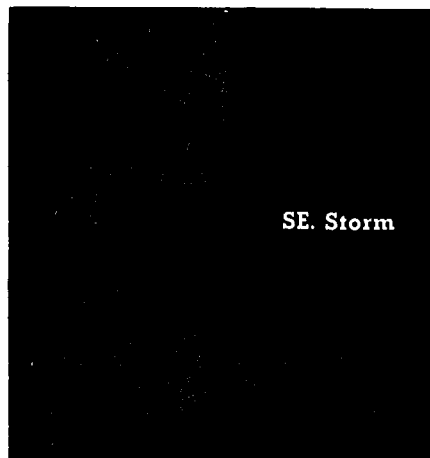
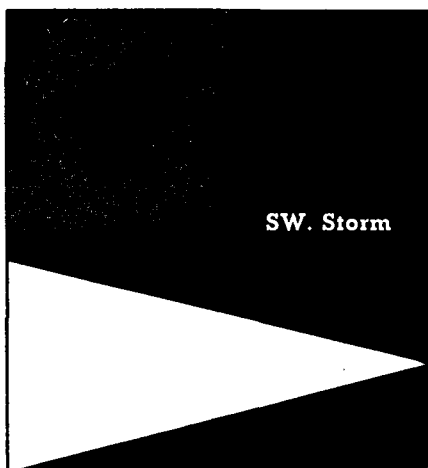
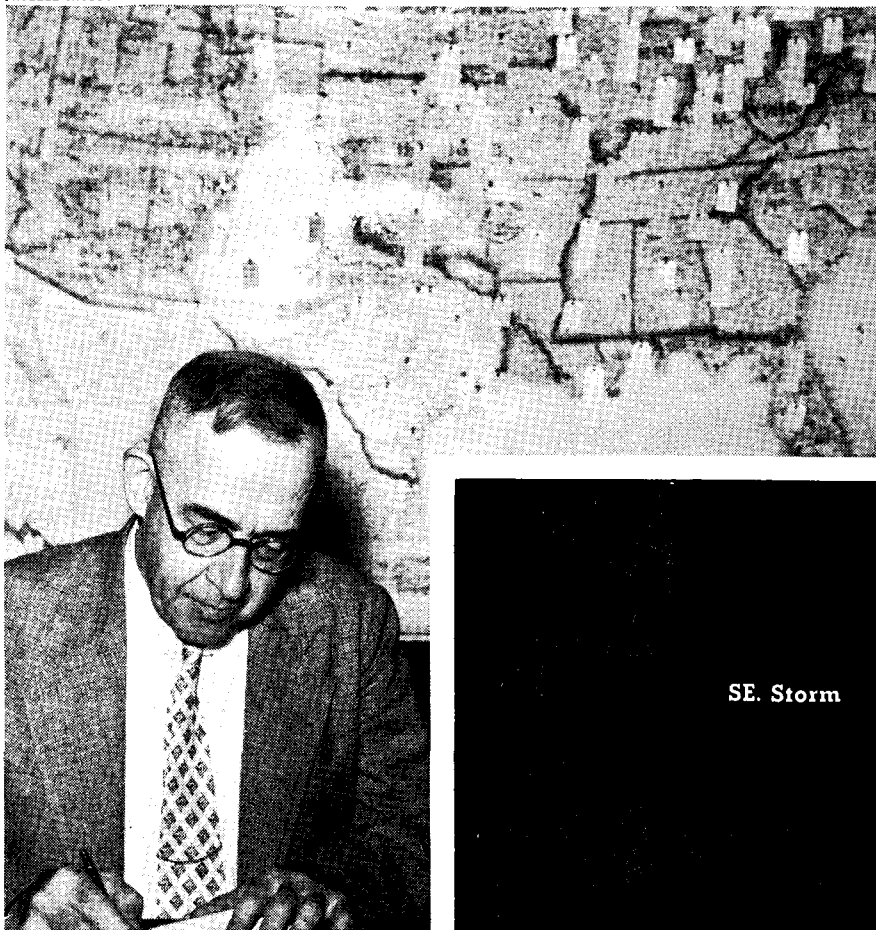
An Old Science in a New Form

The value of efficient weather forecasting to the business and social life of the nation is not something you can put down in dollars and cents. The cost of the Weather Bureau, however, can be read from the federal budget; it is scarcely four million a year, less than one eighth the price of a battleship. This modest appropriation covers more than a thousand regular employees, scores of stations, the care and purchase of equipment.

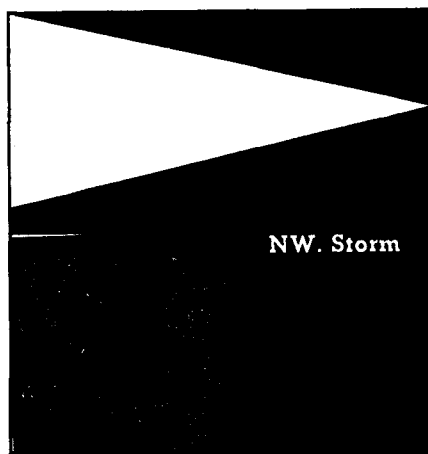
The invention of the telegraph suddenly illuminated a place in the pattern of government for a weather-predicting service, reports of which could be almost instantaneously given national distribution. Some countries beat ours in the establishment of this function; but in 1870 we got around to it, and formed a Weather Bureau in the War Department. In 1890 it was transferred to the Department of Agriculture. Of course, weather predicting goes far behind our times—clear back to earliest man, who no doubt quickly learned to read signs in the skies and planned his bride-snatching and meat-hunting accordingly. Aristotle gave impetus to meteorology—as to many things—and other ancients, especially seafaring people like the Phoenicians and the Norsemen, and farmers like the Egyptians, built up considerable rude weather knowledge.

When your grandpappy foretold weather by “mares’ tails” or “red skies at seven, rain by eleven”—he was drawing on the folklore of two score centuries. In the quotation cyclopedias you

PAVELLE-JACOBS



will find quite as much space devoted to weather “sayings” and maxims and rhymes as to love and youth. Almanacs, of one sort or another, hang in millions of American kitchens today; their ancestors, in the Middle Ages, were little pamphlets in Latin. In Germany in 1508 there was printed a famous book which instructed farmers how to foretell weather. Fellow named Pat Murphy in 1837 got out an almanac in which he predicted that January 20, 1838, would be the coldest day of that winter—and by jingo it was. The fact that Murphy was off the mark with regard to every day of that year made no difference. His almanac was a best seller; he made a profit of \$15,000, and that season ever



since has been known as “Murphy’s Winter.”

Hunters and sailors have always been regarded better weather prophets than other men; possibly because their occupation, like the tree frog’s, renders them sensitive to changes. Now and then in our gullible march down the ages we have been stampeded by predictions; a second Deluge, announced by astrologers for 1504, sent whole populations out of their homes and away from their occupations to sit timorously on high places—through what turned out to be the mildest, driest, sunniest February within memory. Certain animals, insects, plants have old and honored reputations as weather prophets, and lead many old-fashioned farmers to grumble because

Uncle Sam uses taxpayers’ money to maintain a Weather Bureau.

Just as medicine has investigated without laughing, deleted the purely superstitious, and occasionally helped itself to basic values in herb-woman lore and the pots and brews of tribal witch doctors, so the modern weather scientist has picked over and gleaned a background for his work from the crude knowledge that has been accumulating since prehistoric times. One example: you, and your 48th great-grandfather before you, always heard the old folks say “a ring around the moon is a sign of rain.” There’s something in that. Cirrus clouds are the advance guard of unsettled weather. The moon ring is caused by the presence of such clouds, floating high, making a veil of tiny ice crystals which diffuses the light.

The last century, and the last decade, have been the greatest, the most fruitful periods in meteorology. In the former, in addition to the telegraph, came the introduction of such things as barometers and thermometers, the stimulating discovery of certain fundamental laws of physics; plus the radio, which made it possible to collect data from ships and other detached and isolated points and then to tell you about it, swiftly and widely.

Still, weather interest was more or less earthbound; two-dimensional, concerned with the length and breadth of the land. Another invention was to come along, give meteorology amazing and ro-

Dr. Willis Ray Gregg, chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau. Below, orchard heaters in California’s citrus groves are lighted at the first warning of frost. Inset, flag signals used by the Bureau

mantic impetus, point out to it greater fields of everyday usefulness: the airplane.

As recently as the beginning of this century the upper air was virtually an unopened book. There was speculation about it, little else. Meteorologists were interested, of course; but they had not the means for gathering adequate facts. They were somewhat in the circumstances of savants of old, who stood on the shore and conjectured about the deep seas beyond the horizon. But sailors were still coastbound; not until hardier ones pushed their boats from sight of land did the far waters surrender much of their mystery. The airplane brought conceptions of a new ocean to imaginative men—the ocean of the deep illimitable air.

At first the airplanes, too, like the frail shallops of the ancient mariners, were “coastbound”; they nosed over ridges, and down valleys, and the pilots depended upon familiar landmarks for

(Continued on page 51)

Hell's Kitchen Hillbilly

By George Waggner

The colorful career of that great ring artist Man Mountain Dean, who began life as a rather bad wrestler named Leavitt

THREE hundred and seventeen pounds of flesh go hurtling through the air to land with a sickening thud upon the prone form of a helpless opponent while five thousand wrestling fans shout imprecations and hurl insults. But Man Mountain Dean, the Hell's Kitchen Hillbilly, calmly counts the house as he wraps his worn bathrobe about him and warms to the inner glow of a bad deed well done.

The referee raises his hand in token of victory but the Man Mountain is speculating on the size of the crowd in San Diego tomorrow night and Mrs. Dean, from her seat in the first row, beams proudly at this husband of hers who has parlayed a beard and a broad jump into a fortune. Why shouldn't she? They were her ideas.

Nine years ago in Miami, Florida, Doris Dean met Frank Leavitt, a big good-natured traffic cop who had had such little success wrestling under the name of Soldier Leavitt that his cue was in the rack and he was satisfied to stand around in the Florida sun signaling "Stop" and "Go."

But Doris had ideas and Miami had a change in management, so Boston awoke one morning in 1931 to find Mr. and Mrs. Leavitt checking in for a little pushing and hauling.

Boston awoke but went right back to sleep, for Soldier Leavitt met with indifferent success until a German promoter offered Frank a contract for a tour in the Rhineland.

Mrs. Leavitt Takes a Hand

Then it was that Doris, Mrs. Frank Leavitt, came through with the first evidence of that discernment and perspicacity which has since catapulted the bearded behemoth into national prominence.

She decided that Frank would have much more success in Germany as Frank Dean than as Frank Leavitt since a man named Leavitt was at that time trying to convince the Germans of his Aryan purity. You see? Doris reads the papers.

The tour through Deutschland was a success compared to the groaning and grunting around Boston and the Leavitts, rather the Deans, moved to England.

Alexander Korda was at that time up to his hips in a production entitled "Henry the Eighth" and was searching for someone to double for Charles Laughton in that wrestling scene at the banquet where Henry attempts to prove his virility to the young lady who was the latest to remind him of it.

Of course, Dean was ideal for the job. They made him up with crepe hair to look like Henry, but the prop muff was a handicap in the wrestling, so Doris, knowing what a beard grower her spouse was, decided that Frank should grow his own whiskers.

"I was terrific," explains the Man Mountain. "I looked so much like

Henry the Eighth that they made Laughton up to look like me."

With the picture finished Frank could devote himself unselfishly to his first love, wrestling, and Man Mountain Dean, as we know him today, was headed for a hundred-thousand-dollar annuity and a plantation in Georgia.

When he wrestled Vincent Lopez at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles recently, the turnout of fans surprised even Carnation Lou Daro, the optimistic promoter. Mexican women with babies in their arms lined up at the gallery ticket window before five o'clock in the afternoon. By eight that night the neighborhood of the auditorium was packed.

So what happened? You guessed it. The match ended in a draw and they had to do it all over again.

Don't misunderstand! It was a grand show. They punched and kicked each other for an hour, then fell out of the ring together.

There is a rule in wrestling which allows a man who has crawled or has been thrown outside the ring twenty seconds in which to present himself for more mayhem inside the ropes.

When Dean and Lopez fell, Dean's leg became wedged in a seat which folded up on him but with rare presence of mind he slugged Lopez and clung to him until the twenty seconds had passed.

There was nothing to do but call the match no contest and then the fun started. Dean and Lopez went at each other anew, the gallery went for Dean, the cops went for the gallery and when the smoke and dust cleared away the fire department had to cut the seat from the Man Mountain's leg. Why the fire department? Search me, but can you think of anything that would attract more attention?

Born on West 43d Street in New York City, June 30, 1891, he immediately became a neighborhood celebrity. The doctor who attended the Holland Dutch mother delivered her of a 16½-pound boy and was so worn out by the all-night vigil that he couldn't hold him up with one hand. He had to call upon Dean's English father for help in delivering the slap which registered Frank Leavitt's voice for the first time in history.

At the age of fourteen he was big enough to enlist in the Army, easily fooling the recruiting officer on the age question. Naturally he went in for athletics and was soon a regimental champion in boxing and wrestling and a star tackle on the football team.

In 1914, while on recruiting service in New York City, he met Charles Cutler, then heavyweight wrestling champion. Cutler saw possibilities in the big fellow, and taught him the fundamentals of the game.

A Bathrobe with a History

For three years he wrestled as Soldier Leavitt, but suddenly business got very good for the Army, and Frank found himself on board a transport en route to France.

He was an old soldier by now, and with eleven other sergeants was sent to visit the Albert front in Belgium in August, 1917. These lads were the first American troops in the line and the Germans gave them a warm welcome by way of a trench raid the night of their arrival.

Sergeants Enright, Greshan and Hay were killed and Frank was badly wounded, which brings us to an explanation of that faded old bathrobe the Man Mountain wears in all his matches.

When the doctors started probing for the twelve or thirteen machine-gun bullets scattered about the massive frame they had to cut away his uniform and

(Continued on page 40)



Man Mountain Dean as the big bad Russian in "Three Legionnaires," with Fifi D'Orsay and Ann Nagel

City Wise

By William MacHarg

O'Malley and Mrs. Enler's jewels—their disappearance and recovery. Another masterpiece of crime detection

THIS case," O'Malley said, "is that lady that got murdered in her train compartment. Mrs. Enler her name was. She had been visiting in Chicago for a couple of months and she was coming back to New York and her husband was waiting in the station for her. She didn't get off the train. Well, then they found she had been strangled. They tell me there ain't much mystery about this case because the guy in the next compartment killed her, but we can't find that guy."

"Why are they sure he killed her?" I inquired.

"He took her traveling bag. This lady owned a lot of jewelry and was careless with it and she carried it in her bag. The idea is the guy in the next compartment saw it. She got murdered in the tunnel. When the train went in the tunnel the porter went to her compartment and got her bag. When they got in the station he took all the bags off of the car platform and put 'em on the station platform. Then the passengers picked out their bags. This guy pointed out his bag and Mrs. Enler's bag to a redcap. Then he took the two bags off the redcap and walked away with them."

"You must have a good description of him," I decided. "Nobody observes people closer than a train conductor."

"Sure, we got a swell description. The train conductor and the Pullman conductor give us how he looked and how he was dressed and the porter described the bags. He looked like this."

He had a photograph.

"His picture?" I inquired.

"Not his. Eight other guys. The two conductors went to headquarters and looked at about a thousand photos to try and find a picture of him. Well, they didn't find none. So then they picked out a picture of a guy that had his kind of nose, and another one that had ears like his, and one that had his eyes, and others that had his other features. Then the photographer put all them features together and made this picture. A lot of cops been working on this case and the picture ain't helped 'em none. I guess I got to go and talk with all them train people."

WE SAW the Pullman porter.

"You see the guy in the next compartment talking with that lady?" O'Malley asked.

"Yes, seh. She talk with plenty gentlemen. It seem like all the time some gentleman sitting talking with her with her compartment door open."

"You figure she knew them guys before she got on the train?"

"It don't look to me like she knew 'em. She look to me like a lady who don't like to be lonesome when she travel."

We found the husband at his home. He was wealthy and about fifty-five years old. There was a painting of his wife in the room where we interviewed him. She had been extremely pretty.

"Your wife in the habit of talking with strangers when she traveled?" O'Malley asked him.

"I never knew her to. She seems to have done it this time. It was a terrible mistake."

"How old was this dead lady?"



ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY L. TIMMINS

"She look to me like a lady who don't like to be lonesome"

"She was twenty-six," Mr. Enler said. "Maybe she knew that guy that had the next compartment."

"I don't believe she did. Gentlemen, you are making a mistake if you look for any motive for my wife's murder except robbery. Like other women who

own a great deal of jewelry, Mrs. Enler forgot how valuable it was. I have no doubt that, in opening her traveling bag for some purpose, she carelessly displayed the jewels."

The police had found two of the passengers who had talked with Mrs. Enler.

We saw them at their hotels. The first one was named Wilmant. He was a round-faced, red-haired youth with a look of perpetual astonishment. He had got into conversation with Mrs. Enler when they sat at the same table in the diner.

"You go and talk with her in her compartment?" O'Malley asked him.

"Yes—afterward."

"That lady act to you like she might be afraid of something?"

"I didn't notice anything like that."

The other passenger was named Cantwell. He was strikingly handsome and was in his thirties.

"I guess you went and sat in Mrs. Enler's compartment with her, too," O'Malley remarked to him.

"No; I didn't. I got into conversation with her in the club car just after leaving Chicago. I didn't talk with her afterward. I happened several times to pass through her car, and her compartment door was open, but there was always someone talking with her, so I didn't intrude."

"You think she knew any of those guys before or did she just meet 'em on the train?"

"I have no way of telling about that."

"WELL, O'Malley," I asked after we had left Cantwell, "what do you make of it?"

"I don't make nothing of it. What have we got? We got only a picture. I don't guess we'll ever find that guy. A cop can't find a guy unless he has some characteristic. If a guy's ears stick out, or he's got a flat nose, a cop can find him because he don't have to look only at guys whose ears stick out or have got flat noses. Well, the picture shows this guy has got no characteristic. He looks like a hundred thousand other guys. We got no other evidence. Nothing left in his compartment or in hers. No fingerprints in her compartment except the lady's and the porter's. No witnesses. That picture has been shown to all the attendants in the station, and to taxi drivers, and to clerks in hotels all around the station. They don't none of 'em recall noticing a guy like that. He ain't a guy that anyone would notice. A guy that looks like a hundred thousand other guys walks out of the station and loses himself among seven million people. We don't know who he is, or where he come from, or where he went. We got no way to find a guy like that."

"Do you think the picture looks like him?"

"It must look some like him. I guess if somebody knew the guy well, they'd know it wasn't his picture, but if somebody maybe seen him only a few times they might think it was."

"What are you going to do?"

"Do nothing—except I been thinking I might meet that same train tomorrow morning."

I thought it over but I couldn't see the sense in it.

"You're getting childish," I told him. "Why meet the train when the man got off of it two days ago?"

I met the train next morning. I wanted to see what this was all about. A lot of plain-clothes cops were scattered around the station and I finally found O'Malley.

"What's going on here?" I asked him.

The people were coming off the train and we stood and watched them. Then a redcap came, carrying a man's bag and a woman's bag. The bags were exactly like the ones the porter had described to us, and I started with astonishment when I saw the person following the redcap.

"Why, there's the very man you're looking for!" I ejaculated. "He looks exactly like the picture."

The man took the bags from the
(Continued on page 35)

Call Back Love

By Rose Franken
and William Brown Meloney

The Story Thus Far:

IMPRESSED by the personality of little Jennifer-Jenny Lane, as it is revealed in a sequence taken at her school for use in a children's picture, David Morris, noted Hollywood producer, offers her—through her parents, Cornelia and Dr. Andrew Lane—four hundred dollars a week to appear in a film in which she will be featured.

The Lanes accept the offer; Cornelia, with avidity; Andy Lane with extreme reluctance—he does not wish his daughter to become a celebrity! Foreseeing difficulty with Doctor Lane, Morris asks Julia Farrel, a famous actress, to do what she can to alter his viewpoint. Julia, attracted by the young physician, falls in love with him.

The picture which is to decide "Jenny Lane's" future is shown. The little girl, homely but adorable, is a brilliant success. After the showing, Andy and Cornelia go to a party being given by Julia Farrel. There, Julia has an acute attack of appendicitis; and (unknown to Cornelia, who sees Andy and Julia slip out of the house together) Andy rushes her to a hospital and operates—successfully.

Cornelia loves Andy. But, hurt, jealous, her pride injured, she permits Robert Gilman, one of Hollywood's most attractive stars, to make love to her, to kiss her. And—later, when Andy slips into their home, very late—she pretends to be asleep. Not wanting to awaken her, Andy goes to bed, then hurries back to the hospital early in the morning.

A few days later, the Lanes yield to the pleas of David Morris (who signs Jennifer up at a salary of four thousand dollars a week!) and move from their simple little home, where they have been forced to watch every penny, to Crest Haven, one of Robert Gilman's beautiful (and costly) estates. Cornelia is delighted with their new home; Andy is not—he does not enjoy being surrounded by butlers, maids and other expensive servitors.

His constant attendance upon Julia Farrel, convalescing slowly, hurts Cornelia; she feels sure that Andy is in love with the actress. . . . Andy comes home—late, as usual. He phones Julia. "I'd like to come over to Cornelia's party," Julia says. "She invited me, but—" Andy laughs. "I'll come right over and get you," he says, and prepares to go out.

VI

JENNY returned a few minutes later. Mademoiselle met her at the door but Jenny evaded her outstretched hand. "I want to see Daddy first."

"That is impossible, for I just saw him go out," Mademoiselle brusquely explained. "Come, it is time you were in bed."

Jenny hung back. "Then I want to see my mother."

"Your mother is busy dressing. Please Schenny, be good—" Mademoiselle's voice took on a harried urgency.

Gilman appeared at the living-room door, brows elevated.

"Hi, there, Schenny—" His mimicry was scarcely discernible but enough to bring a flicker of a smile to Jenny's woe-

begone face. "This is a fine hour for you to show up, you little gadabout!"

Jenny took in his evening clothes. "Are you here for Mother's party?"

"Yes."

"You're always at them," she observed, and added, without malice, "I see you more than I see my father."

Mademoiselle was embarrassed. "Schenny!" she exclaimed, and dragged Jenny up the stairs without further ado.

Jenny pulled away from her as she passed the hallway leading into Cornelia's and Andy's wing. "But if she's there, why can't I see her?" she protested.

"Your mother will come in to see you before you go to sleep." Mademoiselle ushered her into the nursery—an enormous room, jutting out onto the grounds like a porch and lined on three sides with latticed windows. Except for the small bed, with Jenny's silk pajamas laid in readiness upon the fluffy quilt, the room might have been a section of a toy shop. There were hobbyhorses, dolls, life-sized furry animals, elaborate games and, most enchanting of all, an enormous dollhouse with running water and a stove that really cooked and lamps that lit and a radio that actually played.

A current screen magazine carried a picture of "Jenny Lane's Dollhouse," presented to her by the David Morris Studios, and estimated that it cost a thousand dollars. Mademoiselle felt that the expenditure was little short of irreligious and never permitted Jenny to play with it unless she herself could superintend. Now, however, seeing that the child was distraught and unhappy, she said, leniently, "I will allow you to play House" (she always capitalized it in her speech), "until your bath is ready, Schenny."

Jenny received the permission without joy. She did not share Mademoiselle's enthusiasm for the house, which was so real that it left nothing to imagine or pretend. "I'd rather play with my own toys," she said.

"That miserable collection of trash that you keep in an old shoe box! Bah! It should be thrown away; I shall speak to your mother about it!"

"My mother won't let you throw those toys away because they're mine." Jenny's small pale face took on a sternness which made her look like her father. "I made them and they're mine."



The light switched on and Cornelia gave a start. The door of The Dunes was opening to Andy and Julia Farrel

EARL CORDREY

"Very well!" Mademoiselle shrugged a Gallic shrug of resignation and withdrew a disreputable cardboard box from the top shelf of a closet. "Voilà! I would be ashamed for people to know what a foolish little girl you are. Dirty. Full of shemps! Bah!"

Jenny lifted the lid and reached for a flat wooden top which hung dejectedly from a knotted piece of cord. "I'm going to fix this," she said. "All it needs is some new string. Could I have a piece of string?"

"At this hour of the evening you wish me to run around looking for string! You have easily a dozen expensive tops that make wonderful colors and play little tunes when you spin them, and you turn your back on them for that broken thing!"

"It isn't broken, it just needs string," persisted Jenny stubbornly.

Mademoiselle set her flat thin lips. "We shall see what we shall see," she ominously gave forth.

Jenny looked apprehensive, for Mademoiselle's hostile eyes seemed to carry some vague threat. "I want Gladiola," she pleaded suddenly. "Please let Gladiola come up to see me, Mademoiselle!"

This was adding insult to injury. The unsightly Gladiola and the shoe box were on a par—disreputable reminders of an existence that was best forgotten.

"Gladiola," Mademoiselle said stiffly, "is in the laundry, where she belongs."

"Couldn't she bring my supper up just for once?"

"Certainly not." Mademoiselle shuddered at the thought of Gladiola shambling through the halls within the vision of arriving guests. "Venez—toute suite—enough nonsense, the waitress will bring your tray as usual."

MADemoiselle was holding forth on the value of fresh lima beans, and pressing a spoonful of them to Jenny's unwilling lips when Cornelia entered. Jenny put out her hand with a small cry of pleasure. "Your dress looks like real silver, Mother!"

Cornelia dodged the buttery fingers. "It is, darling—cloth-of-silver."

She leaned over and dropped a light kiss on Jenny's forehead. "I'll see you in the morning, dear, and you must tell me all about this afternoon." She was already at the door. "Was it fun?"

"A little fun. Where's Daddy?"

"Hasn't he been in to see you yet?" Jenny shook her head.

"That's funny. I'll send him up to you." She blew a kiss. "Sweet dreams, darling. Good night—"

"Madame—" Mademoiselle followed Cornelia out of the door and closed it after her. "I will not keep you only a moment—"

"Is something wrong with Jennifer? I noticed you were feeding her."

"Oh, no, Madame, it is only the lima beans which she detests," Mademoiselle reassured her. "It is a little favor I want to ask—"

"Yes?" Cornelia's silver slipper tapped a nervous tattoo against the polished floor. She was unforgivably late—she shouldn't have worn a new dress, it took too much time.

"It is the old shoe box, Madame—so dirty, so full of shemps—" Mademoiselle's face worked expressively. "Please, Madame, is it quite permissible for me to throw it out? The child has so many new toys!"

"Oh—" Cornelia frowned. The woman was a fool to make an issue of such a trifle. "Yes, of course, naturally. I didn't even know she kept it."

Cornelia hurried downstairs. David Morris and Florabel had just arrived. Florabel wore too much rouge and looked the older for it. "Florabel dear," murmured Cornelia, searching the room for Andy, "how divine your figure is!"

"Divine nothing," David scowled. "Flora should be a fat woman. Where's that husband of yours?"

She made her voice casual. "He's a little late. He'll be here presently."

Where had he gone? She glanced questioningly at Gilman. His answering shrug disclaimed any knowledge of Andy's whereabouts. "That man works as hard as if he were in the motion-picture business," he remarked, to cover an awkward pause.

ALL the guests had come by the time Andy put in his appearance with Julia, a vision of loveliness in her simple dark blue chiffon. It was as if her nearness to death had chastened the brittle mask of her features into a delicate, brooding kind of beauty which she had not hitherto possessed.

"Well," demanded Andy proudly, of the room in general, "what do you think of my prize patient?"

It was perfectly obvious what Andy thought of her. He might at least have the decency to hide his feelings in pub-

vision. His voice, when he spoke, had the grating sound she had heard on the rare occasions he was angry. It made her feel sick to hear the way he said, "We'll not wait until morning; we'll discuss it here and now! I'm tired of evasions!"

"You're tired of evasions! That's a good one!" Her mother laughed, but there didn't seem to be anything funny she was laughing at.

"I don't know what you mean by that," he replied.

"Merely this. You're in love with Julia. I know it—she knows it—the whole world knows it."

"Don't be a fool!" he broke in. "I'm no more in love with Julia than you're in love with Gilman!"

"And how do you know I'm not in love with Gilman?"

Now her father gave that strange laugh with no laughter in it. He caught her mother by the arm. "For God's sake, Neal, come back to your senses. Jenny's success has gone to your head! Are you after a divorce or something?"

Divorce! Jenny remembered the word

she wasn't going to the studio. "Please, can't you take me?" she begged.

"Not this morning, darling. I didn't sleep very well."

There was a deep silence, while everybody pretended to be eating. Then her mother suddenly announced, in a firm tight voice, "I've decided to go to the Gilman party at Arrowhead this week end, Andy. It will probably do us both worlds of good to get away."

"From each other," supplemented Andy shortly.

"You ought to be ashamed of that remark," said Jenny's mother in a low trembling voice.

"It's the truth, isn't it?"

Mademoiselle entered just then with Jenny's coat and hat. "Come!" she said. "It is almost nine o'clock; you must hurry!"

The drive to the studio was always a delight to Jenny—the long gliding run of the car down off the hill into the palm-bordered drives of Beverly, and then the boulevard stretch to the studio gates. The chauffeur would take the dips in the road at full speed, knowing how she loved the sharp rising in the air and the exciting jounce at the end. But today the rapid succession of bumps failed to arouse so much as a squeal.

Half an hour later, von Loben saw that something was wrong with her. He sent for the doctor.

Jenny insisted that she felt all right, but the doctor gave her a thorough examination nonetheless. "She's sound as a nut," he said.

Von Loben grunted, only partially convinced. "Just the same, we don't make any comedy scenes today. We got some tear jerkers to shoot, and we shoot them. Assistant director! We go on the other set!"

THE hours dragged toward twelve o'clock. At twelve o'clock her mother would come and they would have luncheon together in the bungalow as usual. Then Jenny could unburden all her fears and doubts. Divorce. Maybe she had dreamed what had happened last night. Maybe she had just imagined that her mother and father had been angry at each other this morning. . . .

But when Cornelia came, Jenny knew she hadn't been imagining things. Her mother wasn't happy, even though she acted happy; and the way she kept her gloves on made Jenny know that she was not going to stay to lunch.

"I can't, darling. I'm leaving for Arrowhead in half an hour."

Jenny's heart stopped beating. "Are you coming back?"

"Jennifer, don't be silly, dear." She rose. "I've got to rush. Be a good girl, and I'll buy you a lovely present."

"I don't want a present. I just want you to stay home."

Cornelia raised her brows. "Jennifer! You're sulking! You're the luckiest child in the whole world and you stand there sulking, just because I'm not having lunch with you."

Jenny said nothing. There wasn't anything to say. She was full of a pain that really wasn't a pain, but just a feeling that hurt. She was afraid, and very lonesome for something that she couldn't explain.

David Morris stopped in to see her on his way back from the studio café, and found her resting dutifully before the hour of schoolwork which filled part of her afternoon. His stocky frame bulked large in the living room built and furnished to the scale of childhood. "Where shall I sit?" He finally chose the divan, and pushed Jenny's legs aside to accommodate himself. "Tsk, ts, such big feet you have," he exclaimed, holding her diminutive sandal in his hand. He watched narrowly for the responsive flash of laughter which his nonsense

(Continued on page 48)



lic, thought Cornelia, as she welcomed her guest with outstretched hands.

Jenny lay watching the patterns of moonlight cut across the dark ceiling of her room. But her eyes were so heavy that she could hardly keep them open—

When she woke up, the house was quiet with emptiness. The party must be over. She listened. That was her father's voice! He was talking quite loudly: she could hear him all the way down the hall.

Her father stopped talking, and her mother began to answer him. She sounded like she was crying. Jenny forgot to be afraid of the dark and slipped out of bed and ran down the long black hall. A block of light at the far end showed her the way. The door to the sitting room was partly open. Jenny paused, uncertain. Her mother was standing before the fireplace. One shoulder of her evening gown was loosened, and she was holding it up with her hand. Her father was pacing back and forth, each time passing before Jenny's line of

from her first picture. Divorce was a terrible thing that happened between mothers and fathers and then one or the other of them went away and didn't come back. She was frightened. She started to cry. She didn't want them to hear her so she ran back to bed and pulled the covers over her head. She was cold and hot at the same time. Her teeth chattered, but her face burned like fire. She wished she could fall asleep and wake up in the little house on Sycamore Street where everything was always happy.

HER father greeted her at the breakfast table. He didn't seem to know she was there until she had been standing next to him for quite a long while. Then he gave a little jump and put his arm around her. "Hello there! Did you lay the cornerstone all right yesterday?"

She nodded mutely, and swallowed her orange juice over a lump in her throat. Her mother came down, in a lace negligee. The lump got bigger. If her mother wasn't dressed, it meant that

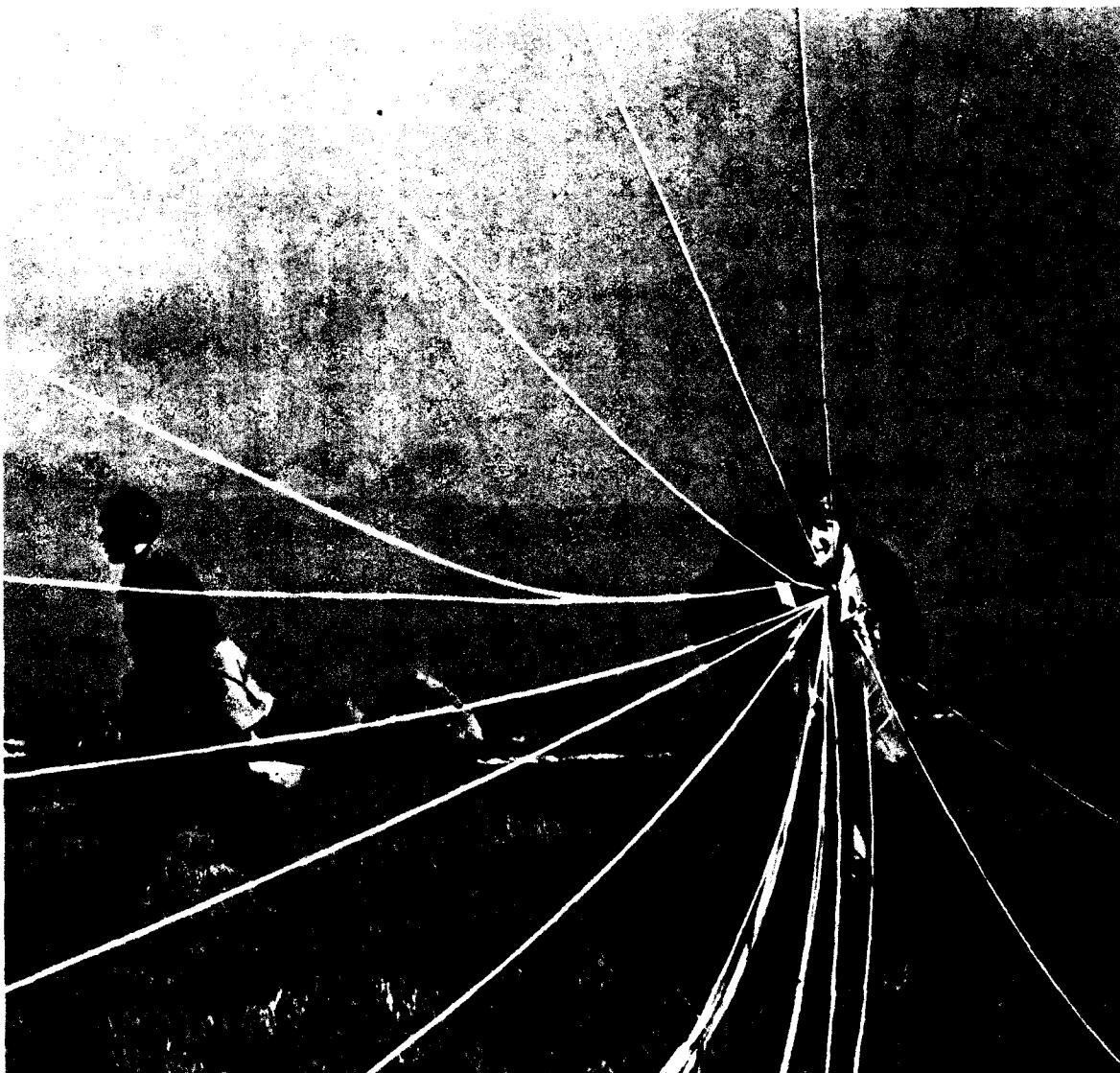
IT IS gala day at the big Air League field a few miles north of Moscow. The league now claims fifteen million members and each of its hundreds of fields throughout the U. S. S. R. is thronged this hot summer afternoon with dense crowds eager to witness the world's greatest exhibition of parachute jumping. Not less than twenty thousand young men and women will jump from planes in every part of the Union to celebrate New Russia's favorite "sport" of parachuting—if one may call it sport, for its purposes are stern and deadly earnest—which has become no less popular in the U. S. S. R., both for participants and spectators, than football in the U. S. A.

The concrete bandstand with its balconies and tiers of seats rises steep from the broad highway. The gardens round and behind it are neatly turfed and bright with flowers like the paddock of a French or English race meeting. For a mile or more the road is a mass of motor vehicles, mostly great lorries packed with children and factory workers over whose heads wave red banners and green branches. They advance slowly but without confusion and swing round in front of the stand onto a wide expanse of grassy plain where tens of thousands of spectators have already gathered. The field is bright with flags, gaily colored tents and kiosks where they sell cigarettes and soft drinks, and the big painted umbrellas of picnic parties.

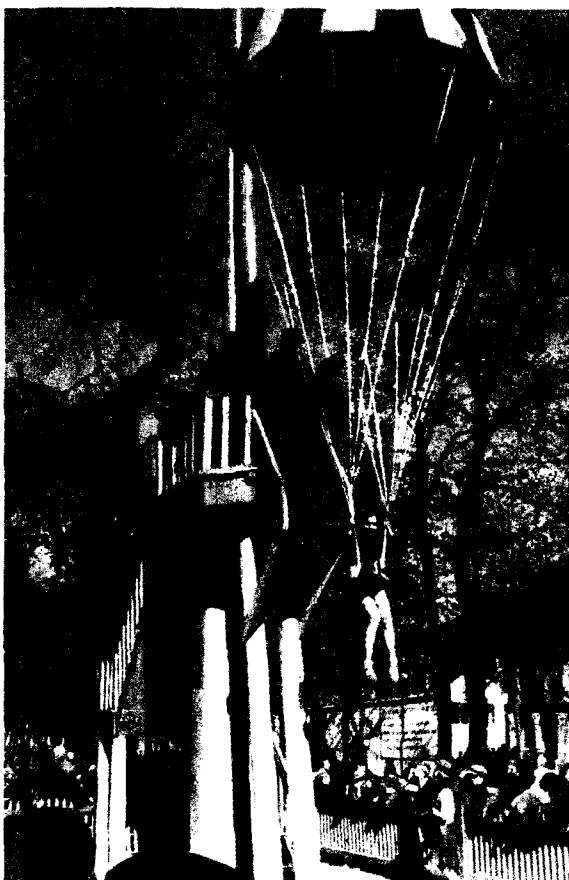
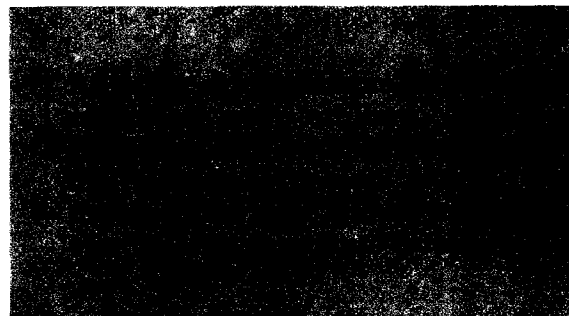
Beyond the crowd along the edge of the air field itself two score or more large planes are aligned. Behind each plane there is a group of youngsters wearing blue or brown denim overalls drawn up in five



Above, right: A Soviet infantryman unstrapping himself after a jump from a plane, while another, rifle in hand, rushes to join his formation. Right: A children's 15-foot parachute tower in Moscow. Above: Fixing the straps for a leap from an adults' 100-foot tower



SOVPHOTO



rows of four. All of them carry two chutes in square white packs on chest and shoulders. It is impossible to distinguish the girls with their short bobbed hair from the boys, but as a rule the latter outnumber the former by two to one.

Suddenly loud-speakers boom out orders and trumpets blare. One by one the blue and brown figures climb the gangways to the cabins. There is a deafening roar of motors as the planes rush forward and soar into the air to form a wide circle, rapidly rising until a height of five thousand feet is reached. There is no sound save the monstrous droning of these colossal dragonflies, then again a fanfare of trumpets and the sky is filled with dots like small black seeds dropping swiftly downward. Instantly the dots burst full-blown into double poppies, red, white, yellow, orange, green and blue, and a sigh passes up from the spectators like the breath of wind over grain. It is a strange and lovely picture, these hundreds of multi-colored blossoms with their human stems dropping slowly, it seems so slowly, against the background of blue sky. They land gently in a hurricane din of cheers and hooting motor horns. Then for a moment the field is a gay confusion of scurrying figures, half hidden in folds of colored silk as they run back to reform at their appointed posts. Five hundred have jumped here today without accident or flaw in the carefully arranged program, and their exploit is being repeated by thousands of others this afternoon from Moscow to Vladivostok, from the Arctic coast with its mid-night sun to the burning sands of Central Asia.

What are they like, you may wonder, these young Russian parachutists, and what do they do it for? The easiest way is to ask one of them; for instance, a tall slim girl with short blond hair whose name is Marfa Lvovna. Marfoosha her friends call her, in the curious Russian fashion of pet names or "diminutives" which are generally longer than the real name. She stands flushed and a little breathless in her one-piece blue canvas overalls waiting for them to collect her blue and yellow parachutes for repacking, because only Class A parachutists are allowed to repack their chutes, and Marfa belongs to Class B. That the packing of the chute is all-important every chutist knows, and every pilot everywhere who may have to trust his life at any moment to his silken poppy. Twelve years ago in Moscow I met a young American named Ford who had just completed his five hundredth demonstration jump for the Irving Air-Chute Company, whose models have (Continued on page 46)

Curtain Time

By Stanley Paul

A noble piece of acting by that gallant young trouper, Miss Pinky Batchelder, who wouldn't let a little thing like the show interfere with a broken heart

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

PINKY BATCHELDER raced down the little alley by the summer playhouse. Her heart, could anyone have seen it, dragged in the dust at her heels. Within the theater lay the wreck of an entire summer's planning; the devastation of all hope of spending the winter in New York.

New York! How she'd schemed and worked for it. Dramatic school. And Skipe Albro. That had been the important thing; to be somewhere, anywhere near Skipe. Not that he knew her purpose. Pinky, for the world, wouldn't tell him. She was thankful, in fact, that she hadn't, what with everything gone to smash.

What she needed now, and quickly, was some semblance of gaiety—a front. She vaulted a wooden bulkhead and landed lightly on the beach. Left and right stretched emptiness. The little seagirt town ate its noon meal—and dozed. Except for a solitary figure that lay supine in the sun with a newspaper shielding its face.

Anyone for purposes of companionship—even a stranger—would do. Pinky hurried along toward it.

She waited, impatient and eager, while his face emerged from its shelter. It was a nice face, she decided, giving it a rapid inspection. "Huh?" he said

"Mister—" she said when she'd reached his side. She waited, impatient and eager, while his face emerged from its shelter. It was a nice face, she decided, giving it a rapid inspection; thirty, perhaps thirty-five, with an incisively furrowed brow. Deep-set eyes blinked up at her.

"Huh?" their owner said. He sat up then, revealing a flat, lanky body, and brushed clinging sand from shoulders that were efficient-looking and brown. "You wanted something?" he asked.

"Yes," said Pinky forthrightly. "Plenty. Time, and quick understanding, and co-operation—if you have any to spare."

"Our time, today, is very good. You might try an order," he suggested.

"Thanks." Pinky hesitated a moment; then: "You see, I'm a girl on a spot."

"A girl on a spot," he repeated. "Oh, for the days of my youth. In those days, we had maidens in distress. But you wouldn't know about that. Okay, pal, tip your mitt—" He waited a moment expectantly. "Sorry—I'm trying to talk your talk. Let's have it."

"Look—" Pinky dropped on rounded knees beside him—"they'll be out any minute now. They always knock off for a swim. And how would you feel," she asked, not bothering with further explanation, "if you were a girl—say, like me—and you'd just suffered the most humiliating moment of your life right in front of the most important man in it. In fact, he had a front-row seat."

"Hypothetically—like hell. And anxious to cover up."

"That's just it," said Pinky. "And he'll be out with them, too. So when they come, let's you and I laugh and play."

He regarded her solemnly for a moment.

"All right," he agreed. "How about Kick the Can? Or Rover Come Over? Which one do you prefer?"

PINKY looked at him quickly, saw amusement, not derision, in his eyes.

"You're nice," she told him. "And I'm lucky. Now, when you see them coming, you nudge me; and I'll start giving you the works."

"The works?" he asked, and seemed to hitch away a defensive inch.

"You know—a load of girlish charm. Oh, you needn't think I can't turn any on."

He seemed to appraise her briefly: the slim body, the proud little chin, surmounted by an eager red mouth, dark eyes and a fluff of blond hair.

"I don't doubt it for a moment," he said. "See here, why not begin this thing at the beginning? I'm a most understanding guy. And nobody's coming yet. I—uh—I'll let you know when they do."

"Well, look," said Pinky, accepting his invitation at once, "did you ever hear of Johnson Hargrave? The one who writes the hit plays?"

"Yes," he said. "I've heard of him."

"Well," said Pinky, "he's a sap. And his fiancée—Evelyn Burchard? She used to be a famous ingénue—in her day."

"Also a sap?"

"No. But she's the most poisonously beautiful woman that ever walked on two perfect legs—if you can understand what I mean."

"Well, you give me a vague idea."

"They arrived yesterday, she and he. Presumably, because the summer company is doing his play tonight. But he didn't come to rehearsal. They say he loathes rehearsals."

"And is that why he's a sap?"

"No. I'm coming to that. But Evelyn Burchard came. And that's where my trouble began. I had the ingénue role. It was my reward for a summer of slaving. Scouring the town for props, nailing up cards on light poles, meeting trains, routing baggage, all the different things you can do to make yourself useful. And I had everything hung on that part—everything, do you see? My family—to hush me mostly—had agreed that if I played one part this summer I could go to New York this fall."

"Why?"

"Dramatic school," Pinky said.

"On account of what man?" he asked her.

"How did you know there was a man?"

"You spoke of one—remember? Besides, there's a light in your eyes."

"Well—his name is Skipe Albro. He's got a job in New York, beginning next month."

"I SEE," said the stranger ruminatively, "and you're afraid to stay home and sit out the competition; isn't that it?"

"Well—" Pinky dropped her eyes and traced a disconsolate finger through the sand. "Not exactly. Only, it's more fun to be along."

"Take a tip from an old sitter-outer," he suggested. "It's much the easiest way. And you achieve the same thing in the end."

"No, you don't," said Pinky quickly, "at least, not with Skipe. Anyway, he had driven me to rehearsal, and there I was up on the stage, and feeling pretty good about things, what with the play opening tonight. Not that I'm any Garbo, but Dick Holland, the director, hadn't bawled me out for two days. And then, I happened to look out front and there was the Burchard creature making a pass at Skipe."

"A pass?"

"Oh, nothing aggressive. Just an optical one—like this."

Pinky allowed her head to fall back a little, while her lids came down to veil her eyes; smoldering fire peeped out of them; her lips half parted in a smile.

"I see, I see," said the stranger. "You know, you do that rather well."

"You ought to see Evelyn Burchard do it. That's why Johnson Hargrave's a sap. Letting such a loathsome lovely creature run around on the loose. Any-



Skipe managed a backward glance. He wagged his eyebrows, distress on his genial face

way, I blew up in my lines. And she came up to help me out. Oh, it was a sweet enough gesture: the professional being nice to the ham. But what do you suppose happened?"

He replied, rather strangely: "I think I know. She played one of Louise's scenes for you."

Pinky glanced at him quickly, sensed a tenseness in the way that he sat, felt a vague premonitory horror. "How did you know the character's name?"

"AND after she did it"—not heeding her—"the whole damned cast gathered round. Especially Holland, the tramp. I ought to sock Dick in the jaw. And they flattered, cajoled, and supplicated, and told her she simply would have to play the part."

"Who are you?" asked Pinky in a panic.

"And after she'd absorbed it for a while—oh, Lord! I might have known! And just as I've got her reconciled to a fire, a dog and myself."

Pinky struggled; stood up.

"You're Johnson Hargrave!" she gasped.

As quickly, he stood up beside her. A different

note sounded in his voice: "I'm the guy who's going to nudge you. The works, sister; here they come."

"The works?" said Pinky blankly.

He whispered: "The old girlish charm. We're laughing and playing, aren't we?" Then: "Oh, hello, Evelyn, my dear."

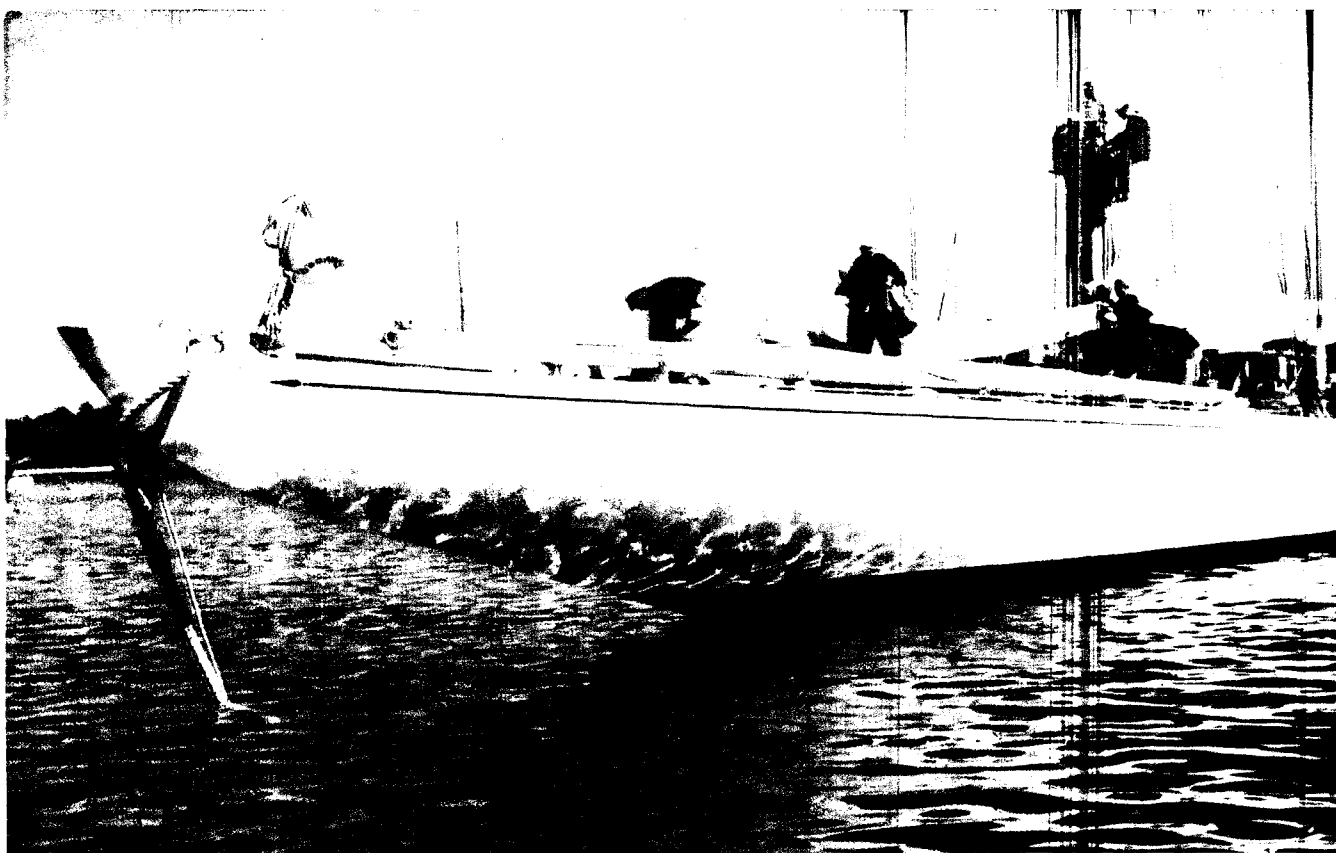
Pinky felt a soft arm drop about her shoulders. She turned. Saw Evelyn Burchard and Skipe. Evelyn Burchard smiled down at her, spoke in a throaty and murmurous voice: "Dear little understudy. So like me as Pam two years ago."

"Six, Evelyn—" somewhat acidly.

"Johnson, you've been lying in the sun too long. But you were hurt, weren't you, my darling?"—she was speaking to Pinky again. "You ran away like a hurt thing. You mustn't. Disappointment is part of the theater. Something one learns to bear."

"Nonsense, Evelyn," said Johnson Hargrave, "you've never had a disappointment in your life."

"Say, Pinky—" Skipe attempted a beginning, he was stopped at once by the melodious Burchard voice: "But how rude of me, (Continued on page 28)"



The best speed our streamlined Cup defenders can make is fourteen knots. Eighty-five years ago the America won its first international race at the same speed. Jim Connolly, a gentleman who has plenty of salt behind his ears, cocks a weather eye at modern Cup racers

Down to the Sea in Teacups

By James B. Connolly



THE last week of this month will see an America's Cup Race staged again. It has been staged for eighty-five years off and on now, and it is well worth anybody's take-in. The scene will be off Newport harbor, and those present will see a great maritime spectacle.

They will see a varied and multitudinous assortment of sea craft. They will see slim gray-painted Navy destroyers and Coast Guard patrols. They will see roomy million-dollar, or two-million-dollar power yachts—some white and some black—and neighborly to them they are likely to see an outboard dory that resembles something out of a junk heap and that cost perhaps seventeen dollars to assemble.

Harbor steamers and ocean-going liners will be there, all jammed to the rails, with bands blaring ceaselessly and their bars doing a noble business throughout the day. There will be sailing yachts of all rigs and sizes—catboats, sloops, schooners and so on up to 1,500-ton square-rigged ships: and there will be the blue-and-white-painted fleet of the Greek Newport colony lobstermen taking a day off from hauling their pots.

And out in front of that confusion of sea craft will be the Cup yachts—the defender, which will be ours; the challenger, the English boat—and above their decks will loom lofty masts, spreading sails, some as thick as a board and others of stuff so light and shimmering as to evoke the picture of a spider's gossamer web. And if the day be fair there will be a blue sky above and a sea of lovely green below and the whole scene will be as pretty as any post card that was ever sold to a tourist in far romantic places.

Fifteen Tries and Fifteen Failures

People of all sorts will be on hand to view the show. There will be the sea-blooded fans who will be all but beating each other's brains out arguing over the seamanship, or lack of it, of the racing crews, and there will be the land folk who would not know a topsail schooner from land off the starboard bow.

There will be visitors from all the world over: from our own West Coast, from Canada and South America; from Europe, New Zealand, Australia. Especially will there be people from England, these last curious to know what has been keeping that Cup so long away from home, and hoping to be among those present when an English boat takes it back home again.

Eighty-five years ago the America won that famous Cup, and fifteen British yachts (counting two Canadian and one Scottish boat as British) have since tried to take it from us. Fifteen tries and the Cup still here? It sets a man to wondering why that is.

Eighty-five years ago England was the tops in yachting. She had more yachts and yachtsmen than the rest of the world together. And then the United States, which had no yachting record worth talking about, sent along the America, and she outsailed a whole fleet of leading English yachts and carried off the Cup that has since become so famous.

English yachtsmen have spent millions of dollars trying to get the Cup back and our yachtsmen even more millions to keep it here. Sir Thomas Lipton alone must have spent \$3,000,000 in his five tries for the Cup. When the Endeavour (1934) challenged for the Cup, our yachtsmen must have spent \$2,000,000 in their preparations to defeat her.

The market value of that Cup is \$500. It is not a work of art—it is the homeliest thing—a man might ransack a dozen hand-me-down shops and not uncover a homelier trophy. (Continued on page 26)

Pedigreed descendants of the long line of racing sloops that have fought for the historic America's Cup for nearly a century. Top, Harold S. Vanderbilt's Ranger, defending; below, T. O. M. Sopwith's British challenger, Endeavour II

Dangerous Young Man

By George F. Worts

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

The Story Thus Far:

FRANZISKA RILLING becomes involved in an attempt (made by Frankie Fife, alias Frank Merricka, Steve Tetlow, Roderico Hova and others) to blackmail Jane Griffin, a New York debutante. The attempt miscarries, due to the quick action of Peter Banyard, a young man from Nevada.

Jane knows nothing of Peter Banyard. She wonders why Franziska hates him, refuses to regard him as a hero. After a time, she learns—through Roger Van Tyle, with whom Franziska is in love, that "Peter Banyard" (so Franziska asserts) is not Peter Banyard at all—he is Charlie Dunkin, an international crook!

But Jane is skeptical. And presently her father, working quietly, has convincing evidence that Peter Banyard is known in Nevada as a fine, honest young man.

But Franziska has actually seen Charlie Dunkin—she could swear that he and Peter Banyard are one and the same! Yet, since they are not the same, they must be doubles. So Franziska reasons—and, although she doesn't know it, she is correct: Peter Banyard has a twin brother—the man known as Charlie Dunkin.

Dunkin is living, in hiding, in New York. He knows that, shortly after the Merricka gang had attempted to blackmail Jane Griffin, Merricka had been murdered; and that the "mystery woman" wanted in the case is—*Franziska Rilling!* He decides to call on his brother, with the object of "using" him, if he can. He does so, arriving a short time before Franziska (who wishes to apologize to Peter) arrives. It is the work of a few moments to knock Peter out, drag him into a bathroom and tape his hands and mouth.

Franziska is shown in by old Oliver Hooper, Peter's valet. Dunkin (whom she quite naturally believes to be Peter) greets her; then: "We know you killed Frank Merricka. Keep your mouth shut. Later, I'll have another job for you." The girl is terrified. And again she loathes Peter Banyard!

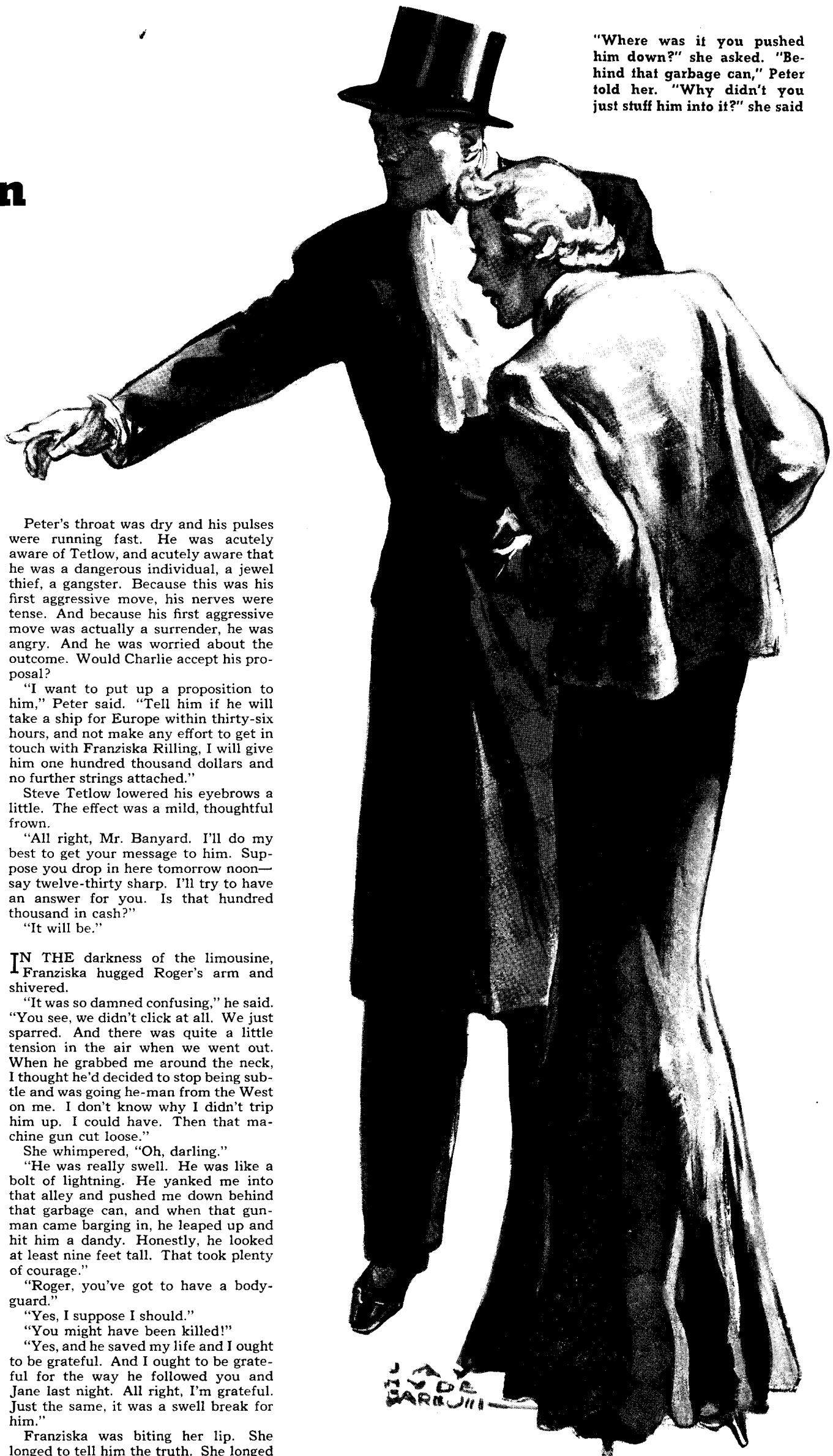
Roger Van Tyle is not quite sure of Peter. He interrogates him at one of his clubs. As they leave the club, a gunman tries to shoot one of them (Peter isn't sure which one). Whereupon, Peter saves Van Tyle's life by knocking the killer down. . . . And again Peter becomes a hero. He decides that the time has come to remove his renegade brother from the scene, and to that end arranges a conference with Steve Tetlow.

VII

STEVE TETLOW'S face was as empty as if he were holding aces back to back in a game of stud. He sat at his desk, not with an air of alertness, but with an absent dreaminess, as if his thoughts were roaming about among subjects suggested rather than those mentioned.

His narrow, lidless eyes drifted about Peter's face. With his long sideburns, in the Broadway manner, his small, close-fitting ears, his heavy peaked eyebrows and his smoothly brushed black hair, he looked capable and concise.

"All right, Mr. Banyard. Suppose we grant that I can get in touch with him. What about it?"



"Where was it you pushed him down?" she asked. "Behind that garbage can," Peter told her. "Why didn't you just stuff him into it?" she said

Peter's throat was dry and his pulses were running fast. He was acutely aware of Tetlow, and acutely aware that he was a dangerous individual, a jewel thief, a gangster. Because this was his first aggressive move, his nerves were tense. And because his first aggressive move was actually a surrender, he was angry. And he was worried about the outcome. Would Charlie accept his proposal?

"I want to put up a proposition to him," Peter said. "Tell him if he will take a ship for Europe within thirty-six hours, and not make any effort to get in touch with Franziska Rilling, I will give him one hundred thousand dollars and no further strings attached."

Steve Tetlow lowered his eyebrows a little. The effect was a mild, thoughtful frown.

"All right, Mr. Banyard. I'll do my best to get your message to him. Suppose you drop in here tomorrow noon—say twelve-thirty sharp. I'll try to have an answer for you. Is that hundred thousand in cash?"

"It will be."

IN THE darkness of the limousine, Franziska hugged Roger's arm and shivered.

"It was so damned confusing," he said. "You see, we didn't click at all. We just sparred. And there was quite a little tension in the air when we went out. When he grabbed me around the neck, I thought he'd decided to stop being subtle and was going he-man from the West on me. I don't know why I didn't trip him up. I could have. Then that machine gun cut loose."

She whimpered, "Oh, darling."

"He was really swell. He was like a bolt of lightning. He yanked me into that alley and pushed me down behind that garbage can, and when that gunman came barging in, he leaped up and hit him a dandy. Honestly, he looked at least nine feet tall. That took plenty of courage."

"Roger, you've got to have a bodyguard."

"Yes, I suppose I should."

"You might have been killed!"

"Yes, and he saved my life and I ought to be grateful. And I ought to be grateful for the way he followed you and Jane last night. All right, I'm grateful. Just the same, it was a swell break for him."

Franziska was biting her lip. She longed to tell him the truth. She longed

to tell him her new suspicions. She didn't dare...

Phineas O'Dane's eyes were blue and cold and cynical, but his smile was warm. He was very Irish, with crisp curly gray hair and a round red face. There was something galvanic about his personality. Peter had the feeling that when he started a sentence Phineas O'Dane had finished it in his mind before the first word was spoken.

"The whole problem," Peter said, "is to make it seem like a legitimate legacy. Will that be hard?"

"That depends," the lawyer answered. "If she's a shop girl or a poor stenographer—"

"She isn't. She's a debutante. And she's clever."

"That makes it harder, Mr. Banyard. It means she'll have her own lawyers."

"She's an orphan. She's poor."

"That doesn't help, I'm afraid. She'll go to a firm of lawyers. There's a legacy racket going on, and everybody knows about it. You are notified of a mysterious legacy, and you're asked to cough up so much to have it investigated. She'd certainly go to a lawyer."

Peter leaned forward, frowning. "There must be some way to do it."

"There are lots of ways, but it cannot be done in a hurry. Just how much do you want to give this young lady?"

"Enough to help her out of some difficulties and to put her mind at ease. Some odd sum—say, sixteen thousand five hundred. Wouldn't that be easier than a larger sum?"

"Not necessarily. I'll get busy on it right away. Now, let me have all the information you can."

PETER turned from the terrace window. Oliver stood with hands clasped, watching him with anxious eyes.

"Do you intend to give him the hundred thousand, sir, if he agrees?"

"That isn't the idea, Oliver. I found out two things from those detectives. He's smarter and more dangerous than I gave him credit for—and he's an expert at hiding. I had to do something to get in touch with him. This should do it."

"Then what, sir? Do you still intend to take him West and turn him over to your father?"

Peter smiled slowly. "Since I talked to those detectives, that scheme doesn't seem so hot."

"But you must have had some idea, Mr. Banyard."

"I did. I still have it—to get in touch with him."

Oliver shook his head. "Pardon me, sir, but I think you were impetuous. It sounds like a surrender, or at least a confession of weakness. If it's a bluff, he'll call it. He will accept your offer, insist on using Tetlow as a go-between, and then refuse to go abroad or let Miss Rilling alone."

"Or he'll accept my offer and go abroad."

"Oh, I wish you'd given it a little more thought, Mr. Banyard. These men are so ruthless, sir."

"They haven't got my hundred thousand yet."

Oliver said submissively, without conviction, "Yes, sir. There's the phone, sir." He answered it, said, "Yes, Miss Griffin. One moment, please," and handed the telephone to Peter.

As Peter put it to his ear, she shrieked: "Hello, you menace! Any punctures?"

"No punctures."

"Heck, I thought we could spend the evening plucking bullets out of you. How do you arrange these things?"

"Didn't I ever tell you about my troupe of trained villains?"

"Well, I know who you remind me of—the man who leaped on his horse and galloped off furiously in all directions. You're awfully smooth, and the flowers

you sent me must have been yesterday's. They're all limp. And listen, my fool. I've got to see you immediately. I'll be right over. And don't keep me waiting. It's urgent."

Peter resumed his pacing. After a few minutes the phone rang again. It had been ringing steadily. Either it was headquarters wanting to know what size checks those were on the driver's overcoat, or a reporter wanting to know if he was the same Banyard who had flown food to snowbound miners.

"It's Mrs. Van Tyle, Mr. Banyard."

Peter took the phone and heard a woman's voice.

"Mr. Banyard?"

"Yes, Mrs. Van Tyle."

"I wanted to—" She stopped. "I wanted to—" she began again, and stopped again.

Another woman's voice, a calmer voice, said, "Mr. Banyard, this is Mrs. Van Tyle's secretary, Miss Robinson. Mrs. Van Tyle has been simply devas-

Peter's face felt hot. He could understand why Roger was making a fool of himself over her.

"Where are we going?"

"The Crown Club, then a couple of parties. There's one at Lazarre's and one at the Plaza. Then we'll just loop around. You're going to re-enact it just as it happened. I'll be Roger."

"THAT screen test must have done something."

"Oh, I can't resist people who do things. Have you seen Franziska since this noon?"

"For a moment."

"She came up to your apartment, didn't she?"

"For a moment."

"I think you're in love with her. She's beautiful, isn't she?"

"Yes."

"I've always adored her, but I've always felt just a little uneasy with her. Last night finished me. It's something

are pasted up in such funny places sometimes."

"Yours was pasted on a pink cloud." "Oh, I like that better than anything you ever said."

The limousine came to a stop before the ruby glow of the Crown Club. They got out. Two policemen were on duty, keeping a small crowd of people moving. Peter saw the bullet hole in the lower corner of a large plate-glass pane.

Jane hugged Peter's arm.

"Where were you when you saw the gun and grabbed Roger around the neck?"

"About here."

"Where?"

A policeman was eying her with astonishment.

"Right around here."

"Is that where the bullets ricocheted? Real bullets?"

"Certainly not."

"And where was it you pushed him down?"

"Behind that garbage can."

"Why didn't you just stuff him into it? Light me a cigarette. I want a drink. Well, I think you're perfectly marvelous, the way you have these hunches."

They went into the Crown Club and Peter had a taste of what he might expect from now on. The doorman recognized him. The headwaiter recognized him. In a moment, people all about the Crown Club were staring, some of them standing. The place went suddenly gay and noisy.

Jane said, "Your modesty is killing me."

"What do you want me to do—get up and make a speech?"

"Okay, monster, okay."

He was learning rapidly. They were putting on another act, but it was all right. He was doing the right thing.

AND Peter presently forgot the stares and was looking at her mouth oftener and oftener. The upper lip was rather thin, the lower rather full and pink and made enticing by a high light.

She said huskily, "Are you looking at me, Peter?"

"I was just thinking you're really not as bad-looking as I thought the first time I saw you."

She looked at his shoulders, she giggled. "Well, don't forget that pink cloud."

They had three champagne cocktails apiece, in spite of Peter's preference for Scotch, and started out again.

Jane said, "Do you like a lot of parties? We're going to Alicia Cobham's party at the Plaza. She pronounces it A-lee-sia. Don't forget."

"I won't."

"She's a goon. Light me a cigarette. No. Never mind. The trouble is, there aren't ever enough parties. There ought to be two or three parties a night every night in the year."

"You're probably right."

"Oh, there you go, getting argumentative again. Franziska will be there."

"Why does she spell it with a z?"

"Maybe her grandfather learned the alphabet backwards and only got that far."

"Yes? And who has the great big mother-heart of an electric eel?"

"Oh, darling," Jane said. "Light me a cigarette. Oh, I like you."

Peter slid a hand behind her shoulders and slid the other hand down the soft, the incredibly soft ermine, pressing it tightly against her side, pulling her toward him. He bent down to her face and kissed her with purpose.

She groaned softly, became limp and yielding, then put her arms tight about his neck, pulling his lips against hers, and pulling her body hard against his.

He lifted his head and saw the shimmer of her half-closed eyes, fiery blue.

"Mmmmm." She ran one hand into

(Continued on page 41)



tated by this, and she wants me to express her deep gratitude to you. Will you have dinner with Mrs. Van Tyle tomorrow night?"

"I'd like to very much."

"At eight?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, Mr. Banyard."

Peter put the telephone back, swallowed and said, "Oliver. Dinner tomorrow night with Mrs. Van Tyle."

"You'll enjoy it very much, Mr. Banyard, I'm sure. And Miss Griffin is downstairs."

SHE was sitting in her limousine with the dome light on, a radiant girl in a sea-green gown, with her ermine wrap slipping off her shoulders, with Peter's flowers, fresh and fragrant, pinned on the gown. With her golden hair, her radiant face, the ermine and the flowers, she looked like a celebrity.

"Hello, menace," she said.

"Hello, beast."

He got in beside her. The inside of the limousine smelled richly of her perfume. Her mouth suddenly went soft with a provocative smile. She switched off the domelight and snuggled against him. The footman shut the door and jumped into his seat. The limousine rolled into the traffic.

stealthy. I've always felt she isn't quite on the level."

Peter was amused. Jane seemed to sense it. She snuggled closer.

"Listen, Peter, I wasn't going to tell you because it seems terrible and I don't want to say anything about Fran, but I think maybe you ought to know about this. You know when she left your apartment?"

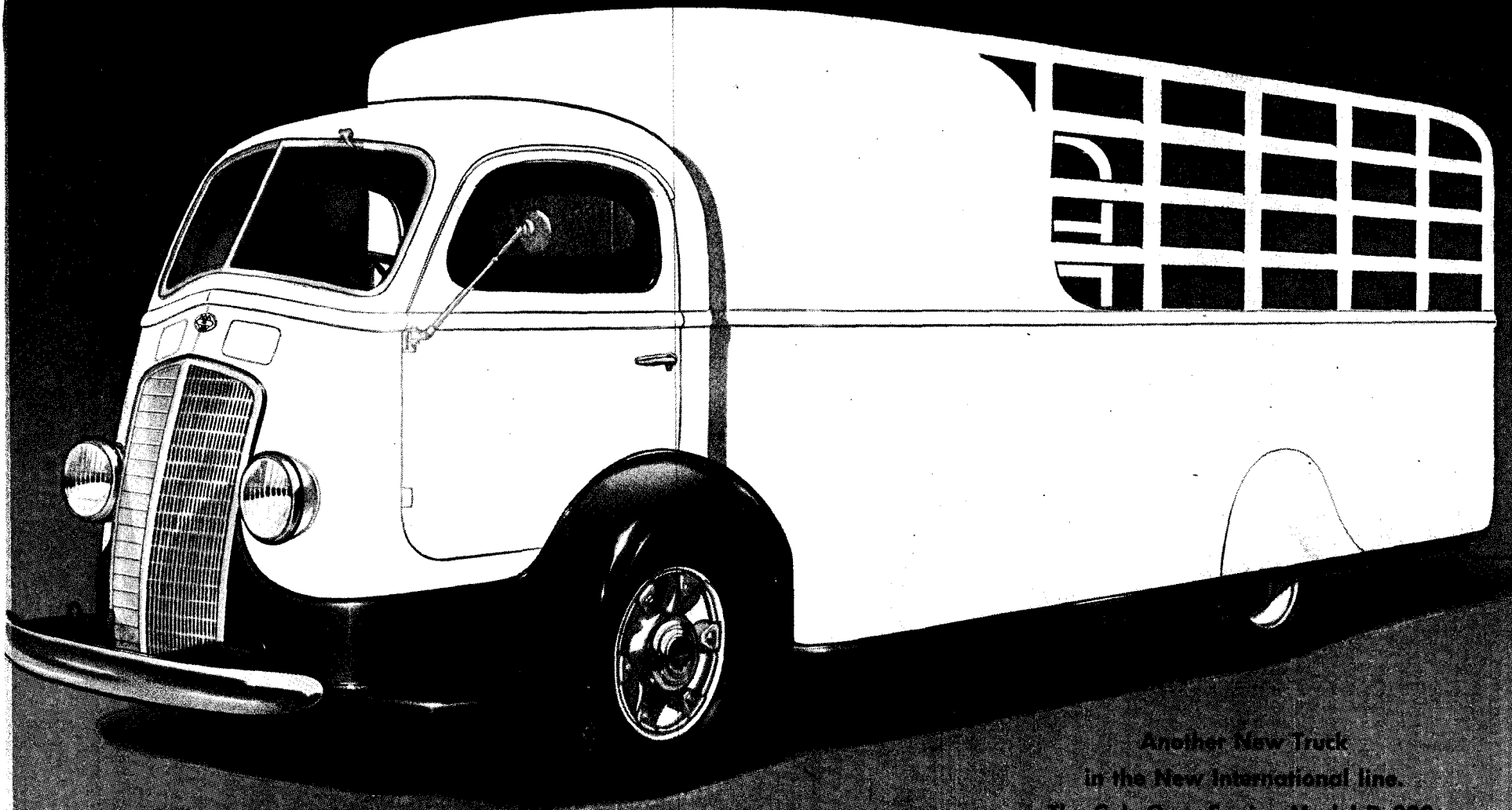
"Yes."

"Well, I happened to be driving by, and I saw her get into a taxi. Do you know who was in that taxi? You should have seen him! He was just a thug—a furtive-looking thug! Some of these girls are always getting a big kick out of going with underworld characters. Fran always was a girl for a kick, but now she's in too deep. It's a pity, isn't it? I'm sorry for her. She's weak."

"Yes, it's a pity." Peter knew she was lying, but he didn't want to argue with Jane. It was hard to think of Franziska clearly when he was with Jane, with her shoulder soft under the ermine against his. He had an impulse to kiss her. He wondered what she would do if he suddenly put his arms around her and kissed her.

"Listen, Peter. Where did you see my rotogravure picture? I mean, was it pasted up in some place? Girls' pictures

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Down to the Sea in Teacups

Continued from page 22

So the expended millions of dollars must mean that multitudes of people regard the Cup as a symbol.

It is a symbol, we are told, of the yachting supremacy of the sea; and that starts a fellow thinking again: Why should a Cup Race be for the yachting supremacy of the sea when the competing boats today, and for the last half century, have not been seagoing?

The great quality of the America when she raced in 1851 was her ability to stand up in heavy weather. She was modeled off the New York pilot boats of her day, and those boats had to be weatherly as well as speedy, able to hold the sea in the heavy winter weather of the North Atlantic. The America inherited from her pilot-boat forebears. In her hull and rigging she was just another pilot boat.

Above all else, the America was seagoing, and for at least forty years after her, challenging and defending yachts were seagoing. The time came when English and American designers abandoned completely their seagoing models—the heavy-weather craft—and went in for speed. It was "Forget everything else but get speed!" Hulls were constructed of a lighter and yet lighter material, spars and running gear were set up to match.

With Lighter and Lighter Boats

The Cup Race became a competition of designers rather than of seagoing yachts. Away back in 1899, the boats were so lightly constructed that Sir Thomas Lipton asked the New York Yacht Club Committee if they thought it fair to require him to build a boat strong enough to make the North Atlantic passage a safe one while the American defender meantime had only the wind and sea of harbor moorings or close inshore cruises to face.

The New York Club admitted the justice of Lipton's argument, and thereafter the challengers came over under tow.

By 1920 (Lipton's Shamrock IV and our Resolute series) both Cup racing boats were being dubbed "Teacup Yachts" in newspaper reports of the races. It was also written in press reports that they should be racing in the Central Park pond and not in a man's ocean. Men used to tell of walking their decks and having them spring up and down like market baskets under their feet.

The races that year (1920) were drifting matches for more than two weeks—to the weariment of the scribes who had been standing by and finding nothing to write about.

But one morning, as our press destroyer stuck her nose past the harbor entrance—the races were off New York—we were rejoiced by the cool fresh breath of a 20-mile sea breeze—or call it a 25-mile breeze say, and not give the yachts the worst of the judgment. It was a refreshing breeze; and lovely little whitecaps were livening up the green inshore sea.

It was a perfect day for a race—or so we thought. "Action! Action at last!" cried the scribes. But there was no race that day. Why? Well, the America's latter-day Cup rules have it that any day the competing boats mutually agree to it, then there shall be no race. This day, the owners and skippers of both boats and the New York Yacht Club Committee went into a deep conference and emerged with all hands agreeing that it would be too dangerous to race the boats that day.

It was too rough to be racing for the so-called Blue Ribbon of the Sea! Huh! No race, not even in inshore waters where hundreds of patrol and excursion craft are within easy rescue reach!

Let me say here that this is no indictment of the courage of the skippers or afterguards or crews of those two Cup boats that day. Yachtsmen at large have their share of courage. I have seen them too often in hard going off the New England coast not to know that. It would have been dangerous to race those boats that day. They would have been dismantled and people probably killed on them.

The press boat scribes steaming back up the harbor that day had plenty to say about Teacup Boats and racing machines. The sports columns next day were loaded to the hatches with most disrespectful comment, and in their wake came indignant editorial outbursts from all over the land.

The press outburst did the job. The Cup Race was killed for the next eleven years, and when the Race was resumed the hulls were made seagoing, as were the hulls of the last race (1934).

But if hulls of late have been more

of weather to bring disaster; and in such a disaster there was no disgrace to the vessel—there was even satisfaction in the thought that it took great seas and winds to overpower her.

Today? With every possible ounce of weight pared from their hulls, with the mast profiles streamlined and running gear thinned down to the lowest possible diameter to reduce wind resistance, with their enormous sail spread to drive them on—why, a man would say that they should sail much faster than any of the old-timers ever could. But do they? In a fine fresh breeze, which is the joy of sailing—in such a breeze, no.

Sailing records, of course, are usually the result of a happy combination of strong fair winds and smooth seas; but it is a fact that the latter-day Cup boats at their best—in or out of Cup Races—have yet to sail as fast as did many of the seagoing old-timers. Our defending schooner Columbia, away back in 1871, sailed faster in one Cup Race than any recent Cup boat has sailed in or out of a Cup Race.

These latter-day Cup yachts can show six or seven knots in air that won't even comfort a man's cheek on a hot

from the rigger's hands with no time for tuning up. During that famous Cup Race of hers, the chronicles have it that, having the wind to her liking one time, she went along at "a 13- or 14-knot clip." And she did it like a dancing girl.

She probably was showing close to the fourteen knots recorded of her. Any boat logging twelve knots under working sails on her first day at sea should show fourteen knots under her best suit of sails and after her planks are loosened up a bit. The old-time wooden vessels always sailed faster after being driven hard for a while. Loosen up the metal plates of these latter-day boats and the S O S's will be going out.

Scores of cruising schooner yachts of no greater tonnage than our late Cup boats have logged fourteen knots or better at times. The schooner Fleur de Lys, 108 feet over all and 87½ feet at the water line, logged fourteen knots for four hours on end in the Kaiser Cup ocean race of 1905.

When Boats Were Built to Last

I have seen every Cup boat since 1885. The three Cup boats of the 80's were built in South Boston, which is where I was born. In those days they built them to go to sea. The three defenders of the middle 80's were changed to schooner rigs and cruised for years. The 1885 one, the Puritan, was later sold into the packet service between the Azores and Cape Verde Islands and New England ports, which is no harbor boating. When last heard of she was still going.

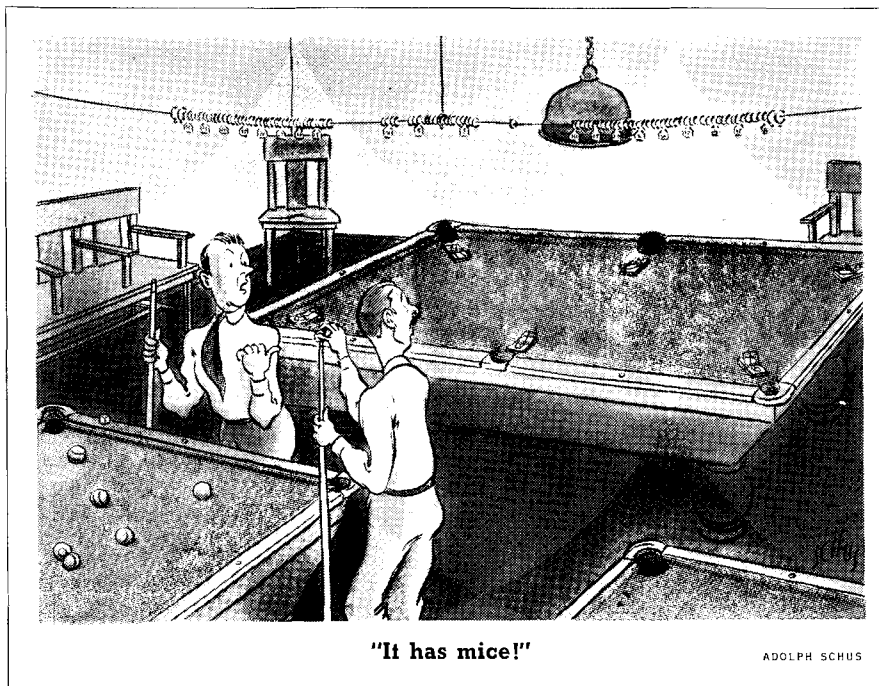
Cup boats were seagoing once, but what about of late? Why, they are built at a cost of a half-million dollars one year, and next year broken up for junk.

There is more attention paid nowadays to mechanical devices than to sound construction. Here's a challenger with a machine to warn the helmsman when he is heading her too close into the wind. What would be the reaction of a man at the wheel of a Gloucester fisherman if he were told to look at a machine and not the luff of the mainsail to keep the vessel properly by the wind? He would probably toss his bag up on the wharf when the vessel made Gloucester, saying that when he couldn't watch the luff of a mainsail better than any machine could do it for him, then it was full time he put himself ashore.

The Endeavour it was that carried that by-the-wind machine, but our designers had also been strong for mechanical first aids, so many of us were not sorry to see one challenger that had caught up with them.

That same Endeavour was the boat for the Cup. The 85-year quest should have ended with her; but she was outmaneuvered and out-handled after the first two races. Give the Endeavour the Rainbow's crew; or give her, say, almost any crew of trained professional sailormen, and she would have carried the Cup back to England.

Looking over these latter-day Cup racing machines, built to produce record-breaking speed and not producing it under what should be the best of sailing conditions, sets a fellow thinking. A race in light air and a swan-boat sea is of course better than no race at all, but those of us who have been looking them over for fifty years cannot help thinking that the "Race for the Supremacy of the Sea" should be sailed by boats that can hold the sea.



"It has mice!"

ADOLPH SCHUS

solidly built, the rigging is something else. No more freak hulls, but the freak masters are still with us. A Cup boat of 80 feet water line and 120 feet over all is now carrying a 170-foot mast. And there is the enormous sail spread to match the mast. That is not a seagoing rig.

The original America (which, incidentally, cost her owners \$20,000) was built to carry—and she did carry—running gear, sails and spars through full gales of wind. All the early challengers and defenders were seagoing. The English Genesta and our Puritan of 1885 raced through a rough sea and a three-quarter gale of wind without great risk to themselves. How long would the masts of the present Cup yachts stay up under a similar test?

Here is a curious thing about our latter-day Cup racers: the taller and taller masts and correspondingly increasing sail area are supposed to make for greater speed; yet they have not given us greater speed. We used to say of the old-time craft: "The more wind the more speed. The harder you drive 'em the faster they'll sail!" Which was true to where carrying sail too long brought on disaster. But it took the heaviest sort

day: they can log nine or ten knots in air that is barely strong enough to straighten out a linen handkerchief; but try to drive them in a stiff breeze and what do we get? At thirteen knots things begin to happen to them. They are crowding themselves; their balance is upset; their sailing lines go adrift; coordination between hull and rigging is destroyed.

Let the wind increase when they get that way, and they act like they are going to buckle up and come all apart. Their limit seems to be fourteen knots, but before they are logging that speed all hands are keeping a windward eye to the gear aloft and the leeward eye on the nearest patrol boat, having in mind a running high dive over the side when and if everything aloft comes crashing down on deck. One of those cloud-reaching masts is going to come down some day and kill a few people.

Take our old seagoing America—her 103 feet over all and 93 feet at the water line against Cup boats 120 feet over all and 80 feet at the water line makes a fairly even thing of it. The America averaged twelve knots for her first twenty-four hours at sea. She did that under working sails and coming straight

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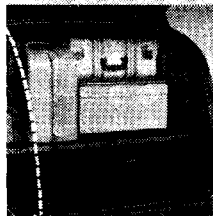


THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

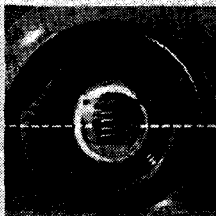
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Curtain Time

Continued from page 21

you don't know Johnson Hargrave. This is Mr. Albro, Johnson dear."

"Glad to meet you, sir," Skipe acknowledged.

"Think nothing of it," Hargrave waved a genial hand.

"Say, Pinky—"

"And Mr. Albro has so sweetly offered to show me where O'Neill used to work. Haven't you, Mr. Albro?"

"Yes, Miss Burchard," Skipe said. "Say, Pinky—"

"Is it far, Mr. Albro?"

"Huh? Oh, no; not very. Just a couple of miles up the beach."

Evelyn Burchard laughed: it was a lilting and lovely thing to hear. She lifted herself, poised gracefully on her toes and the stunning Burchard legs.

"What's two miles?" she demanded. "When one feels so young! So gay! That's what the sea does for me."

"Say, Pinky—" Skipe tried once more. His words were submerged again in the upward Burchard glance, her liquid eyes at his shoulder, her hand in the crook of his arm.

"We should be starting," she murmured.

IT WAS half past three that afternoon when Mrs. Batchelder's voice floated up to invade the sanctuary of Pinky's room: "Pin-ky. Pinkee! Skipe's here."

How many times, Pinky wondered, as she rose indifferently from her couch, had she heard those words repeated? Or heard Skipe's whistle out front?

What did it matter, anyway? That sort of thing was—fini. At week's end, Skipe would be leaving. And she'd be the girl left behind.

Fini was the word, she decided, as she sauntered drearily down the stairs. She lingered on its tragically conclusive implications with all the profundity of her eighteen years. In fact, by the time she reached the porch her effect was dolorous indeed. All she needed was a handful of ashes, some sackcloth and a distant tolling bell.

"Good night! Who died?" asked Mr. Albro.

"Oh," said Pinky vaguely, "it's you. Did you enjoy your walk with Miss Burchard?"

"Hugely!" said Skipe quite tactlessly. "Let me tell you, there is some girl!"

"How keen of you to discover it," said Pinky.

"No, really! she's got plenty on the ball. She's got a little room for everything. She's even crazy about sailing. Adores it; told me so herself."

"Before or after?" asked Pinky.

"Before or after what?"

"Before or after you told her that you had a catboat in the bay?"

"Oh—after, I guess. But anyway, I'm going to take her sailing. That's what I came to see you about."

"Me! Why me?" asked Pinky, with biting sarcasm in her voice. "Perhaps, though, there's something I ought to tell you: did you know that the lady was engaged?"

"Sure, I knew. In fact we had lunch, we three, at the club."

"Oh, did you?" asked Pinky, nettled.

"And did you think to ask Mr. Hargrave if he minded what you did with his girl?"

"He doesn't mind. He thinks it's a grand idea. He can't go, though. He gets seasick on small craft. But that reminds me, Pinky: the gentleman spoke of you."

Red pennants of embarrassment and guilt flew in Pinky's smooth cheeks.

"What did he say?" she asked fearfully.

"That you were a nice girl—but slightly nuts."

"And I suppose," she said angrily, "that you let him get away with that?"

"Not a bit. I contradicted him. I told him you were nuts—but slightly nice. Aw, come off it, Pinky—" Skipe walked toward her across the porch—"look: I came to ask you if you minded if I didn't drive you to the theater tonight. You see, Evelyn has to get in a kind of a, well, mood before a show. In New York she does it by spending some time in a Salon of Corporeal Sculpture—he winked—"Park Avenue for a Turkish bath. She thinks she can get the same effect by drifting around The Curlew, lying in the sun, doing nothing, except

"Of all the smug—" she began scornfully. "You have the nerve to offer that! I'm to be consoled by waiting, am I? Well, listen to me, my friend. At the age of five I was waiting for you while your mother put arnica on your bumps; at the age of ten while you went and raided her pantry shelf; at the age of fifteen, around the corner, while you snuck out your father's car. You never let me go where things happened. I always was the one who had to wait. And now, at twenty—"

"Eighteen."

"Keep still! Well, anyway, nearly twenty, you want me to wait some more. You want me to wait tonight while you have a fling with an actress—"



"You mean you're not scared?"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

maybe going over lines. I'm taking her out in half an hour. We'll run across the bay to Corn Hill. But tonight when the whole thing is over—listen! Stop pacing for a while." Suddenly he had her imprisoned in a corner by a hand on the rail and by his smile. "I didn't get a chance to tell you this morning how sorry I am about your part."

"You needn't," Pinky said fiercely.

"But I want to. It was a pretty tough break."

"It doesn't matter—really."

"But it does. I know how much it meant to you to play it."

Her eyes flashed quick suspicion.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Oh, I don't know—I'm just guessing."

But look, try to get this point of view. I mean, maybe it'll help a little. Half the fun, Pinky, of a chap going away from home to work is knowing that there's a girl like you waiting to come back to."

Pinky, for the space of a moment, gazed at Skipe without speech. Then, with a surge of action, she burst free of his arm.

Skipe grinned. "With lobster and champagne?"

"And not only an actress, but another man's girl, to boot. Well, Johnson Hargrave may take it, but I'm not taking it a bit. Get that through the thing you call your head! When you leave this porch, it's forever—"

Skipe lifted a long leg over the porch railing, reached out and patted her slim arm.

"I'll have forty-yard seats for the Yale-Army game in October. See you then, sweet, if not before."

He lifted the other leg after him, strode nonchalantly down the path. Pinky, hot-eyed, stared after him. Then stiff-legged, high-headed, dry-eyed, she made the long journey to her room.

HER family bore with her through the rest of that afternoon. Long experience had taught them that it was best to leave Pinky, when in sorrow, undisturbed.

Her mother, at seven-thirty, somewhat hesitantly said: "I don't suppose

you'd come with us? I mean to the theater tonight."

Pinky looked at her parent with a "How can you!" in her reproachful eyes.

"But, darling! It isn't as if you had lost that part to an unknown. After all, Evelyn Burchard—"

"Mother, please."

Mrs. Batchelder sighed resignedly. Mr. Batchelder went to get his hat. He returned to the living-room doorway.

"Now look here, Pinky," he said. "If you change your mind later, as you no doubt will, we're sitting third row center and we'd be glad to have you drop in."

"I'll not change my mind," Pinky promised.

"H-m-m! Well, possibly not. I'm thinking of a night, however, when you left us forever because your mother wouldn't permit you to do up your braids. You were home, I recall, by nine-thirty. Well, my dear, come along. After all, it's mean of us to deprive Pinky of the luxury of suffering."

PINKY felt too spent to utter resentment; she watched them out the shadows of the yard; trailed disconsolately to the side veranda and dropped in a glider by the rail.

Curtain time in half an hour. With the summer colony packed in. It wouldn't take long for news of Evelyn Burchard's appearance to percolate through the town.

Why, Pinky wondered bitterly, couldn't that woman, whose triumphs were so many, have spared this one little thing, this moment, that Pinky might have it herself. Life, she supposed, was like that. She'd learn to hurt people, too.

Curtain time, with Skipe in the front row probably, and mooning like a school boy at Evelyn Burchard on the stage.

"Damn all plays, all ingénues, all playwrights. And damn Skipe Albro," Pinky softly said. And then, this harsh train of thought was suddenly interrupted. Around the nearest corner swept a speeding car.

It stopped, brakes squealing, before the Batchelder house. Pinky recognized it as one of the village taxis. She sat up wonderingly in time to see a tall figure thunder up the path; it leaped to the door, knocked on it, rang the bell and peered through the glass with cupped hands.

"What is it?" asked Pinky, a little frightened.

He turned and came running down the porch.

"A fine one you are," he bellowed and seized her rudely by the wrist.

"Why, Mr. Hargrave—" began Pinky; she was jerked swiftly to her feet. "Please! Just a moment—"

"Moment my eye! You come with me."

He dragged her protestingly down the pathway, and boosted her without ceremony into the cab.

"Theater," he said. "Get going." And jumped in after her himself. "Good Lord!" he said. "You want to go on the stage and you don't even know enough to be there for the curtain. A fine mess you've made."

"But Miss Burchard—"

"That's just it! No one knows where she is. They call me up at the last minute. Everyone's frantic. Where's Evelyn? Where are you? My gosh, you not only have to write plays these days, you have to play nursemaid to the cast. Step on it, cab. Hurry!"

They tore through the lights of the square.

"Look at this—
wouldn't you say
the doll had decided
to go wading?..."



"But in a moment
her mother had her
in hand—though she
seems pretty mad..."



*"I snap them in bunches—yet every
one is different"*



"'Come out of that water,
you bad baby!' Can't you
hear Dottie scolding?..."



"See the changes in
expression—now
Dottie says it's her
turn to wade."

TRY snapshotting the modern
way. Follow your little girl
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pose her, or ask her to do things.
Let her do what she wants, and
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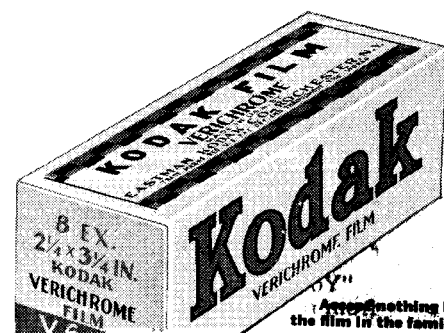
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"Loafing on a porch!" he said to her. "Feeling sorry for yourself, I don't doubt. What have you on? Sport clothes? Thank the Lord for that much. They'll do. Here, driver, by the alley. Come on, you, we've got to tear."

"But wait—" cried Pinky, as he hustled her down the alley and up the outside steps.

"Shut up! Hey, Dick! Here's your ingénue! A make-up kit, somebody, quick!"

Hargrave worked frantically over her eyes and her mouth and her cheeks. "Okay on the curtain, Dick," he called. "I'll have her ready for her cue. Do you remember your opening lines?"

He paused, looked at her questioningly. Pinky opened her mouth, then surrendered to a cloud of powder and sneezed.

"Your opening lines," he repeated. "What you say when you go on the stage?"

"Good—good—" began Pinky; suddenly she was engulfed in panic. "Oh, I can't! I can't! Where's Evelyn Burchard?"

"Good Saints in Heaven!" exploded Johnson Hargrave. "I give her the simplest opening lines an ingénue ever had, and even then she can't remember them! Listen, you little idiot: 'Good afternoon, Mr. Prentiss, my sister will be right down. Good afternoon, Mr. Prentiss, my sister will be right down. Good afternoon, Mr. Prentiss—' He propelled her through the wings toward the stage; held her there briefly, his voice in a whisper now! "'Good afternoon, Mr. Prentiss, my sister—'"

PINKY jerked free of his grasp, her eyes blazed up into his.

"You shut up, Johnson Hargrave! I know those lines as well as you!"

A delighted grin replaced the harassed look upon his face.

"Atta girl!" he said. "Go out there and give it to 'em big!"

The people out front didn't matter; they were but a dim blur beyond a bright blur of light. Nor did anyone upon the stage matter. Just one thing mattered to her now; behind her, in the wings, was a man who held her—and intensely—in contempt. That was enough for Pinky. Her resentment sustained her, spurred her on. He was waiting for her at her exit; and he waited each time she left the stage. Drew her to the seclusion of a seat on an abandoned and broken-down trunk.

Three times she asked about his missing fiancée. Three times, and abruptly, he shut her off.

"You're so darned mad," he told her, "that you're doing the part to a turn. But the trouble is you're only good for one night. But what does that matter? After all, we won't be needing you any more."

Dick Holland hustled up: "Now, Pinky, your last scene's coming up. Don't forget the way I—"

"Dick,"—Hargrave's voice was peremptory—"you go tell the lead how wonderful she is. Leave this kid to me."

"You see," he said, turning to her, "in you I've tried to suggest the modern, hard-boiled kid, riding for an emotional fall with a rosy blindfold on her eyes. The bump comes when you walk on and discover that wonderful creature, that man you've adored all summer, holding your older sister in his arms."

"I know—" said Pinky.

"But you don't. You've never thought of the play as a whole. Just your lines in it. That's all that's mattered to you. And this time, you see, you're going to stand and brazen it out. You're not going to run away from things, the way you've been doing all your life."

"I don't run away—"

"You do. You ran away this morning from rehearsal. You ran away from me

out on the beach. You simply don't know how to take it. Come on, you're due pretty soon."

They stood up; he walked along beside her.

"And you let another girl run away with your man. Now, when you get out there on the stage, try and act as you should have acted with her."

"What do you mean?"

"Stand up and save your self-respect. Keep that heartbreak out of your voice. That accentuates your misery. If it has a bang, that's how it comes out. Just like you should have stood up to Evelyn, for your part, this morning, and your man. Your lines don't let you run off and sulk, like I found you sulking on the porch."

They were standing in the wings again; Hargrave took her by the arm and turned her around. "What do you

Then the lover was coming toward her—all tenderness, but for a trace of guilt.

"Listen, youngster," he began. "Perhaps you got a few things mixed—"

"Perhaps I did." She was brittle heat and crackling flame. "But there's one thing you won't deny, will you? That is if you're halfway a man. You loved me for a moment, didn't you? For one encore of one dance—that night?"

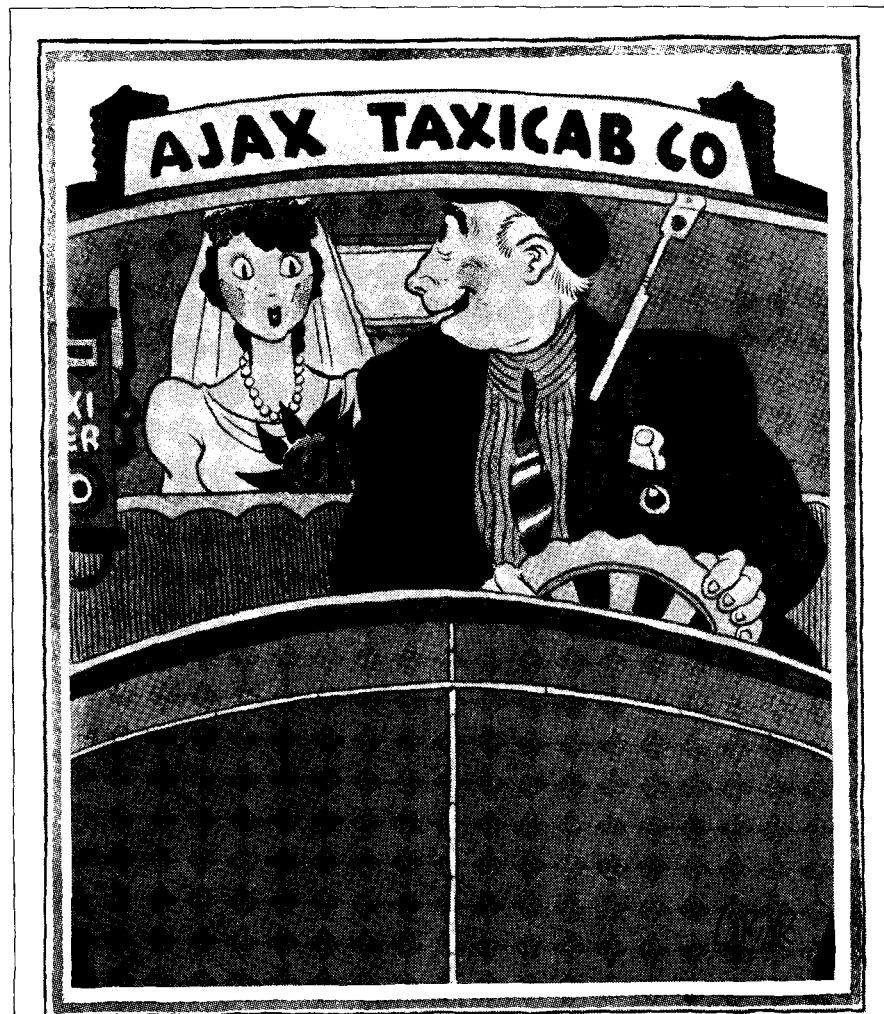
"Yes. I loved you. That night."

"Thanks. That's all I wanted. He's yours. You can have him now."

THUS—and brutally—the dismissal. The slow walk to the door. The hesitant turn and the moment—almost of betrayal, but not quite.

"And you can never take that away from me—ever!"

And her exit. Head held high. A



"Going to an affair?"

care," he chided, "if Evelyn and Albro powdered out? There are other men, aren't there? Look at me. I'm not crying. There are other girls."

"Other men? Other girls?" said Pinky.

"Sure, Evelyn's impulsive that way. She meets a man. Pf-f-f-ft! He's helpless. Off they go and they never come back."

"You're crazy!" Pinky informed him hotly.

"Am I? Not like you think. He's of age, isn't he? You told me yourself he had a job. What else is necessary? Come on, kid, there's your cue."

SHE was out on the stage, then, facing the couple who lingered in an embrace. The hand that went up to her breast was eloquent of emotional shock. Then the quick hard recovery. The lifted head, the fierce pride. Then, with a bitter note in her voice:

"He does kiss well; doesn't he, darling?"

"Louise, you mustn't be hurt."

"Hurt? I? But how silly. He was just another neck in my life."

bleeding young heart left behind her, but her pride borne securely from the field.

Johnson Hargrave met her, drew her again to the trunk.

"You weren't too terrible," he told her. "You may even get a curtain call for that."

Pinky felt a surge and a letdown. Utter misery looked forth from her face.

"There you go," said Hargrave. "What's eating your heart out now?"

"Him," said Pinky half brokenly. "I could have sworn that I saw him in the rear."

"Maybe you did," Hargrave granted, "for here comes the young man now!"

Pinky looked up quickly, saw a weary Skipe on his way. He was clad in a weathered trench coat, with salt-stained sneakers on his feet. His eyes looked tired and burning, his cropped hair was matted down. He stopped when he reached them and grinned down at them. Then he looked at Johnson Hargrave and winked.

"How is she?" asked Johnson Hargrave.

"Pretty damn' mad," Skipe said. "She

called me a nitwit summer playboy. I guess she's off me for life. Believe me, your girl's got a temper."

"Are you telling me!" Hargrave said. He stood up then, thrust his hand out. "Albro, I guess we clicked!"

"I guess we did," Skipe acknowledged, "and I guess you'd better hurry along. I mean she's pretty anxious to see you. She said something about being thankful there was one dependable man in her life. And you'd better stop by the drugstore and pick up a load of lotions too. You'll find her pretty sunburned, I'm afraid."

Hargrave grinned delightedly, seemed to square his shoulders in his coat. "Boy, what an entrance scene," he exulted, "and I'll play it for all it's worth." He started for the door; strode back rapidly. "See here, young woman," he said. "Don't you dare come to New York on the strength of what's happened tonight. As an actress, you've hardly discovered where the road begins; but, if you happen to be there and this play happens to be produced, and I happen to be in town—well, you might drop around and see me. I sometimes supervise the casting of my plays."

With that, Johnson Hargrave was gone. From out front came a mounting wave of applause. The final curtain was coming down.

Skiye sat down wearily beside her.

"Well, Cornell—" he began.

"Skiye, tell me what happened. Why wasn't Evelyn Burchard here?"

"Oh! Well, we had some tough luck, Pinky. We got stuck on a low-tide bar. Had to wait quite some while there until the tide turned and came back in."

"You! Stuck! Never! You've sailed these waters for years."

"Yeah, I know. It was pretty humiliating."

Dick Holland came seeking her out.

"Pinky! On stage! They want you! Go out and take a curtain call," he said. "Go away," said Pinky. "I don't want any."

"But, Pinky—"

"I said go away!" she snapped.

UNWILLINGLY, Holland believed her. He retreated, shaking his head. Pinky turned to Skipe again.

She said: "You did it for me?"

"Did what?" Skipe seemed all innocence.

"Got stuck out there on that bar."

"Oh, that! Well, you see, Hargrave wanted his girl to get a big order of carefree youth. I don't know, I guess she got it. At least she behaved as if she did. And then we kind of figured you into the dish we were cooking up. Pretty good recipe, eh, Pinky?" He gave her an encompassing wink. "Take a little accident, a little acting, stir 'em together well, stick 'em in the red-hot oven of the well-known Batchelder emotions, presto! What do you get? New York, maybe, if you're lucky."

"How did you know?" Pinky asked.

"How do I know anything about you? Maybe I just read your thoughts." He looked at her in silence for a moment. "I got back here in time to catch your scene. You know, the last one. The fade-out. Baby, you sure can do those!" He waited a little, then added: "You were pretty good, Pinky. I mean you had me going for a while. What I mean is you had me taking a sock, you know—thinking perhaps it was true. Look here, what I'm trying to say is—"

"Sh-sh-sh! I know," Pinky said.

She leaned imperceptibly toward him, this lad who always came through, who was right in the middle of all big moments, and without whom life seemed to lose all buzz.

What did New York matter? Stage or not, who gave a sweet hoot? Not she, for only one thing counted; this man, she knew, was her own.



• • Security—Peace of Mind • •

The couple who include life insurance in their plans include a large measure of *security* and *peace of mind*. Those words indeed seem to me almost a definition of Life Assurance, and that is why you find them included in our "four-bar signature." The insured man lives with assurance that he and his family are fortified against adversity.

Thomas T. Parkinson
PRESIDENT

LIFE INSURANCE QUESTION BOX



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A. No hard and fast answer can be given. The Equitable suggests \$15,000 as reasonably suitable—provided it is worked out in a plan to safeguard the family. An Equitable agent can explain this in detail.

• • •

Q. How much life insurance is in force in the United States and Canada?

A. About \$104,000,000,000.

• • •

Q. What is one important reason why the United States leads the world in life insurance?

A. Because here there are more and better trained agents. By their activity and their helpful service, agents have made family security a reality.

• • •

Q. What is Salary Savings Insurance?

A. A plan whereby a group of employees may obtain life insurance or retirement annuities (with the employer's cooperation). Payments are regularly deducted from salaries and sent to the insurance company.

• • •

Q. What is meant by living insurance?

A. Life insurance is for the living. It makes life more secure for the policy-holder as well as for his beneficiary.

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Love is Loyal

By Frank L. Parke

CLARA FISCHER had a pitcher of orange juice in one hand and a percolator of coffee in the other. She stood at the side of the breakfast nook, looking at her husband. It wasn't his appearance that held her attention. She knew what he looked like and she had no complaints. In their four years of marriage he had achieved no appreciable blossoming or decay.

What kept Clara's mules still on the kitchen tile was her husband's conduct. Herb Fischer was already at his bench in the booth. He had been there for several minutes. For several very busy minutes. He had pushed away his plate and silver. In their place he had stationed a bowl which originally had been designed as a dwelling for goldfish. But it had been put to another purpose. It was now not quite full of bottle caps. Beer-bottle caps. Relics of a day when suds had soared surreptitiously in a crock in the Fischer cellar.

There were more on the table. Scattered loosely all over it. And directly in front of Herb there was a stack of them. A stack of bottle caps neatly arranged in a single pile one atop another. Herb was adding to the stack. Patiently and enthusiastically. While Clara stood there, he reached for a cap, held it as delicately as if it cradled within it the very secret of life, and placed it on the crest of the little tower. He did that with another. He was about to do it with a third when his thumb and index finger quivered just sufficiently to send the caps tottering to the table.

He looked up, saw Clara and smiled. "Only eleven," he confessed. "Just practicing, though," he maintained. "I wasn't trying for the record."

Clara nodded understandingly. "I know," she assured him. "You'd hardly have time to equal or better twenty-three before breakfast." She set down the orange juice and coffee and went back to the stove for the eggs and rolls. Herb picked up his caps and dumped them back into the bowl.

Clara could tell by the way he handled his food that Herb had been only practicing. There was in his manner no suggestion of defeat. He did none of the dark, defiant eating of the man whose early morning has been struck by failure. He had a good breakfast, reached for his hat, got up and climbed into his coat.

"I MAY," he told Clara, as he kissed her, "be a little late. Not much. An hour at most. Perkins is going to make up his mind this afternoon about renewing the contract. And he never can make a decision before five o'clock."

"Right," said Clara. "Pick up some lamb chops and I'll broil them for dinner."

Herb nodded. He looked wistfully at his bowlful of caps. "Ought to go to thirty," he muttered to himself. "Sure they should."

Clara poured herself a second cup of coffee and sat for a while sipping it. That Perkins contract was important. Not vital. But important. If Herb failed to get it renewed, the Fischer family wouldn't collapse. They wouldn't have to move into a tent and commence plans for a panhandling campaign. And if Herb succeeded he and Clara wouldn't become too terribly wealthy. They



wouldn't start building a four-car garage. If he failed, their income would be just a little limited, and if he succeeded it would be just a little more secure.

Much, therefore, depended on it. But not everything. Clara began to ponder Herb's chances for success. Old Perkins was notoriously eccentric. He had been dealing with Herb's firm for over a dec-

ade. But lately he had expressed several doubts as to whether he was going to continue to. It was Herb's job to make him. The product was good, Herb had insisted to Clara, and the price was good. Would Perkins sign, she wondered. Maybe, yes. Maybe, no.

If he didn't, it wouldn't be because of lack of effort on Herb's part. Herb had, Clara was quite aware, persistence. His

silly concern with the bottle caps indicated that. Clara remembered the day when he first became obsessed with them. The rainy Sunday he had brought them up from the cellar. She had watched his mania develop. And, in case she ever forgot any of its stages, Herb kept a little score tally tacked on the kitchen wall.

June 7—fourteen. August 12—nineteen. November 3—twenty-one. March 9—twenty-three. Herb had a theory that the best that anyone could do was thirty. He hoped one day to do it. And he tried every day. His hope and effort didn't interfere with his duties. And he had other interests. But here at home and in town at the office were twin bowls of bottle caps. And whenever Herb had nothing else to do he piled one on top of the other. And kept piling. Until the pile tumbled down.

CLARA finished her coffee. But she didn't get up and clear away the dishes. Instead, she reached for the bowl and dumped all the caps out before her on the table. She searched a while for a good sturdy cap for the bottom. Then she began to pile. She was quite as careful about it as Herb but less rapturous. Her first attempt failed at a miserable seven. Her second rose to eighteen before going into a decline. Her third was at twenty-five when the phone rang. Clara let it ring. It was thirty-eight when someone knocked at the front door. Clara didn't go to it. It was at sixty-seven when she stopped. Not because it had fallen down, not because she was tired of the game, but because there were no more caps.

For a few minutes she sat and gazed at her work. She wished that it were possible to pour water over it and freeze it there until Herb came home. It wasn't. She knocked it down and put the caps away. But on the score tally she wrote, "April 4—sixty-seven." And in parentheses after it, "Clara!"

The day was pleasant for her. And it passed rapidly. No less than a dozen times did she look at the record she had made of her score. She knew Herb. He would read into it no challenge. He wouldn't devote his life to a crusade to better it. She knew Herb well. He would throw away the caps. And, very likely, buy Clara some fish for the bowl.

HERB was, as he had predicted, late. It was almost seven when the phone rang. "Hi!" he said. "I got to the market just before it closed. And, listen. I did it! I broke the record. I piled thirty-one caps! Honest, Clara. I did! And, do you know what I think? I think I can pile thirty-five! I'm going to try, anyway."

Clara didn't answer immediately. When she did, it was to say, "How about Perkins? Did he come in?"

"He sure did!" Herb told her. "He came in and he signed! After looking at that thirty-first cap, I could have made anyone in the world sign anything in the world! Put the vegetables on. I'll be home in half an hour."

Clara walked slowly over to the bin and dug out carrots and potatoes. But before she did any more about them, she had to find a pencil with a good eraser. To change the record from "April 4—sixty-seven," to "thirty-one." And to rub out the parenthetical Clara!

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*you'll swing into
"Main Street"
at 50—*

predicts **NORMAN BEL GEDDES**
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Cut the cost of stop and go with Super-Shell. There's a Shell dealer near you.

SUPER-SHELL



City Wise

Continued from page 16

redcap in the station and went to the taxi entrance, and we followed him, but he didn't take a cab. He put the bags down and stood looking around, while a couple of cops talked with the taxi checker. Then he picked up the bags and went back into the waiting room and stood there, while the cops talked with the station attendants. Then he went to another station entrance but he still didn't take a cab. After a while he went to the main entrance of the station and stood on the sidewalk, while the cops talked with news dealers and to traffic officers and to the drivers of taxis which were waiting there beside the curb. Then finally he took a cab and we took another one and followed him with a couple of plain-clothes cops that jumped in with us, and a lot more cops crowded into another cab and came along behind us. We went to a hotel. A bellhop carried the man's bags in, and he had the boy put them down in the lobby and merely stood around, while the cops went around and questioned everybody. After a while one of the cops spoke to the man, and the man had another bellhop pick up his bags and they went to the other entrance of the hotel and he stood by the doorman.

"I begin to see through this," I told O'Malley.

"You're smart."

WE WAITED a long time, while the cops talked with everybody, and then the man took another cab and went to another hotel. It was tiresome because he repeated the same performance. He went in at one entrance of the hotel and waited, and went out the other entrance and waited, and the cops went around and talked to people. After a while he took another cab and went to a West Side ferry. We all went into the ferry-house and waited. Then we followed the man onto the ferry, and the cops talked with the ferry crew, and we got off again, and waited for the next ferry and got on it and got off again until we had tried all the ferries.

"No soap!" O'Malley stated.

O'Malley looked unhappy and the cops seemed discouraged and we went back to headquarters. I wasn't surprised that the man with his two bags went along with us, because I had guessed long before this that he was a cop.

"That didn't get you much, O'Malley," I remarked.

"Sure, it didn't get nothing."

"I understand what you've been doing. You couldn't find anyone who remembered the man when you showed them the picture, but you thought they might remember if they saw the man again; so you found a cop that looked a good deal like the picture and dressed him up the way the man was dressed and gave him two bags, and you had him stand around the station until you found someone who remembered seeing him before."

"Yeah, sure."

"Enough people remembered him so that you traced him through two hotels and down to the ferry, but at the ferry you lost him."

"I didn't think we'd find him."

I left O'Malley at headquarters but I met him the next morning. He had the woman's traveling bag that the cop had carried.

"What now?" I asked.

"I don't know nothing except to keep on going where that passenger went."

We went back to the railroad station and showed the bag to the attendants in the check rooms. It didn't mean anything to them. It didn't mean anything,

either, at the check room at the first hotel, but at the second hotel they brought out a bag almost exactly like it. It was Mrs. Enler's bag. We opened it but there was no jewelry in it.

"You're moving, O'Malley."

"We ain't getting nowhere."

WE WENT to the ferry but we didn't get aboard the boat; instead we went all around the neighborhood and rang doorbells and showed the man's photograph to whoever came to the door. We didn't have any luck. There was a little store that sold stationery and candy, and O'Malley went in to telephone headquarters that we hadn't found out anything, and I waited on the sidewalk till he came out. The street was full of kids and a kid about nine years old was sitting on the curb.

"You know that the lady in that store is giving away candy?" O'Malley asked.

"Sure," the kid said derisively.

"She is. You go in and you'll see."

The kid got up and went into the store. In about a minute he came out yelling,

We took Murgin to the station house and he and O'Malley went into the captain's room. Then a plain-clothes cop and Enler came in, and afterward a cop brought in the Pullman porter, and some more cops came bringing the two passengers Wilmant and Cantwell, and they all went into the captain's room. Then they all came out of the captain's room and they booked Cantwell for murder.

"I don't see this, O'Malley," I declared. "If Cantwell killed Mrs. Enler, why did Murgin have her jewelry?"

"You don't never see much. This case was this way: This Mrs. Enler liked sometimes to flirt. This Cantwell is one of them guys that hangs out with society people but has got nothing. Mrs. Enler was visiting in Chicago and she met Cantwell and flirted with him, and Cantwell took her seriously. Mrs. Enler seen Cantwell was serious about it and she got afraid of him. Cantwell had found out she was leaving and he took the same train without her knowing. After the train started, he found Mrs. Enler in the club car and begged her not to go

platform and it was so easy, he says, he had to do it. He went through a couple of hotels in case he might be followed, and he took the jewelry out of the bag in the cab before he got to the second hotel, and he checked the bag there to get rid of it. Then he went to the ferry to give the idea that he might have crossed the river and he walked home from there."

"I don't see how you figured all this out."

I DIDN'T have to figure nothing out.

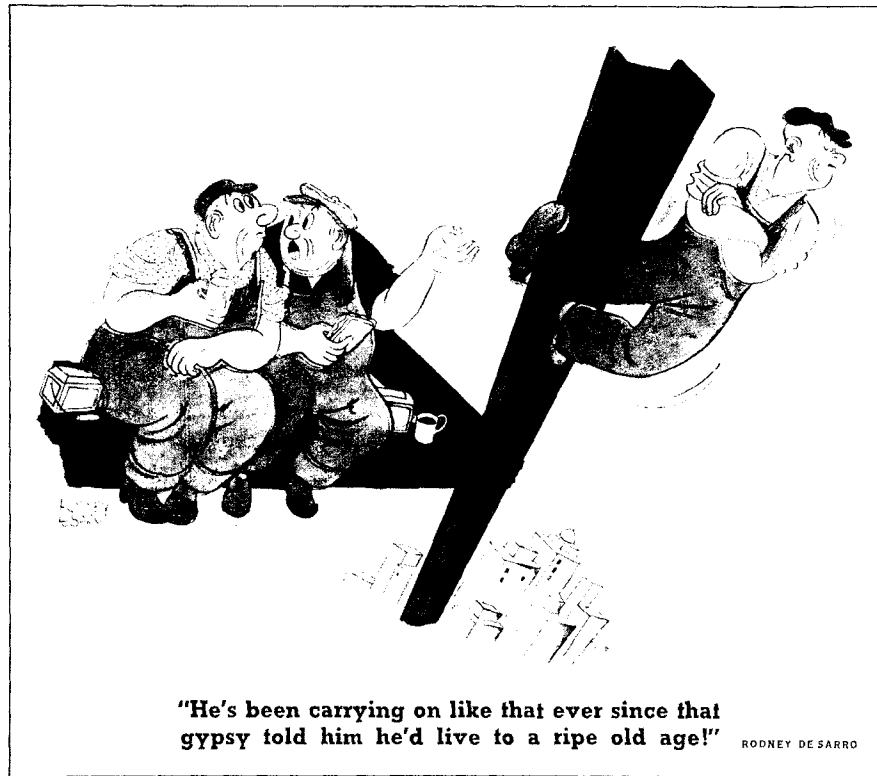
All I had to do was find the guy that took the bag. It didn't prove he was the guy that killed her because he took her bag, but it looked like he knew that it was safe to take it. Here was a lady that got acquainted with so many people on the train that everybody noticed it. It might be she done that because she was afraid of somebody. The cops had got hold of two of the guys she talked with because Wilmant stopped to telephone after he got off the train and the dining-car conductor pointed him out to an officer, and the club-car steward give a description of Cantwell to the cops and he is the kind of guy that people remember and a taxi driver remembered taking him to a hotel. They both said they didn't know nothing about no murder. If this was murder for robbery, probably Murgin done it; if it was murder for something else, he maybe knew what. You can't call it only luck we traced him to the ferry by fixing up a guy to look like him, because even in a town as big as this one, the same people are likely to be in the same places at the same time of day. The news dealers and traffic cops and the hotel doormen and the bellhops all know what taxi drivers might be in them cab ranks at that time of the morning, and by pointing out the guy to everybody we was able to learn what cabs he took and where he went. I figured that picture we had made of him had to look a little like him even if it wasn't very much. Everybody we showed the picture to went and studied it. Maybe they thought at first they knew the guy, but after they studied it they decided they didn't and they wouldn't say nothing. I figured if somebody that knew the guy just looked quick at the picture, while maybe they was thinking about something else, they might think it was him and tell us. Well, how was I to get people to look at the picture without doing no thinking? While I was telephoning in that store it come to me. Them streets are full of kids and kids know generally who lives in their neighborhood. I give that old lady in the store a couple of dollars and told her to give every kid that come in two cents' worth of candy, and while they was all excited about the candy I showed 'em the picture, and one kid took a quick look at the picture and give us Murgin's name and where he lived."

"You're a psychologist," I told him.

"Not me! I was witness in a court case one time with some psychologists. They was nice guys but they didn't know nothing about people. . . . Well, we found the jewelry, which proved Murgin had took the bag, and to avoid a murder rap he told how it was he took it and that he seen Cantwell come out of Mrs. Enler's compartment, and when Cantwell found we had a witness against him he admitted that he killed her."

"An amazing piece of detection!" I decided.

"Yeah? I ain't never seen that word 'amazing' in a police report. You tell the inspector what you think of it, because now he's saying we was dumb or we'd have caught that killer quicker."



"He's been carrying on like that ever since that gypsy told him he'd live to a ripe old age!"

RODNEY DE SARRO

with a piece of candy in his mouth and another in his hand, and in about three minutes the store was full of kids and a hundred more were trying to get in. O'Malley stood at the door and when a kid came out he let another kid in, but first he showed the kid the photograph. The kids glanced at the photograph but they didn't know the man, but O'Malley let them in anyway. Then one kid knew him.

"Jim Murgin," the kid said.

"Yeah? Where does he live?"

The kid gave an address. We went to the address the kid had given us, and the landlady said Murgin had a room on the third floor. We had her go ahead of us and knock on the door and a hard-faced young man opened it.

"Okay, Jim," O'Malley told him. "Where's the dame's jewelry?"

"I don't know about no jewelry."

I could see that the man looked a little like the photograph. He was the right man and we finally found Mrs. Enler's jewelry in the stuffing of a chair.

"It is a remarkable piece of police work the way you have traced down this murderer, O'Malley," I exclaimed.

"I don't know if the guy's a murderer."

back to Enler, but she wouldn't have nothing to do with him. Cantwell didn't have no chance to talk to her again until the train was in the tunnel coming into New York. Then he went to her compartment and she was alone there. He had been getting more and more excited all through the trip and when she wouldn't talk to him he grabbed her and choked her. Well, he killed her."

"How did Murgin get into it?"

HE WAS in his compartment next to hers and he heard the fight going on in her compartment and he peeked out of his door and seen Cantwell come out. Then he went and looked in and he seen Mrs. Enler was dead. Well, Murgin wasn't giving no alarm about a murder and get himself maybe suspected by the police. He's a well-dressed, petty-larceny crook. He just went back in his own compartment and shut the door. Murgin had talked with Mrs. Enler in her compartment, and, like Enler said, she had opened her bag and he had seen she was carrying jewelry, but he says he didn't have no idea of stealing her jewelry till he was getting off the train. Then he seen her bag beside his on the station



Before the waves abated the man made sure of some bits of wood and some cordage, and from the life raft as it went to pieces he rescued a keg of water and a bag of biscuit

SIDE BET

By Will F. Jenkins

A dangerous game for two
—with certain death the
loser's lot. A stirring drama
on a sea-swept rock island

ILLUSTRATED BY DAN SWEENEY

THERE was a vast blue bowl which was the sky. Across it, with agonizing slowness, there marched a brazen sun which poured down light to dazzle and burn out the man's eyes, and heat to broil the brains in his skull. At intervals the blue bowl grew dark and was dotted with stars, which ranged themselves in pairs like the eyes of snakes—unwinking and cold and maliciously amused—and watched through the night while the man recovered strength to endure the torture of another day. There was a sea of infinite blueness, which heaved slowly up and down and up and down and alternately reflected the blue bowl and the monstrous aggregation of star eyes. And there was the island, which was not more than fifty by fifteen yards in extent.

Also, there was the rat, with which the man played a game with rather high stakes, and in which life was a side bet.

The man and the rat were not friends. No. When huge waves flung the man scornfully upon the island he thought himself the sole survivor of his ship, and for twenty-four hours he disregarded every other thought or observation in trying to salvage as much of the wreckage as he could. He could not do much. During all that day and night colossal combers beat upon the shore, overwhelming two thirds of its length in sputtering spume. There was then no sky or sea or any other thing but hurtling masses of water and foam plunging upon and over and past the island. And the island was only rock. There was no vegetation. There was no shelter. There was barely more than a foothold behind a steep upcropping of wet and slippery stone. But now and again some fragment of the ship was pounded senselessly upon that upcrop by the sea, and the man tried desperately to salvage it.

He saved but little. A dozen crates of fruit broke open and all their contents went to waste upon rockery so continuously wave-swept as to be past clinging to. Four separate times he saw masses of cargo—some of which must have been edible—surge past the island, infuriatingly near yet impossibly distant. And a life raft, floating high in the water, was deliberately smashed and maliciously pounded before his eyes into splintered wood and crumpled metal—and then the sea took that away too.

Before the waves abated the man made sure of some bits of wood and some cordage, and from the life raft as it went to pieces he rescued a keg of water and a canvas bag of hard sea bread—biscuit. But there was nothing on which he could hope to leave the island, nor canvas to make a shelter, and he had not even a stick long enough to make a mast on which to fly his confession of helplessness and distress for the sea to look at.

But he did have a companion: the rat.

The rat was huge. It was a wise and resourceful ship rat and had all the cunning and ferocity of its race. Its body was almost a foot long. It had come ashore without help from the man; he never knew how. Perhaps clinging man-fashion to one of the two masses of spars and cordage now lodged securely on the island. Perhaps in some fashion only a rat could even imagine. But it had reached the island and it knew of the man's presence, and it knew exactly what the island offered of sustenance when the seas went down and the long, agonizing procession of days began in which the sky was a vast blue bowl and a brazen sun marched slowly across it.

WHEN that happened, the man took account of his prospects, which were not bright. He counted his stores. He had twenty-two biscuits, all tainted with salt water, and a small keg of fresh water. There was a fairly impressive mass of lumber, mostly splintered and none suitable even for the manufacture of a raft if the man had possessed tools, which he did not. There was some rope, attached to shattered spars. In a money belt, the man had sixty dollars. That was all. He prepared to make the best and most of what he had.

He had no matches but he found that with a small spike extracted from the wreckage he could strike a spark from the rock of the island. He had nothing to cook, and therefore a fire was needless. But he picked cordage into oakum for tinder, and he arranged his stock of wood in a great pyre, the smaller splinters lowest, so that from a single spark he could send up a roaring beacon of flame and smoke to summon any ship he might sight from the island. His stock of food and water was so trivial that he rationed himself strictly. He could not *actually* live on such in-

finitesimal portions as he allotted himself for each day, but he would starve very slowly. He would live longer—and suffer longer. The will to live is not a matter of reason. And then the days of waiting began as separate Gehennas of heat and thirst and hopelessness.

The sun by day was horrible. There was no shade. There was no shelter. There was no soil. There was only fissured, tumbled rock. The man scorched, panting in the baking heat, and gazed with smarting eyes at the horizon. He looked for a ship, though he could not really hope for one. In the morning he ate his strictly allotted ration and prepared to endure the day. In the evening he drank a little, a very little, water, and during the night he gathered strength to suffer through another day. From the amount of food and drink he possessed, he had calculated exactly how long he could live upon the island. He did not ask himself why he should wish to.

IT WAS probably the seventh or eighth day when he learned that the rat was also on the island.

He had picked up the canvas bag which held the sea biscuits. It should have been nearly full. His daily ration was small. But as he lifted the bag, something fell at his feet. There was a hole in the bag. A fine white powder sifted out of it, spreading in the air. At his feet was half a biscuit, irregularly gnawed. The tooth marks were clearly those of a rat.

The man's heart tried to stop. He regarded the hole and the gnawed biscuit with a sort of stupefied horror. Then he swiftly counted the contents of the bag. He should have had nineteen of the biscuits. Instead, he had sixteen and the fragment which was less than a half. More than a week of life had been taken from him.

He had no real hope of rescue, of course. The island was a speck in a waste of sea. It might or might not be on the charts. He did not know. If it was charted, ships would avoid it as a danger to navigation. But the instinct to cling to life is too strong for mere reason to controvert. The man's hands shook. He carefully unraveled a strand of rope. He tied up the hole in the bag. And he had apportioned his supplies to keep him alive for a certain number of days. He could not bring himself to surrender even one hour of that scheduled time. Since a part of his food had been taken from him, he desperately resolved to cut down his ration to make up for the theft. And he did.

He chewed the reduced fraction of a sea biscuit, which was his day's food, with exhaustive care. He made it last a very long time. He watched the horizon with dazzled, reddened eyes. He was already hungry all the time. He had hunger cramps in the night. His knees felt oddly exhausted when he climbed about the wave-rounded mass which was the island, but he resolutely made the journey. He watched all day. He saw nothing. When night came he drank the few swallows he allowed himself. He tied the bag to a spliced stick and propped it up so that it hung in mid-air. He slept.

In the morning the bag was on the ground again. The rat had gnawed through the cord upholding it. There were only twelve biscuits left and the man saw a floury scraping on the rock, two yards from the bag, which told him that the rat had carried off one biscuit uneaten.

The man knew hatred, now. And he made a savage search of every square inch of the island. It was not difficult. One hundred and fifty feet in one direction. About forty-five in another. Nothing of any size could hide, but there were cracks and crevices and miniature cav-

erns in which the rat could conceal itself during the search. The man found one tiny, crumbly place where the rat had eaten, at leisure, food which was more than the man allowed himself for three days. And he came to have an inkling of how the rat drank. Even now, the small crevices in the rocks were cool. Undoubtedly moisture condensed upon their surfaces during the night and the rat licked it. It would serve a rat but no man could live that way.

But he did not find the rat. He did not not even catch a glimpse of it, but by this time he hated it with an emotion far past any hatred men ordinarily know.

That night the man's rage kept him from sleeping. He had a section of splintered plank not too heavy to be a club. He put out the bag of biscuits as bait and sat on guard beside it. The sun sank. The vast blue bowl turned dark and very many pairs of malevolent stars shone out, to look down upon him and watch him maliciously. His hands shook with his hatred. The sea souged and gurgled among the irregular rocks about the shore line. The man waited, hating. . . .

But he was very weak. He woke suddenly. His club, held ready, had fallen with a crash to the rock before him. The sound had roused him. He heard the scurrying of tiny feet. The rat, scuttling away.

The canvas bag was a good two feet from where it had been. The rat had been trying to drag it to its own hiding place.

The man made inarticulate noises of fury. He knew, now, that the rat would seek to prey upon him for food as long as the two of them lived upon the island. That is the instinct of rats. And in any case he would have tried to kill the rat if he saw it, because that is the instinct of men. But here the conflict of instincts became more than inevitable. It became deadly. Both the man and the rat could not live upon this island. If the man lived, the rat died. If the man died, the chance of the rat for survival would be directly and specifically increased.

But the man was too weak to think very clearly. He had found a rock with a hollow in it. He put the bag of biscuits there and lay down. His body formed a protecting lid over the receptacle for his food. The rat could not reach the biscuits without first gnawing the man. But the man slept fitfully and even through his dreams there moved a hazy, groping thought. The rat must die or he must. . . .

IN THE morning the man chewed his ration for hours. It was the fraction of a sea biscuit. He savored every particle of flavor it possessed. The heat beat upon him. He panted, watching the unchanging horizon beneath a brazen sun. He kept his body wetted with seawater so that he would not need to drink. But already he suffered severely from thirst. And then, toward nightfall, he saw the rat.

It was swimming toward an outlying rock which was perhaps ten yards from the main island. The rock was certainly no more than five feet across and rose perhaps that much above the slow, smooth swells which forever swayed across the sea.

The rat reached the base of that rock. It swam about it, trying to find gripping places for its paws. The man watched in a passion of sheer hatred until it disappeared. Then he moved closer. He heard its paws scratching and scrambling, out of sight. Presently its pointed muzzle appeared on top of the small rock. It went sniffing here and there. Suddenly it stopped stock-still. It began to eat. And the man smelled something tainted. Perhaps a dead fish flung to the top of the rock by a wave or swell.



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Perhaps a gull or tern which had died there. Recently. Whatever it was, the rat ate it.

The man trembled all over with hatred. He could no longer compute the anguish he had suffered, of hunger with but a tantalizing morsel of food a day, and of thirst with but enough of lukewarm water barely to moisten his lips. But the rat had enough of water, somehow, and now it fed!

The man stumbled back to his utterly useless cache of shattered timbers and weathered cordage. He thought bitterly of the rat's smooth body. Of its unshrunk muscles. Of its sleek fur. And suddenly, as in his hatred he envisioned rending it limb from limb—suddenly he saw it in a new light. From a thing to be hated and destroyed, the rat suddenly became a fascinating, an infinitely desirable thing. The man was starving. As he thought of the rat his mouth watered.

The conditions of the game now were wholly clear. If the man died, the rat's chances of survival would be directly increased. If the rat died, the man would live longer at least by days. So the rat must die, or the man. They had played a deadly game before. Now the side bet—of life—was explicit.

DAYS passed. The sun rose and there was a vast blue bowl which was the sky. The sun sank and a multitude of stars gazed down. The man gave all his thought, now, to the game. He did not even glance at the horizon. He grew rapidly weaker, but his whole thought was fixed upon the construction of elaborate gins and traps by which the rat might be captured. He made them, and they failed, because he could not bring himself to risk even a scrap of food for bait.

When at last he risked a full quarter of his day's ration in hopes of luring the rat into capture, the rat cunningly sprang the trap and escaped with the bread. It was a morsel about half the size of a thimble. The man wept when he discovered his failure. But it was for the loss of the bread.

Then he made a bow and arrow. It was clumsy and crude and it would be hopelessly inaccurate, because he had no tools. When he had made the weapon, he spent three days stalking the rat over the uneven surface of the island. Most of the time he had to crawl, because of his weakness. Much of the time he knew where the rat was. Some of the time he even saw it, because the rat had grown bolder since the man's weakness had forced him to crawl rather than walk.

The first day's stalking brought no result. Nor the second. But on the third day—even the rat was starving, now—the man's persistence and infinite care took him to where he saw the rat clearly. It was sleeping. The man crept closer, inch by inch. He moved with breathless caution. He saw, though he did not realize, that the rat's ribs now showed through its fur. Its eyes were rimmed with red. It was no longer sleek and well-muscled. It was shabby and unkempt and almost as emaciated as the man.

The man drew his solitary arrow back. But he had not realized his weakness. His heart pounded hysterically. His eyes glared. His mouth slobbered in horrible anticipation. His hands shook. And when he had drawn back the arrow to the fullest extent of which he was capable, the arrow flicked forward, glanced off a rock—it would have missed—and by sheer ironic accident was deflected again into its true path. It struck the rat.

And the bow had been drawn so weakly that the arrow did not penetrate. The rat leaped upright, squeaking, and fled. And the useless arrow lay where

it had fallen while the starving man wept. He saw, now, that it was the rat which would win the game and the stakes—and the side bet.

The rat knew it too. Two days later the man's rations, both of food and of water, came to an end. He regarded them both for a long time. Once gone, the rat won their deadly game.

The man ate the bread and drank the water. He lay down. He did not bother even to glance at the horizon, because the game was over and he had lost. He was not suffering at all when night came. He felt no hunger and even his thirst was not severe. He was peculiarly clearheaded and calm. His body was weak, to be sure, but there were no

patience. It had known nothing of rationing. It had eaten more fully than the man, but not as often. Its whole body was a clamoring, raging hunger. It quivered with a horrible desire to claim its winnings in the deadly game.

"No," said the man detachedly. His voice was a bare croak, but there was almost amusement in it. "Not yet! The one who dies first loses. I—I'm not dead—yet..."

THE rat quivered. It backed away when the man spoke, its eyes flaring hatred. But when he stopped it crept forward. A little closer than before. It stopped only when the man stirred.

Then the man thought of something.



"Why, of all the nerve! That man I just winked at is coming over here!"

JARO FABRY

hunger gripings in his belly. He lay and looked up at the stars and foresaw the rat's winning of game and stakes and side bet, and was unmoved by the foreknowledge. He was too weak for emotion.

BUT then he heard a little sound, and in the starlight he saw a movement. It was the rat.

It was still for a long time. The man did not move. It crept toward him. The man stirred. The rat stopped. Presently it sank down on all fours, watching the man with glowing eyes.

There was silence save for the gurgling of the long slow swells among the rocks. The man even laughed weakly. The rat waited with a quivering im-

He was very weak indeed, but at the very beginning he had picked out some soft fiber from the cordage he had saved. He had worked out a small spike, and he tested it against the rock. He had even dried out a little seaweed, as more practical than hemp for the making of a blaze.

Now he struck the spike against the rock. It sparked. The rat retreated. Presently it crept forward again. The man struck the spike again upon the rock. The rat was checked.

It happened many times before the spark struck in the improvised oakum tinder. Then it fatigued the man very much to blow it and sift dried and crumpled seaweed upon it—blowing the while—and later to transfer the

small coal to the assembly of little splinters he had made ready long since. They were to kindle the signal fire he had intended to light if a ship should ever come into view. But now he lighted the kindling because the rat was no more than five feet from him and he could hear it panting in a desperate eagerness to claim its winnings. The flames caught and climbed.

The rat drew back slowly, its eyes desperate. The man watched. The flames grew higher yet. Presently they were hot. Unbearably hot. He summoned his last strength and crawled a little distance away. Then he lay still.

Over his head malicious stars looked down, but now a huge and spreading column of smoke rose up, lighted from below by the blaze. It blotted out the stars. And the flames climbed higher and higher, crackling fiercely, and the fire roared. There was a leaping thicket of yellow flame beneath the smoke. Its topmost branches reared up for fifteen feet. Twenty. Long tongues of detached incandescence licked up into the thick smoke even higher still. And the reddish-yellow glare upon the smoke made it into a radiant mist, and every stone and portion of the island glowed as if it were red-hot.

"It—would have been a pretty good signal," the man thought with an odd pride, "if there'd been a ship..."

Then he thought of something else. If he could have contrived to be upon that heap of blazing timber, and had contrived that it should catch fire after he was dead, the rat would never collect its winnings from the game.

"But that wouldn't have been fair," said the man lightheartedly. "It—it would've been welshing..."

The rat had vanished; crept into some crack or crevice to hide from the glare and the heat of the fire. And the fire blazed up and up, and slowly died down, and when the dawn came the man saw smoke still rising from the ashes.

And again he saw the rat.

But he heard—he heard the rattle of an anchor chain. Which was that of a ship which had seen the flame-lit smoke of the fire during the dark hours, and had thought it another ship ablaze, and had come to offer help. Now a boat was on its way ashore to give that help.

WHEN they carried the man to the small boat, he croaked out a request. They placed him as he wished in the boat, so that as it pulled toward the ship he saw the island. And he saw the rat upon it.

The rat ran crazily back and forth, squealing. The squeals were cries of rage. The rat was a bare skeleton covered with tight-stretched hide, and its rage was ghastly. Its disappointment was horrible. Its fury was incredible. The man was being carried away and there was no other food upon the island...

"I—I've got a money belt on," croaked the man. "There's—sixty dollars in it. I—I've lost a bet." He rested for a moment. "I—want to buy some food and—have it left on the island for that—rat. He—won a game from me and I—don't want to welsh on a bet..."

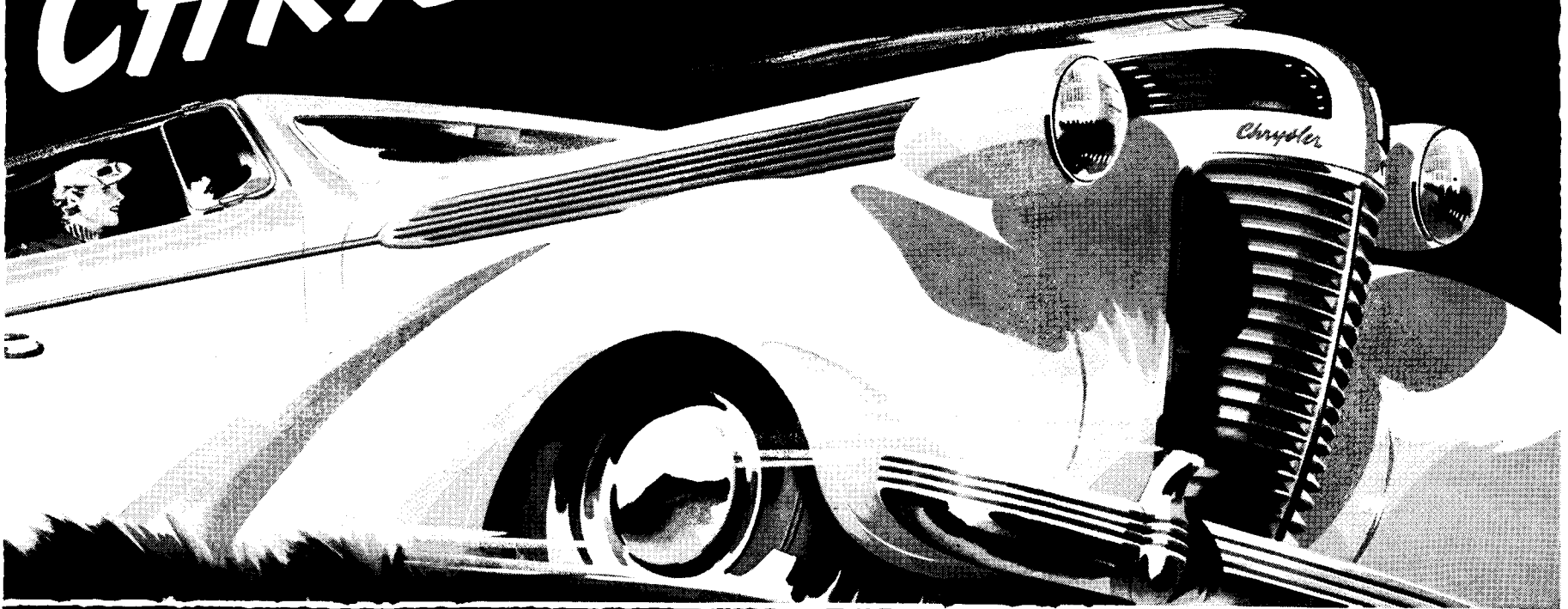
They lifted him carefully to the steamer's deck. Weakly, he insisted on this final favor. The boat went back to the island. It left a great heap of more than a hundred pounds of ship's biscuit where the sea was not likely to wash any of it away. Before it had pulled out from the island, the rat had flung itself upon the heap and was eating.

They told the man. He grinned feebly—he had been fed—and went incontinently to sleep. They told him afterward that the rat was still eating when the ship sailed over the horizon.

What happened after that, the man never knew. But he felt that he had paid the side bet.

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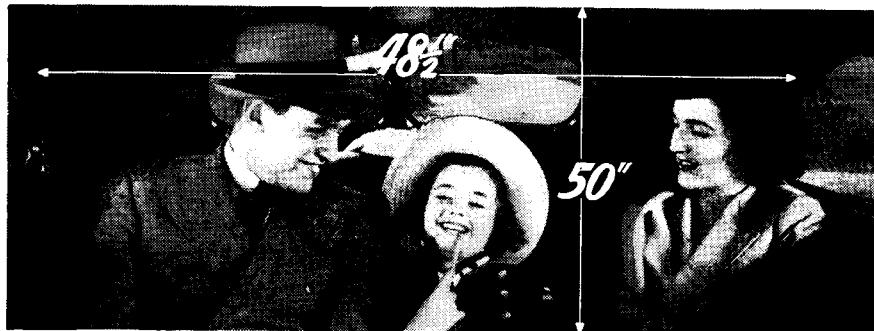
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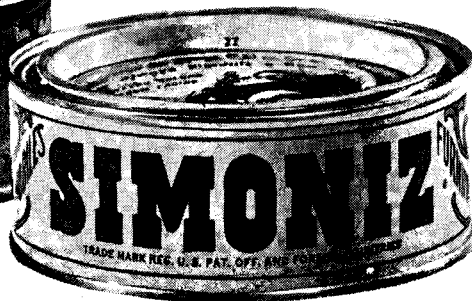
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MOTORISTS WISE

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Hell's Kitchen Hillbilly

Continued from page 15

after a complete wash and polish Frank was able to sit up and holler for steak.

The problem of clothing the big fellow became acute, all the bathrobes and pajamas having been cut for ordinary run-of-the-mill six-footers, and it wasn't until one of the nurses hit upon the idea of sewing two olive-drab blankets together that Frank could appear from the neck down.

These blankets are today the faded old bathrobe. Try and get him to change it.

Frank was wounded again at St. Mihiel in 1918. Then the Armistice, a command breakfast with the Prince of Wales in London and back to the United States.

Fully recovered, Soldier Leavitt went back to wrestling, but wrestling was just starting its evolution from the old-fashioned grunt and groan to the present-day showmanship de luxe. And in 1918 Frank was thrown from the ring by an opponent for the first time. The arm of a ringside seat punctured one of his kidneys and the resulting operation sent him to Miami and the traffic job.

Down on the Farm

Weeks of convalescence followed with Frank broke and discouraged. But Doris kept the home fires burning and eventually they were back at it with Doris slugging referees and posing for screwy pictures while she tried to find some spectacular hold to capitalize on Frank's size.

In a certain Midwestern town Dean was to wrestle the local favorite and the pre-match publicity gags had not steamed the populace up to the desired temperature. So it was decided that Frank and the local favorite were to meet on a downtown street corner, pass a slighting remark or two and give the customers a preview of the bout. Everything came off as per the script except that the folks refused to take it seriously. Even the cop on the corner laughed when Frank sat down at the fire plug as the result of a well-intentioned body slam. But when Doris, seeing the threatened collapse of the plan, crashed a haymaker to his jaw the cop went into action with a zeal that was gratifying.

That sequence brought Frank to the

attention of Lou Daro, the West Coast wrestling impresario, and under his guidance the famous running broad jump was developed.

It is a fearsome thing to behold and usually follows a backward or forward body slam.

While the opponent is shaking the cobwebs out of his head and wondering if it is worth while getting up, Frank rushes to the opposite side of the ring, leans back against the ropes for aid in his start and then runs at his opponent, catapulting himself through the air like a collegiate broad jumper. Except that Frank doesn't attempt to land on his feet. He usually lands on his opponent.

Hollywood turns out en masse for the Man Mountain's exhibitions, for Hollywood recognizes real showmanship. It was inevitable that Dean should get Hollywood offers and in 1935 Robert E. Welsh of Republic cast him as All Hands and Feet, a famous character in the Cappy Ricks stories.

Doris Dean, a native Georgian, has always wanted to live down South and it was no particular news to learn that she and Frank were building a country home in Georgia. A large house with nine rooms and acres of ground—cows—chickens—pigs—horses. You know, the kind of place we all dream about.

We who know Frank and Doris couldn't see how the Man Mountain and the woman who used to battle referees could settle down to such a prosaic life, but recently Frank was suspended by the California commission for jumping too heavily on one Big Ben Morgan. The commission threatened to forbid the use of the jump and Frank and Doris went home to Georgia in a fit of pique, shouting that they would retire.

Morgan is twenty-four years old—two inches taller than the Man Mountain, though forty pounds lighter. But what is more important, Big Ben wears a beard.

Later, in the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, Big Ben added the crowning insult when he flattened Kimon Kudo, the little Jap, with Man Mountain Dean's famous running broad jump.

He can't get away with that, can he, Frank? What's the matter, Doris, you getting soft too? Come on back and fix him up!



"... and sign it 'Hastily yours'"

GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Dangerous Young Man

Continued from page 24

his hair and roughed it. She laid the other palm against his cheek and softly rubbed it in little circles and made a cooing sound.

"Oh, I like you," she whispered.

He hadn't intended to kiss her again, but he started to. The limousine stopped. Jane placed her hands against his shoulders and pushed hard. They were at the Plaza.

THERE was plenty of champagne at the Cobham party. The champagne cocktails at the Crown Club had given Peter a pleasant glow, and he saw no reason for not cultivating it. He drank more champagne. He needed champagne. He had been terrified when his entrance with Jane almost stopped the party. They had been surrounded, and he was introduced to laughing girls and young men. He answered questions until Jane made him dance. And when he was cut, he danced with other girls and answered more questions. He drank more champagne.

He was presently surprised to realize that he was no longer terrified.

The music was in his blood. The drumbeat of voices, the swish-swish of feet were intoxicating. He didn't mind the stares, some brooding, some speculative, some coquettish. Every glass of champagne added to his sense of easiness. Steve Tetlow was probably in Charlie's hide-out now, and they were discussing his proposition. He could see Charlie so clearly, those alert blue eyes, that tentative smile, listening to Tetlow, weighing what Peter had said, and being cynical about it, but being, Peter hoped, tempted.

From the stag line, he saw Franziska. She was dancing with a blond man.

Her black hair, so short and curly, with the curly bangs along her forehead, gave her an air of coquetry, and this, with her fascinating mouth and the lovely planes of her face and the delicate, beautiful chin line, made her so appealing that Peter became, for a moment, cold sober.

She changed partners, and changed again, and he watched her with longing. "Hello, Fran."

Her eyes softened and glowed with delight. "Why, hello, Peter!" Her voice was a spring carol. "Where on earth have you been, darling?"

"Just admiring you."

"Do you like this gown?"

"I love you in anything."

"I wore it especially for you, darling."

Oh, damn Charlie Dunkin. A young man jostled him. He saw Jane's round, glistening eyes gazing at him over a short man's shoulder. Franziska had changed partners four or five times. He waded out determinedly.

"May I cut?"

She looked up at him and smiled. She said, "Ah! My hero!"

Peter was so startled he almost lost her to a man who was about to cut in. He realized it was partly hysteria, partly courage. In spite of her fear and hatred of him, she could still smile, she could still hold her head up and look him in the eyes. He thought that he had never seen such courage, or felt such admiration. He had never blamed her for hating him. Now that she was fighting back, he felt a little hysterical himself.

"And you wear your modesty so nicely," she said; "like shining armor."

The perfume, or the champagne, or her courage, gave him courage. "I kept looking at you, and you were so lovely I couldn't help it. You're so beautiful, Franziska."

"Don't apologize. This is your night. I'm only a Christmas-tree ornament."

"I love you, Franziska."

It slipped out so easily. And once it was out, he was shocked. But she was still smiling, in that mysterious way, and there was no scorn or terror in her eyes; only humor.

"Do you fall in love and get tight just like ordinary men?"

He was still confused. "I thought I was holding it pretty well."

"May I cut?"

She said, as she withdrew her arms, "Dance with me some more, Mr. Banyard. Maybe some of it will come off on me."

He did, as promptly as possible.

"I honestly don't see how you engineer these things, Mr. Banyard."

He knew what she meant. And he knew now that he was going to tell her the truth. The champagne and the perfume and her courage had removed his discretion along with his inhibitions. He was going to say, "Franziska, I've got something to tell you—something that you won't believe—at first."

She was watching him and laughing. She said, "Do you expect me to be surprised, about last night, or tonight, either? But I suppose I'll learn all about it, in time, to my sorrow."

His eyebrows flattened as he looked down at her. "You think I framed that rescue act, don't you?"

"Oh, goodness, no, Mr. Banyard."

"And that shooting?"

"Oh, perish the thought, Mr. Banyard."

"Relax."

She relaxed a little, but not much.

"And Jane fell for it all so beautifully! Oh, so many birds with the one stone, Mr. Banyard!"

He said, "I can straighten this whole thing out by telling you just one thing. Listen to me, Franziska. You're not going to believe it—not at first—"

She looked up into his eyes and laughed. "I suppose now you're going to tell me you have a twin brother."

PETER was startled. He missed a step.

He looked at her laughing mouth. Her eyes were soft and mocking. He realized the futility of saying, "As a matter of fact, I have." It was a ridiculous and effective coincidence. He thought that he would like to kill Charlie Dunkin.

She said, "What did you want to tell me, Mr. Banyard?"

He shook his head and pulled her closer to him. "You're going to have hysterics in about one minute, Franziska Rilling."

"It's admiration and envy. Less than twenty-four hours to do what most men can't do in a whole lifetime."

"Some day I'll tell you my system."

"They open prison doors that way, too, don't they—with just one big key and remote control?"

He said recklessly, "I love you."

"But don't they?"

"You have more courage than any girl in the world, and you're not going to hate me like this forever. I'm just warning you."

Roger's voice said, "May I cut, Mr. Banyard?" His hand lingered on Peter's shoulder. He was smiling. "Any ill effects?"

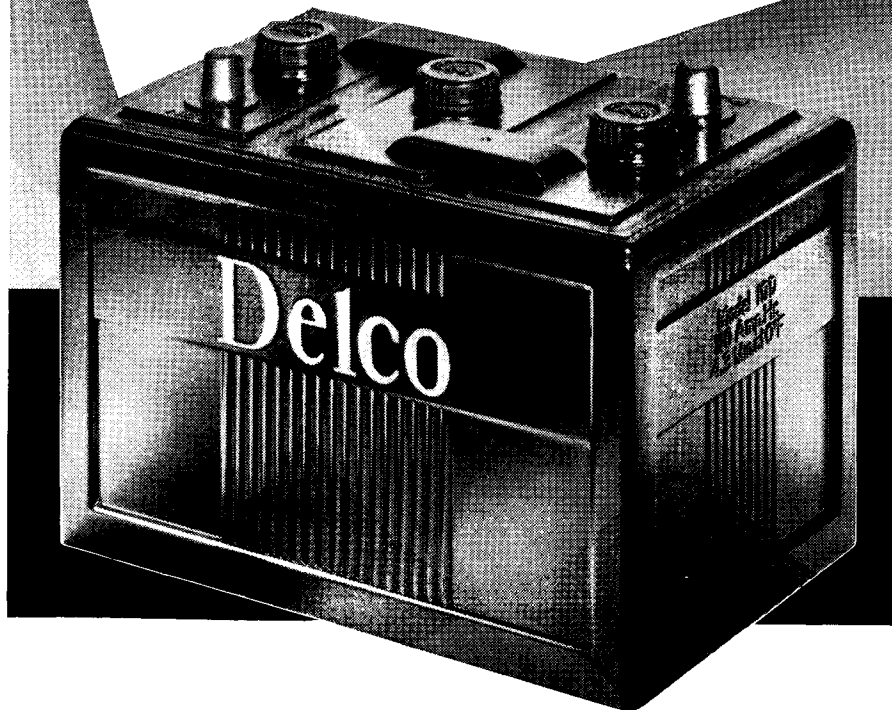
"Not yet."

"I'm going to try to thank you tomorrow if you'll have lunch with me."

"He won't let you," Franziska said. "He's too modest. He isn't like any hero I ever knew."

"I'll give you a ring in the morning," Roger said.

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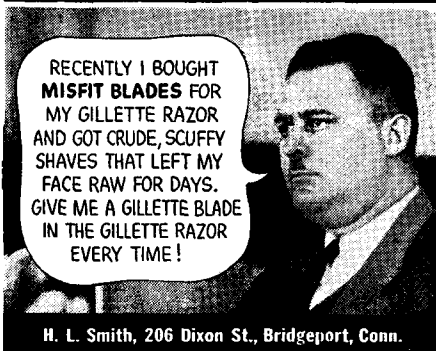
"My Face Was Scraped From Misfit Blades"

—says Springfield man

These Actual Letters Tell Why Gillette Blades Work Best in the Gillette Razor



I WISH I HAD CHANGED BACK TO GILLETTE BLADES IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR LONG AGO. I'D HAVE SAVED MY FACE FROM THE SCRAPING OF MISFIT BLADES



RECENTLY I BOUGHT MISFIT BLADES FOR MY GILLETTE RAZOR AND GOT CRUDE, SCUFFY SHAVES THAT LEFT MY FACE RAW FOR DAYS. GIVE ME A GILLETTE BLADE IN THE GILLETTE RAZOR EVERY TIME!



WITH A GILLETTE BLADE IN MY GILLETTE RAZOR I DON'T SUFFER CUTS AS WITH MISFIT BLADES. USE A GILLETTE BLADE AND RAZOR FOR COMPLETE SHAVES!

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They danced away and Peter returned to the stag line. His face was hot and his ears burned, but he felt better after several glasses of champagne.

A young man said breezily: "You Peter Banyard?"

"Yes."

"The babe woman is paging you."

Peter saw Jane's golden hair and slinky sea-green gown. He cut in. She looked irritable. Her lower lip was squared, and there was a look in her eyes.

"Why did you come so soon? I just love dancing with these sophomores."

"I was thirsty."

"She's lovely tonight, isn't she?"

"Who?"

"That bass drummer. Are you tight or am I crazy?"

"I feel swell."

"Shall we go?"

He didn't want to go. He didn't want to leave Franziska, in her tense, frightened state. But it was, after all, Jane's party.

"I'm putty in your hands."

"Peter Banyard, you're tight. I like you. Don't let this wolf cut in."

They were moving toward the door.

CHARLIE was reading the extra when Egypt let Tetlow in. He looked up from the hastily set black type and said, "Steve, this chap is splendid."

"Guy," Egypt muttered.

"All right. Guy."

"If you're gonna sound like Pock Avenyuh, you gotta say 'guy' and you don't say 'splendid'; you say 'swell.'"

Charlie laughed. "Okay, lug. How's that?"

"It don't sound like Pock Avenyuh; it sounds like Thoid Avenyuh."

"All right, Egypt. I'll work on it. Did you see this, Steve?"

Tetlow tossed his hat into a chair. "Yes." He looked at Charlie with his shrewd dark eyes. "It sounds as if Brunetti made a slight mistake."

Charlie said, "Perhaps. And perhaps it really was an attack on Van Tyle."

Tetlow sat down on the couch and stretched his legs. "There's no way of telling. Brunetti talks big. He's been talking ever since that Miami job. So far as we know, he hasn't done anything but talk. This Rilling girl killed Frankie and now somebody sends Van Tyle threatening letters and tries to bump him off. Or—" he shrugged, "was it Brunetti both times?"

Egypt said, "This Banyard bird saved Van Tyle's life. That makes him a hero, don't it? And it opens every bronze door in New York to him. And that's just what you want, ain't it, Charlie?"

Charlie was looking at Tetlow. He smiled slowly. "We don't know. The chances are even."

Tetlow said, "Well, what the hell." He got up. "I just had a talk with him."

"With whom?"

"Your brother."

Charlie Dunkin's smile went away and his eyes grew alert.

"His valet made the appointment. I came here as soon as I safely could. He wants to give you a hundred thousand dollars to get out of the country and to let Franziska Rilling alone."

Charlie looked at him steadily, with his eyebrows flattened. "You're not joking, are you, Steve?"

"That was his proposition."

Charlie sat down slowly on the arm of a chair without taking his hot blue eyes from Tetlow's. "How did he know you're in contact with me?"

"That's what worries me."

"I don't like that, Steve."

"It may have been his valet. He's in the tavern a good deal. He saw me with Frankie that night."

Charlie looked at him dreamily, speculating. "Yes," he said softly. "He could have put two and two together."

"And he could tell the police."

Charlie shook his head. "No, Steve, he won't tell the police. What could he tell them? Roderico and Wicky aren't talking. The Griffins aren't talking. Miss Rilling isn't talking."

He got up from the chair arm and started pacing. "Steve, I like this. It has some won—some swell possibilities."

Egypt slapped his leg. "Charlie! You sounded just like Pock Avenyuh then!"

OLIVER placed the tray on the bedside table and raised the shades on the gray light of a rainy morning.

"Mr. Banyard."

The man coiled in the bedclothes stirred.

"Mr. Banyard!"

Peter opened one blurred and blood-shot eye and glared at him. "Go away," he muttered.

"I'm sorry, sir," Oliver said firmly, "but you have appointments that you must keep."

Peter opened both eyes and looked steadily at Oliver. He pushed himself up on an elbow. "Say! What time did I get home?"

"A little after five, sir."

Peter ran his hand into his tumbled hair and squinted at the hard gray light. "I don't remember it. Was I very tight?"

"Yes, sir. But you did very well until after Miss Griffin left, then it seemed to come over you suddenly. I had to undress you and put you to bed."

"Was Miss Griffin up here?"

"Yes, sir. She brought you home."

"How was I acting?"

"Very affectionately, sir. You didn't want her to go at all. You had some idea of going out to Roosevelt Field and chartering an airplane. You said your license would expire if you didn't get in some flying time. She discouraged the idea, and you kissed her several times, and she left."

"Was she sore?"

"Not at all, sir. She said the two of you had had a marvelous evening. And you're to have cocktails with her at the Wentzel Bar at five sharp. I think she's very fond of you, if the truth were known, sir."

Peter continued to rub his hands through his tumbled hair.

"I must have been plastered, Oliver. I don't remember that. I don't remember much of anything after we left a

party at the Plaza. I think we went to Lazarre's."

"Don't you remember riding a truck horse?"

"I don't want any details. I feel sick enough without any details. It's a funny thing, Oliver." But he didn't go on. It had occurred to Peter, muddled as he was, that what he had done was amazing. He had evidently done or tried to do with militance, while drunk, many of the things he was most afraid to do while sober. He had never been drunk before in his life. It was evident that alcohol brushed aside his inhibitions and made him the fearless fellow that he looked.

The discovery was interesting but not valuable. It wasn't worth it. He had never felt so sick. If he moved his head suddenly, things seemed to scuttle across the ceiling.

"There are a great many things to discuss, Mr. Banyard. People have been calling and the phone has been ringing incessantly."

"I'm not up to it, Oliver."

HE SUDDENLY saw the tray on the bedside table. There were two small glasses and a pile of newspapers on it. The glasses were filled with a brown liquid.

"What's that?"

"Prairie oysters, sir."

"How many of them are there?"

"Two, sir."

"I thought so. They look like human eyes floating in iodine. What's in them?"

"They're nothing but raw eggs in Worcestershire sauce, sir. If you'll drink them, you'll feel much better."

Peter eyed the prairie oysters doubtfully. "Oliver, are you sure?"

"I'd stake my life on them, sir."

"Well, I couldn't feel any worse."

Peter drank quickly. He clamped his mouth shut, and tried to forget the sensation of the egg, round and repulsive, sliding down his esophagus. He began to perspire.

"Steady, sir!"

The horrid nausea went away. It was followed by a surprising uplift. It was amazing how much better he felt. He drank the other prairie oyster and let it take effect.

"Oliver, you're marvelous. I feel a hundred per cent better."

"You'll feel still better after a hot and a cold shower and a brisk toweling. And



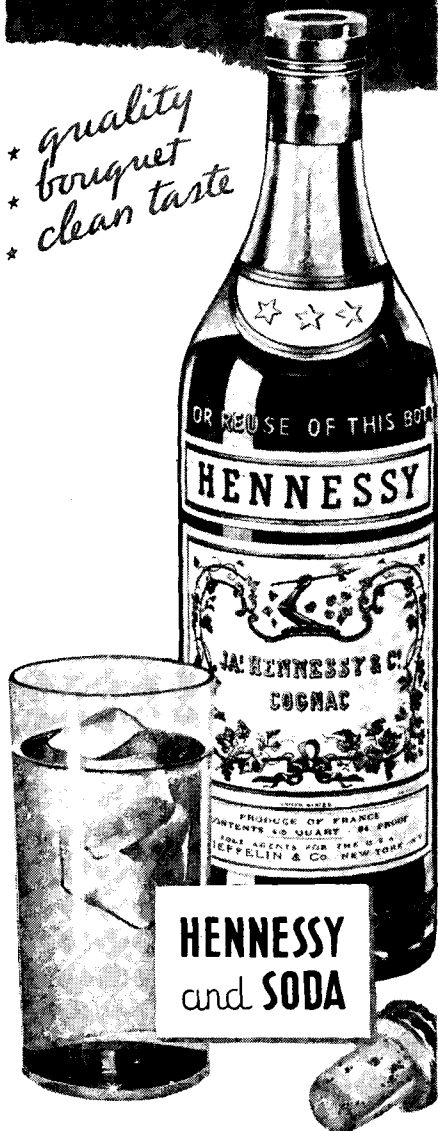
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I have some eyedrops that will clear up your eyes wonderfully. There's a great deal to discuss, Mr. Banyard. Here are all the morning papers. They've certainly done well by you, sir. It takes a real hero, if you'll pardon me, sir, to be a hero to New York newspapermen."

Peter glanced at the papers. His face was on most of the front pages, with his dangerous smile.

KIDNAP PLOT AGAINST ROGER VAN TYLE FOILED

Quick-Acting Westerner Saves Millionaire's Life

A bold attempt to kidnap or murder Roger Van Tyle, the millionaire, was frustrated last night when Peter Banyard, who hails from Cobalt, Nevada...

WESTERNER'S QUICK WIT SAVES ROGER VAN TYLE FROM KIDNAPERS

Gunmen Fire on Scion of Prominent Family

A fearless young man from Nevada saved Roger Van Tyle from kidnaping and possible murder last night as the two young men were leaving...

ROGER VAN TYLE SHOT AT BY SNATCH GANG

Courageous Young Westerner Saves Scion's Life

Due to the hair-trigger presence of mind of a brave young man from Cobalt, Nevada, confronted by a gangster's machine gun...

"Oliver, my stomach isn't strong enough yet. Anything new on Miss Rilling?"

"Yes, sir. In all the papers."

Peter found the headline, and his fingers tightened with a jerk on the newspaper.

POLICE SURE OF IDENTITY OF FRANKIE FIFE KILLER

Arrest of Mystery Girl in Blue Evening Gown Imminent

"Do all the papers say the same thing?"

"Yes, sir."

"The police always say that. They have to give something to the papers." But he was worried.

"I hope that's true in this case, sir. But that blue gown, with those little gold stars, would be so easy to trace. I wanted to bring some other matters to your attention, Mr. Banyard. It's been an awful morning, sir, with the phone ringing and people trying to see you. First of all, here is your engagement list for today."

Oliver took a slip of paper out of his pocket.

"You're to see Mr. Andrew Griffin at eleven."

"Jane's grandfather?"

"Yes, sir. His secretary said it's important. From there you'll go to police headquarters. Inspector Clark wants you to look over some suspects they've rounded up. You're seeing Steve Tetlow at the tavern at twelve-thirty. You're having luncheon at one at the Harvard Club with Mr. Van Tyle."

"I've told several reporters who want follow-up stories that you'll be in to them at two-forty and positively not before. You're having cocktails with Miss Griffin at five, and dinner with Mrs. Van Tyle at eight."

"I'll never live through it. What does Andy Griffin want?"

"His secretary didn't say, sir. There isn't one you can regret, unless it's Miss Griffin."

"No. I want to see her. By five o'clock I'll be curious to know just how funny I was last night. What else?"

"There were a great many telegrams. I took the liberty of opening them all. The only one of importance was from your father. It said, 'Have you found Charlie?'"

"Okay. Answer it. Just say: 'Yes and I put him back where I found him—say nothing—explanations later.' What else, Oliver?"

"So many of the calls were from cranks, Mr. Banyard. A man named MacIntosh, who says he knew your father in the old days, claims to have his IOU for five thousand dollars and wants you to pay it. One woman wants to marry you, sir."

"That's swell."

IT WAS still raining when Peter left the subway at the Wall Street station and walked to the Griffin Banking Corporation Building. He could not guess what Jane's grandfather wanted to see him about, but he wasn't worried. Nothing worried him this morning. The prairie oysters had done their work, and his elated mood of last night had returned. He wasn't afraid of Andy Griffin. He wasn't afraid of anything. He only hoped the mood would last, but he suspected it would vanish with his hang-over.

Peter entered the gloomy granite building, and ran a gantlet of guards and secretaries, and was presently ushered into a large old-fashioned office in which a gray-haired man sat at a desk.

A metallic voice said, "Mr. Banyard, Mr. Griffin," and a door closed with a velvety thud.

The gray head looked small on those great sloping shoulders. Fierce gentian eyes peered up at Peter from under snagged, fierce black brows, and a bristling gray mustache twitched from side to side. Peter finally discovered what it was that Andrew Griffin reminded him of—a sea lion.

"Peter Banyard?" He had a harsh and powerful voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Sit down."

Peter sat down and the old man settled back and looked at him.

"So you think you're going to marry my granddaughter?"

"Who said so?"

"She did."

"It's news to me."

"Didn't you arrange with her last night to marry her?"

"I was drunk last night."

The banker lifted his eyebrows and lowered his lids.

"Didn't you come here from Nevada expressly to meet my granddaughter because you'd seen her picture in some rotogravure section?"

"I did not."

"You told her so."

"I did not. She jumped at that conclusion."

"And you don't want to marry her?"

"No."

Andrew Griffin brought his brows down again, clamped his lips together, smacked them and said harshly: "Get out of here—and keep away from my granddaughter, you impudent young squirt."

Peter got up. He said, "You old goat."

Not until he was on the street did he begin to perspire. The wave of bravado rolled on. All the old familiar symptoms were returning. It wasn't what Andy Griffin might do to him. It had suddenly occurred to him that his father was financing the Tonopah development with a loan from a Griffin bank in Salt Lake City.

He found a telegraph office and sent a telegram. "I just insulted Andy Griffin. How about that loan?"

(To be continued next week)

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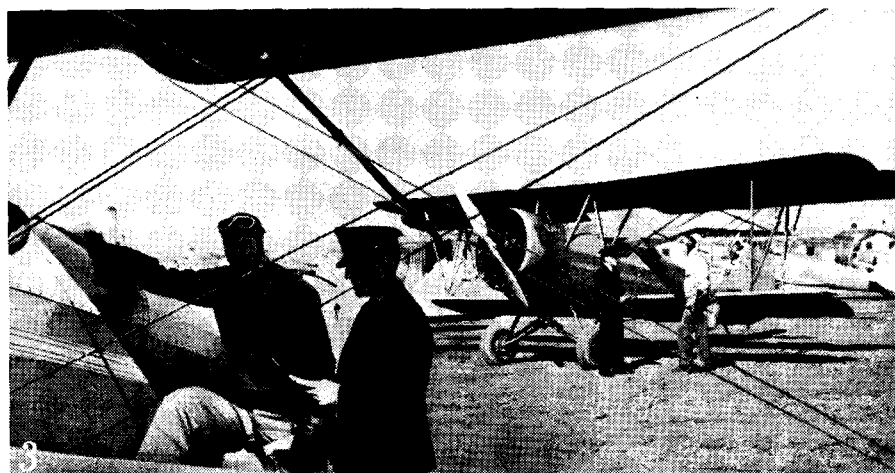




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Suckers Can't Wait

Continued from page 11

story, my Cousin Jojo, accompanied by two gorillas and a long box, stalked in. "Put it here and wait outside," said Jojo to the custodians of the box.

"I'm awfully busy, Mr. Ryan—"

Jojo glanced with a lack of interest beyond contempt at my typewriter.

"Take a look at this, Frankie."

He removed an automatic rifle from the box.

"I see it," I said, "now let's look at the field gun and the tank."

"He he he he—field gun—tank in a box. That's pretty good, Frankie! You sure can kid 'em along. But look—this is the real McCoy. It don't shoot ordinary ca'tridges, see? It handles these light caps in a gas-tight chamber an' sets these bullets in the chamber. Three hundred rounds a minute, Frankie, and one soldier can carry enough ammunition to sustain fire for an hour!"

Jojo peered at me anxiously.

"Neat, Jojo," I said.

"You don't get it, Frankie! This is what them foreign Gullys has been looking for, see? Look closer at this bullet. It's got a holler nose you can put poison in. And you ought to see what it does in a fresh side of beef. Light, too. That's the big idea, see, Frankie? The Gullys all say automatic guns is swell but you can't keep 'em supplied with ammunition. Get it?"

Eager to get rid of Jojo, I expressed satisfactory appreciation of the big idea.

Jojo then revealed the purpose of his visit. He said there was a certain Gully—a military attaché, I guessed—at an embassy which Jojo frankly named. This certain Gully would pay perhaps a hundred thousand dollars for the automatic rifle. He had bought a poison gas formula, "from the competition," for plenty. But the hitch was the formula hadn't panned out and now the Gully wouldn't deal with anyone but his own people.

"But he'd listen to you, Frankie, see?" Then, naively, "You newspaper boys can get in places."

I STARED at Jojo, for the first time placing credence in this "business" and Jojo's part in it. The ugly weapon lying on the desk in front of me was real enough and so was Jojo. I felt a crawling sensation about my scalp and I fumbled in my mind for words which would send Jojo Ryan out of my life forever.

He took my hesitation as a good sign.

"Get wise, Frankie," he said, "I been a piker all my life until I stumbled onto these foreign Gully nations. Are they dumb! They can't wait, Frankie. Them Gullys has got to have a war. They're all scairt one of 'em's got something they ain't got. It's a perfect setup. You go to 'at Gully at the embassy for us and we'll pocket a hundred grand—"

I exploded. I called Jojo every name in my extensive vocabulary. In short, I told him to go out and rob church poor boxes, steal doormats, pinch candy from crippled children, flimflam widows—be an honest, upstanding American hoodlum. But not, by heaven, to nod to me in a crowd as long as he was "in business."

Jojo was frankly astounded.

"Y-you're talkin' like a Brady!" he gasped. "You don't mean it, do you, Frankie? He he—jest ribbing—"

"Get out!" I said.

He went, more in sorrow than in anger, protesting: "I only wanted to cut you in, Frankie. I owe it to you, boy. Well—uh—I'll be seein' you, Frankie." "Not if I see you first!" I said.

When I related to Margaret what I fondly believed was my last interview

with Jojo Ryan, she said: "Why didn't you agree to sell the gun and then expose the whole thing?" It required half an hour to explain that Jojo Ryan's business was winked at in Washington because it involved delicate diplomatic contingencies; that I did not know where or how Jojo had obtained the weapon; and that one did not expose a gorilla like Jojo merely for the sake of an improbable-sounding yarn.

My wife was rueful.

"He made life seem so exciting!"

"I can stand a lot of dullness," I said.

Blissful peace was ours for exactly nine days. Then, Christine swallowed something again. We were summoned.

THIS time Christine either had swallowed almost the correct quantity or else there had been a delay in getting her to the hospital. We were told that she was unconscious but probably would recover. Margaret went to telephone "Uncle Ned" and "Aunt Ethel" and I ran slam-bang into Jojo.

"A whole bottle of Rub-O-Rite, Frankie!" he blurted. "They're jest lyin' to me, ain't they? She's going out this time, ain't she?"

He looked so lost that I weakened.

"She'll pull through," I said. "They wouldn't lie to me. What made her do it?"

Jojo scowled and hung his head.

"Aw, she got sore about the Baroness!"

"How was that?"

"Well, I had to give the Baroness some money, see? She's working for me on an extry big deal. She hadta go down to Bermuda—on a boat—to meet a guy. See? Strictly business, Frankie. But Christine got all hot about it."

The bizarre element in Jojo's explanation was that since our arrival in Washington Margaret and I had identified the Baroness Worner as an apparently respectable young woman, quite prominent in diplomatic-set rotogravure pictures. Margaret had met her at a congressional tea.

"You mean the Baroness Worner?"

I emphasized, skeptically.

"Yeah," he said. "The little tramp! Just like I would two-time Christine with her."

We saw the Jojo Ryans through this crisis—at least, Margaret did. One of the senators had made an ass of himself on the neutrality bill and I was pretty busy.

Margaret reported: "Christine is fed up with Jojo's doings. She says he sold plans for an anti-aircraft gun to a certain Major Gully, whoever he is, and the major has found out they were a fake. Christine says she is afraid this Major Gully will have Jojo murdered. And she doesn't trust the big deal Baroness Worner is working on. A half million dollars is involved—"

"Christine must have swallowed some opium with that Rub-O-Rite," I said.

"It's true, Frank. It's all true. It's been happening, right under our noses."

I merely looked through our living-room window at the dome of the Capitol. I could think of funnier things happening right beneath it. If Christine was fed up with Jojo Ryan and the spy business I was gorged.

"Phooey to the Gullys—their guns, poison gas, death rays and mobilization plans, my dear!" I said. "Let us go to the Senate chamber and relax!"

Cousin Jojo made one last effort to do me a good turn. On the telephone he said:

"Listen, Frankie, do you know a Gully named Radovsky?"

"Nope, and I don't care to!"
 "You still don't get it, Frankie! These Gullys is all lined up for the big pay-off. Five hundred grand—ten per cent to you just for contacting Radovsky—"

"Sorry. No," I said, and rang off.

That night, about 2:30 o'clock, the bell rang, followed by frantic pounding on our door. I opened up and there stood Christine. Her hair was rumped, her dress was in shreds and there were bleeding scratches on her face and neck.

"I've killed her, Cousin Frankie!" she announced. "Killed her—killed her—"

We dragged Christine into the living room and tried to question her. But Christine could only stare at us and repeat: "She's dead—I choked her—the map—I wouldn't let her do it..."

While Margaret soothed Christine and tried to make her drink some brandy, I picked up a folded map which had fallen from Christine's coat.

"That's it!" gasped Christine. "Burn it. Don't let 'em get it!"

I pushed her down on a chair.

"Cut out the melodrama, Christine," I said. "What is this? The plans—the papers—"

Christine blinked at me. Her blowzy battered beauty was suddenly dignified.

"It's where they're going to put all the kids, Cousin Frankie."

"What kids? When?"

"Their kids. In the big war. The little Gully kids."

We fired only half-serious questions at her, not wanting to believe she had killed the Baroness Worner and trying to make light of her embarrassingly tragic focus on this map. But slowly the truth took shape like some ugly dream.

A certain Gully nation, Christine said, had a plan to evacuate its women and children from big cities to hidden concentration camps in the remote areas. The camps already were built.

"That's them—lookit 'em. The little black squares kind of—see?"

Margaret and I looked at the tiny blotches dotted about in the whirligig confusion of a military map. Flimsy camouflaged barracks in the forests, in valleys, behind mountains. Places of refuge. . .

"Them other Gullys offered Jojo five hundred grand for it, Cousin Frankie. But do you think that's fair? Knowing just where the little Gully kids is so's they can bomb 'em with their big airplanes? That ain't right, now, is it?"

"No, Christine," I said.

My wife snatched the map and started to wrench at it.

"Hey, now! Wait a minute! Gimme that map, Cousin Margaret—"

"No. Never!"

As Jojo advanced from the hallway, my wife turned on him and slapped him viciously across the face. She ran into her bedroom with the map.

"You make her gimme that back, Cousin Frankie," Jojo said, plaintively.

"That's worth a lot of money—"

He saw Christine and stopped still.

"What's the matter with you?"

"I killed her, that's what."

"Holy Pete—where at?"

"Over to her place, that's what."

"Did anybody see you?"

"I don't know and I don't care!"

Jojo jerked Christine to her feet and shook her. Jojo looked at me.

"We got to lam. Go tell your wife to gimme that map!"

"Like hell I will," I said. "That's one bit of information you don't peddle."

"You ain't that big a heel, Jojo. Frankie's right. It's killin' kids, Jojo—"

My Cousin Jojo shrugged.

"Why all the crying?" he said. "Both of them countries is Gullys."

"I'm going to call the police," I said.

JOJO shook his head, sorrowfully, and reached toward his right armpit. Then, his hand stopped. Something almost like a grin twisted his mouth.

"We're even, Frankie," he said. "I don't owe you nothing any more. C'mon, Christine!"

"You going to hide out with me, Jojo?"

"What else? C'mon."

Whereupon Cousin Jojo and Cousin Christine walked out of my life—please God—forever.

Margaret came out of the bedroom in a big rush, pointing my gun.

"Whoa, lady," I said. "You're a mite late with that. I'm dead already."

Well, Margaret fainted before she could enjoy any more witty sayings. I learned after the smelling salts and a highball that she had burned the map in the bathroom.

It turned out that the Baroness Worner had been only partly choked by Cousin Christine. But our Ryan relatives—knock on wood—have not returned to Washington. I rather think that Jojo and Christine went back to bank robbery. At least, the descriptions of a bank robbery in Waco, Texas, the other day were pretty pat.

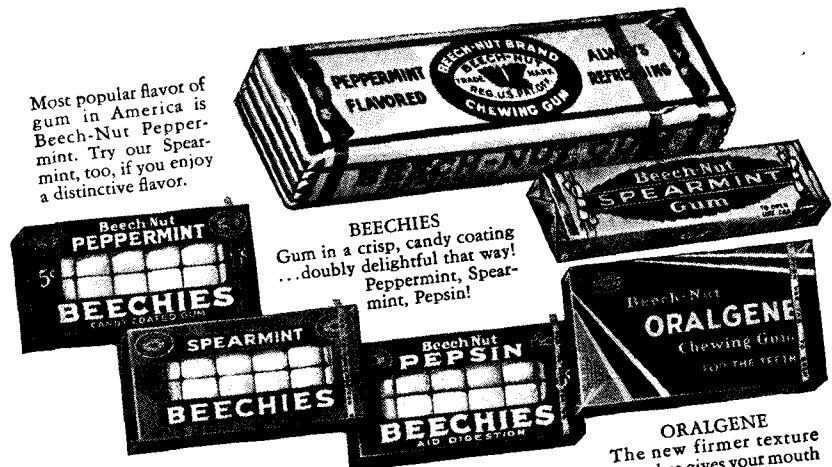
I like to think that of my cousins, anyway. Robbing banks is so much nicer, somehow, than the spy business.



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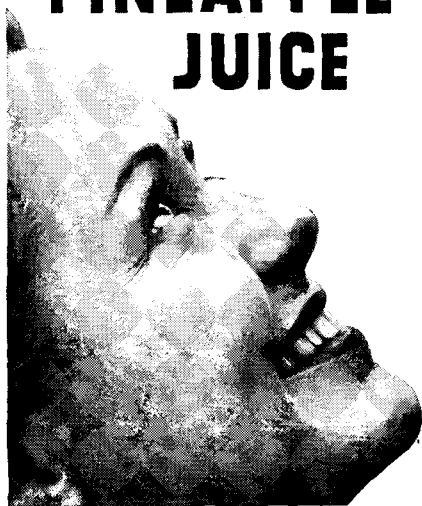
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been adopted not only by the United States Army and Navy but by almost every other country of the world, including the U. S. S. R. "Do you ever feel nervous?" I asked him. "Have you no fear that the chute might fail to open?"

He grinned cheerfully. "Not when I've packed them myself," he said, "that's the one thing I insist upon. A chute that's rightly packed can't fail to open; it's a mathematical certainty."

Now hear what Marfa Lvovna has to say: "This makes my fifteenth jump from a plane, but of course I tried it lots of times before on one of the captive parachutes in the Park of Culture and Rest. I jumped there first, three years ago when they opened the parachute tower, because my little brother was simply crazy about it. He was a Young Pioneer (Communist Boy Scouts) and was only ten at that time. Nowadays they won't let children jump before they're twelve, even from the towers where the chute's already opened and attached to a guide rope so that it can't be swept aside by the wind, but at that time they were less careful."

"I was fifteen then and I thought it was tremendous fun. The next year I became a member of the Communist Youth Party, and all the girls in our 'cell'—I'm a salesgirl in the Mostorg department store at the corner near the Opera—joined the Soviet Air League because our secretary is married to an aviator in the Red Army. About a year ago one of the organizers of the League came to one of our meetings and asked if any of us wanted to try parachute jumping from planes. I volunteered at once and so did six of the others—there are two of them here in this squad."

Millions of Jumps

"The first thing they did was to give us a physical examination with special regard to heart and lungs. The training period lasted six weeks with all sorts of physical exercise to make the body supple, and drill and deep breathing and the rest of it. I made my first jump thirteen months ago here on this same field with a single parachute. I didn't feel frightened but the palms of my hands and the back of my neck were wet with perspiration as the plane was rising and my knees were shaking with excitement."

"I remembered what they had told me—to step out quietly from the plane, count twenty, then pull the rip cord. It seemed quite easy but the sudden tug as the chute opened was stronger than I had expected, and for a second or two I could hardly breathe. Then it felt marvelous to be floating like a bird without any sense of movement. I wished it would last forever but it was only two or three minutes. As I came to the ground I bent my knees, as we were trained to do, and there was no more shock than if I had made a jump of five or six feet. After that I jumped every time I got a chance, but there is a terrific demand for places and of course the Air School students and workers in the aviation factories always get first choice."

"But what do you do it for?" I asked. "I admit it's exciting and perhaps not so risky as it looks. But then what?"

Marfa eyed me reprovingly. "You ought to come to one of our courses and you wouldn't ask such silly questions—we have lectures, you know, as well as practical training. The first thing we all of us are taught is that parachute jumping isn't just fun or excitement but a vital factor in the national defense of our Soviet Fatherland."

Leaping Army

Continued from page 19

Here, after all, is the real milk in the Soviet parachute coconut. The Bolsheviks believe that parachute jumping is a better preparation for war and for the development of the qualities which war demands than anything else in the world, and with customary thoroughness they have propagandized and encouraged it until it has become a leading national pastime in the U. S. S. R. As always in Russia, the process begins way down at the bottom—I refer to the captive parachuting which Marfa Lvovna mentioned. At the present time there must be from two to three thousand such towers in the Soviet Union, and the annual number of jumps is many millions. These towers are the central attraction of every amusement park in the country, and the steeples of abandoned churches and the sides of cliffs are used for the same purpose. They vary in height from a hundred to two hundred feet, and the game is to slide your legs through the harness, grasp a horizontal bar attached to an open chute and leap out into the void.

The Ever-Present Fear of War

Virtually every children's park in Moscow (America would call them playgrounds) is equipped with jumps. You would be informed that these fifteen-foot leaps have no place in the government's military reckonings and are outside the scope of Russia's immediate plan. But you are privileged to form and hold your own opinion. The simple, entertaining fact is that the most popular amusement places in these parks are these tiny leaps from which babies as young as four and five years plunge into what, to them, may seem to be limitless space. Guarded by instructors, hitched to small parachutes, they are imitating their elders—and incidentally getting their kindergarten air training. In a few years they will be graduated to the one- and two-hundred-foot leaps.

Although no exact figures are available, the number of jumps from airplanes in Soviet Russia must now be counted by millions. Not millions of jumpers, because thousands of people have jumped scores and hundreds of times, but the total number of jumpers cannot be far short of half a million. The Red Army plans to have 150,000 trained pilots by the end of this year, each of whom naturally takes parachute jumping as part of his course. In addition

there are tens of thousands of soldiers outside the Air Force who wear the parachute badge, as well as the members of the Air League parachute clubs.

Sad as it may sound in this year of grace, 1937, the key to an understanding of the U. S. S. R. and its policies is the ever-present fear of war. From the outset Soviet leaders were haunted by the belief that sooner or later capitalist powers would combine to crush the world's first proletarian Socialist State. In recent years this early anxiety has been intensified by the Japanese invasion of Manchuria and North China, by Hitlerism and German rearmament, and by Italy's new militarism. The Italo-German intervention in Spain and events in China confirmed Moscow's worst fears—who could doubt that Russia's turn would come next unless it was strong enough to insure its own defense? I have been told in Moscow on high authority that one third of the moral and material energy and resources of the U. S. S. R. are now being devoted to the task of national defense.

Rightly or wrongly, the Red Army chiefs believe that superiority in the air will decide the issue of the next war. They are not blind to the old fundamental truth that in the final instance battles are won by infantry, but they know too that other factors—artillery, transportation and service of supply, the morale and power of resistance of the civilian population, to mention only a few of them—can make all the difference between defeat and victory. They believe, and are not alone in so believing, that command of the air is no less important in the present and immediate future than command of the sea has been in the past.

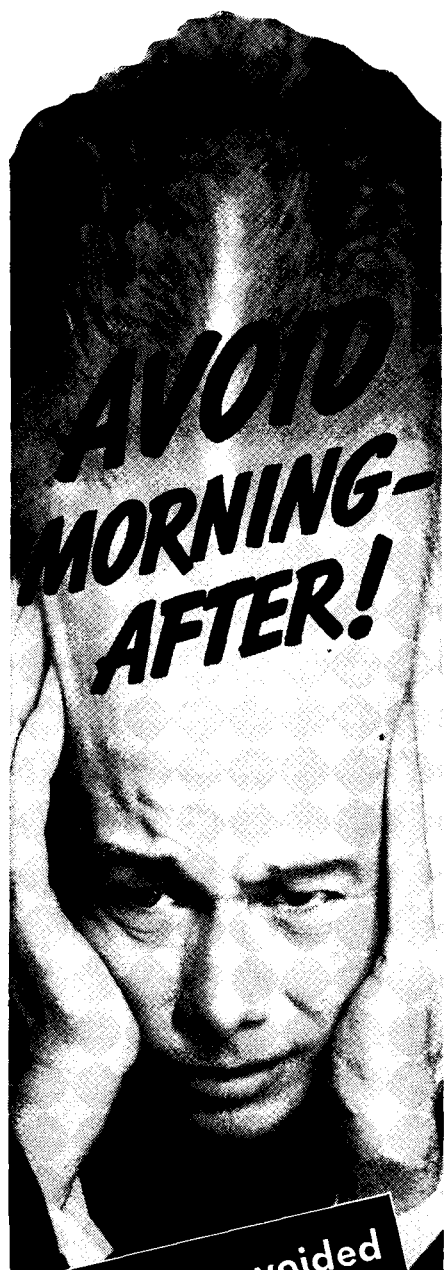
Serving a Triple Purpose

Even should war be averted, the Bolsheviks have good reason to encourage the Russian people to air-mindedness as they are doing, not through the Air League and parachute clubs alone and jumping from captive chutes in amusement parks, but by glider clubs and prizes for model planes and other forms of popular publicity. The Soviet Union is trying to bridge in a generation or so the gulf between medieval feudalism and ultramodernity, or as the current slogan puts it, to "jump from oxcart to airplane." The U. S. S. R. is notoriously underequipped with roads and rail-



"Isn't there some way we can get rid of that damn stowaway?"

LEONARD DOVE



AVOID MORNING-AFTER!

It can be avoided this BEFORE and AFTER way

BEFORE YOU GO TO BED, take Bromo-Seltzer. While you sleep, this gentle remedy helps counteract the CAUSES of morning-after headache.

AFTER WAKING, take another Bromo-Seltzer. This relieves the effect of fatigue from late hours. Leaves you refreshed, more alert!

● After your next party protect yourself against a painful morning. Take Bromo-Seltzer! While you sleep it settles your stomach—soothes overexcited nerves.

It **ALKALIZES**, too. Reduces the excess acidity caused by over-indulgence.

In the morning—to relieve effects of fatigue—another Bromo-Seltzer! You're more alert, keener! At drugstore soda fountains. Keep it handy at home, too.



roads, while its principal rivers, with the exception of the Volga and the Dnieper, are ill-suited as means of transport. For a country of such great distances, the airplane cannot fail to be the destined vehicle, both for passengers and freight.

Thus, the parachute-jumping cult serves a triple purpose.

It makes the Russians air-minded; it puts courage and backbone into a race of former slaves; and it prepares the personnel for what may be a novel factor in the dreadful business of war.

Skeptical foreign newspapermen and others in Moscow have labeled these Red Army parachute jumpers suicide clubs, and the term has been echoed derisively by many of the best military minds of the Western world. But the military mind, with rare exceptions, is rebellious to any novelty and prefers to function in a slow, old-fashioned way. Be that as it may, it is not difficult to visualize the effect of a sudden attack of five thousand desperate men upon any one of a hundred vital points behind the enemy's lines, from bridges and munition dumps to such central ganglia as Divisional or Army Headquarters. Imagine, too, the value of such a force landing suddenly at a key sector in a battle, to take the adversary in flank or rear. Such an operation is already possible for the Soviet Air Force, which, moreover, has succeeded in landing field kitchens, light artillery, anti-tank guns, small machine-gun tanks, and wireless equipment without injury to their mechanism.

Setting aside for a moment the typical conservatism of the military mind, many objections have been advanced in expert circles to these parachute tactics:

1. There are not enough trained men to execute such operations.
2. The operation is suicide. Even supposing that they land without disaster, they would be cut off from their own army and be doomed to extinction.
3. Airplanes must fly high in modern warfare, and although it may be possible for a comparatively large number of planes flying high and fast to evade attack for the time required to release their "suicide contingent," the latter would be so scattered during descent from a high altitude that they would be ineffective as a coherent force.
4. The defense would be prepared to counter any such attack with superior mobile land forces.

Volunteers for Death

One might add a fifth objection, which is quite invalid but rooted in the best tenets of military conservatism: "It hasn't been done before and therefore it cannot be done at all," or to put it differently, "Nothing new is ever true."

To examine these objections severally, it is of course clear that no army in the world, with one exception, has enough trained men for this new form of aerial warfare. "All the better for us," replies the Red Army cheerfully, "because we have the men, you know, and women too if need arises. Do you doubt it?—Objection dismissed."

In regard to objection number two, few experienced observers of Soviet affairs, or of old Russia for that matter, will deny that in the Russian character there is an innate recklessness or fatalism or Oriental indifference to death—call it what you will—which surpasses all save the highest-trained discipline and courage of Western soldiers. Red Army leaders do not for a moment pretend that parachute attacks of the kind we are discussing, from which few if any will return alive, can be undertaken repeatedly, but it must not be forgotten that in the fourth year of the World War General Gouraud, commanding the Fourth French Army in Champagne,

wanted ten thousand "volunteers for death" to defend his front-line barrier which he knew would be submerged in a torrent of gas and high explosives by the last great German offensive, July 15, 1918. Gouraud pulled back the main body of his troops for five or six miles in order to counter the German bombardment and meet the attacking storm troops in prepared positions which had not been demolished by gunfire. But he wanted ten thousand men to commit suicide by staying up in front so as to delay the German advance as much as possible. Instead of ten thousand volunteers he was offered twenty. And this, mind you, in the fourth year of the war. I say without fear of contradiction that the Red Army of the U. S. S. R. would have no difficulty in filling the ranks of its suicide clubs, not once or twice, but five and ten times over.

Objection number three is answered by what may be called delayed-action jumps, in which the parachutist does not pull his rip cord until within a few hundred feet of the ground. In recent years Red Army pilots have devoted much attention to this hazardous and, at first sight, meaningless performance.

Striking a Deadly Blow

There are many pilots in Russia who think nothing of four- or even five-mile drops. I once asked one of them—I think it was Evseyef himself or perhaps Evdokimof, who at one time held the world's record for a parachute jump of more than 26,000 feet, "What is the point of waiting to open the chute?"

He smiled pityingly. "Don't you know that if you jump from any great height on a windy day you may be carried twenty or thirty miles away from the point where you leave the plane? I've known men who jumped from over twenty thousand feet and opened the chute at once and landed fifty miles away, after fifteen or even twenty minutes in the air. A fat lot of use that would be in the event of a raid behind the enemy's lines, when it is absolutely essential to land your men together. In wartime the carrier planes would have to fly high and the only way to keep your men from being scattered is to have them fall straight and only pull the cord at a thousand feet or less. It's a little startling the first time you try it, but after two or three experiments you hardly notice the difference and feel quite at ease as you fall."

The fourth objection contradicts an essential principle of military strategy; namely, the element of surprise. It is easy to suggest on paper that a mobile force can be prepared behind the lines to counteract a sudden air attack, but the front in Russia, should war occur, would not be numbered in hundreds of miles as was the case in France, but in thousands. Passenger airplanes today can fly two hundred miles an hour without difficulty, but the most mobile of land forces with the best transportation by road or rail, which, by the way, is singularly lacking on the western borders of the U. S. S. R., cannot count on a twentieth, or at best a fifteenth of that speed. The essence of parachute attack is surprise and suddenness, a deadly blow struck like a dagger in the opponent's back. The mobile defense may later annihilate the swarm of hornets from the air, but not before the dagger has been driven home. That, at least, is the belief of the Soviet General Staff and is the reason why mass parachute attacks play an ever-increasing role in the maneuvers of the Red Army. Russians will admit, like Napoleon when he pulled his cannon up a precipice and shelled the British out of Toulon, that "it hadn't been done before," but they maintain, like Napoleon, that when done it may be fatal to the enemy.



He will
ENJOY READING
more tonight

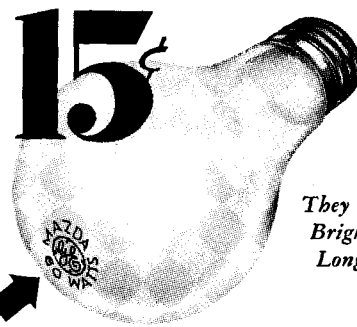
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And No Regrets**

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familiar Absorbine Jr. bottle on hand? At home—at your week-end retreat. Pack it in your week-end kit, in your locker, at the bath house. Never be without it. It's summer's Number 1 necessity for comfortable vacationing and week-ending. Ask for Absorbine Jr. at ANY druggist's—and accept no substitute—for there is NO real substitute. Also wonderful for the bites of insects, such as mosquitoes and jiggers. Only \$1.25 a bottle at all druggists'—and thrifty because you need use so little each time. Or write for a FREE week-end sample bottle to W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Massachusetts.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches,
bruises, sprains, Athlete's Foot



Call Back Love

Continued from page 18

usually evoked, but none came. He leaned over and tentatively touched her forehead with his gentle, clumsy hand.

Jenny recognized the gesture. "I haven't any temperature. Mr. von Loben had it taken."

"I know. He told me. He also told me that he didn't think you were a very happy little girl. Aren't you happy, Jenny?"

"Yes, I'm happy."

He peered anxiously at her small pale face. "Are you tired, Jenny? You have too many things to do?"

"Oh, no, I'm not tired; I don't ever get tired."

He was relieved. "Good! Listen, Jenny, I have a surprise for you. You remember that trained pony you used two weeks ago in the picture?"

She nodded. "His name was Beauty."

"Beauty. That's right. Well, Beauty is going to be yours. For keeps. Will you like that?"

"Oh, yes," said Jenny, and added politely, but without enthusiasm, "Thank you very much."

David made a gesture of despair. "Jenny," he said, "I wish I could take off the top of that little head of yours and see what's going on inside of it. You're the most temperamental star I ever had." He bent and kissed her cheek. "But I love you anyway."

Suddenly Jenny flung her arms around his neck and strained toward him with all the strength in her thin little body. "I love you, too!" she said.

WHEN she arrived home from the studio, Mademoiselle told her that her mother had left hours ago for Arrowhead. Jenny felt heavy with disappointment. She had been hoping against hope that her mother would change her mind about going.

"For shame," chided Mademoiselle, "what a long face! You have a good time, is it not? Then why are you such a selfish little girl that you do not want your mother to enjoy herself?"

"I'm not selfish," said Jenny, "I just wanted her to stay home."

"And isn't that selfish?" demanded Mademoiselle triumphantly. "Come. Be a good girl, and I will show you the toys that were sent to you today."

She led Jenny into the nursery where a new doll and a complicated game

awaited her listless approbation. "And also this," Mademoiselle continued. "Is it not wonderful?" She pointed to a small white chair and table, on which rested a small white typewriter, with the keys done in colored symbols, and Jenny's name across the front of it. "The typewriter company had it made especially for you. See, here is some paper with your name on it also." Mademoiselle opened a small drawer in the table and, withdrawing a sheet of paper, slid it into the machine. Jenny's face lit briefly as her finger tentatively pressed a crimson apple. "It makes an 'A,'" she discovered.

ANDY found her in her bathrobe, a little later, experimenting with her new possession. He stood watching her from the doorway. What a plain little thing she was off the screen! It was strange how the camera seemed to pierce the unremarkable surface of her and disclose the rare essence of her inner being. His eyes narrowed with the scrutiny of the physician. "She's put on a little weight," he thought with satisfaction. He liked, too, her healthy absorption in what she was doing. She was all baby, the way she sat there hunched over, with her tongue clamped into a red tip between her small white teeth.

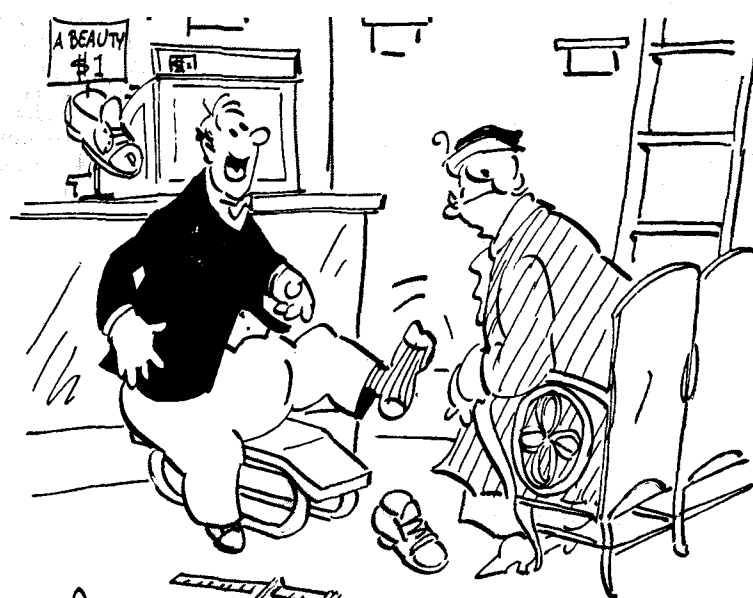
"Hi, there, writing a book?"

"Oh, Daddy!" She rushed to him and flung herself into his arms. "I was writing you a letter!"

"Let's see—" He leaned over the machine and scanned the uncertain beginning which Jenny had achieved: "dere muther % daddy I wish that—"

"Jenny, you've already got so much that I don't see how there can be a wish left in the world for you to wish for—" There was a reproof in his tone that made her stomach twist in a spasm of distress. "Spoiled little monkey, that's what you'll get to be," he continued more lightly. "Then you and I will have a set-to, young woman. You'll be yanked out of this business and plunked back into being an ordinary little girl in an ordinary house with a few ordinary toys to play with."

Jenny stared at him. It was almost what her mother had said to her. Her mother and father seemed to be afraid of the same thing and she, Jenny, was afraid of something entirely different.



"There I go again! I'm all turned around today"

REAMER KELLER

She wanted to pour out to him all her confusion and fear, but Mademoiselle, hovering in the background, made it impossible for her to speak.

IN THE sitting room upstairs, after dinner, Andy settled himself with a pipe and a medical book. It was his first free evening in a long while. He was tired, dog-tired, but he found himself wishing that the telephone would ring on some urgent call. He wondered what had happened in his world to make it so unsatisfactory when it should have been so satisfying. His thoughts projected out across the miles toward Cornelia. He had been thinking of her all day, trying to banish the ugly doubts which she had planted in his mind. She and Gilman. It was impossible, incredible. The scene last night was nothing more than the hysterical rantings of a child.

Of course she wasn't in love with Gilman. Of course he wasn't in love with Julia. Poor Cornelia, she'd just gotten herself messed up in an emotional cycle. Perhaps he shouldn't have let her go up to the Lodge feeling the way she did. They needed, both of them, to take a ride to the top of Lookout Mountain and get straight with themselves. Precious little time there had been for that kind of thing these last few months, he reflected grimly. He, Cornelia and Jenny all living lives separate from each other. It was time it stopped.

He found himself measuring the stretch of lonely hours from Friday night to Monday morning. On a sudden impulse he picked up the instrument and dialed Julia's number.

"Andy!" she cried in glad recognition. "Still planning to go to Palm Springs in the morning, Julia?"

"Yes, why?"

"What time are you leaving?"

"Very early. Seven-thirty."

"Good. That suits me perfectly. I'll call for you and drive you up."

"Do you mean it? You'll really leave that precious practice of yours?" There was no mistaking the surprise and pleasure in her voice.

"It can do without me for a day. I'll drive you up—I've never seen the damned place, you know—and stop off at Arrowhead for a visit with Cornelia on the way back."

"Oh," said Julia. "I forgot. Cornelia went on the Gilman party, didn't she?"

"Yes. Better get to bed now, it's your first long trip."

"I will. Good night, Doctor."

There was a lingering tenderness in her teasing epithet. "The actress in her," mumbled Andy, as he picked up his book again.

THE light snow crunched under her skis as Cornelia took the slope out from the Lodge, across the little woodland meadow, and toward the forest opposite. She came to a slow stop, glorying in the cold clean wind against her face. There was a hard crunch of runners behind her, and Gilman telemarked to her side.

"Most women look like bad musical comedies when they dress for skiing," he remarked. He appraised her sports garb—the white wind-repellent linen jacket, the blue gabardine trousers, the clumpy ski shoes.

"This is the first time I ever had money enough to get a decent outfit," she confessed.

"It isn't the outfit; it's the way you wear it. Tired?"

"Not a bit."

"Good. Let's go up the mountain. I want to show you something that doesn't exist any other place in the world."

They set off for the snow-fumed peak above them. Cornelia's skill, learned on the steep hillsides of the Pennsylvania hills, returned to her as if by magic. Her runners cut the powdered top-snow with surety, and a glow burned in her

face. The altitude was heady after months of sea level.

They were breathless and windblown when they finally emerged at the top. They halted for a moment.

"Are we here?"

"We're at the top, but we're not where we're going. Down there," he gestured with his ski pole, "at the end of that run. You follow me. It's fast going and you'll need a sharp Christie stop at the end."

"I've got one," Cornelia laughed.

He was off down the slope. Cornelia gave him a good start before she drove her poles through the crusty glaze, and broke into a run to gather momentum.

It was like the thrill and glory of flying. The world fell away before her. Under her feet, and bright in the sunlight, lay the desert with patterns of orange groves and vineyards spread out like a schoolroom map. It was as if she could swoop like a bird to rest in all that sun-covered loveliness. Her legs seemed beyond her control. She knew she ought to stop, but she didn't want to. . . .

Gilman's sharp cry called her back to a universe governed by the laws of physics. She dropped into a sharp Christiania turn. The snow spume banked up against the void of the world beneath her. She came to a stop and the snow settled again, revealing the San Bernardino Valley from her eerie height of five thousand feet. Gilman proceeded cautiously to her side. His face was lined and white.

"Cornelia! You reckless, crazy kid! You could have gone right over! For a minute I thought you would—"

She was almost as frightened as he was. "For a minute," she whispered, "I really wanted to—"

He caught her hand. He was trembling. "I'm glad it happened, darling—it made me know how much—how terribly much—I love you—"

AFTER dinner, she wandered away from the group who were gravitating toward the ping-pong table, and stood before the great yawning fireplace.

Gilman came over to her. "Want to take a run down to Palm Springs and gamble at The Dunes?" he asked.

"At this hour of the night?" she evaded.

"We'll be over there by ten—Saturday night the crowd doesn't get in until late—"

"Give me fifteen minutes."

"It's a race," he told her, and they scrambled for the stairs.

They met on the porch. "Are you game to take the open car? We'll be down in summer in thirty minutes."

Cornelia nodded. He bundled her into the roadster, drawing the fur robe up beneath her chin. As they dropped down into the valley at San Bernardino, the cold air suddenly turned warm, and twinkling lights rushed up to meet them at every turn of the winding, tortuous road. Soon Redlands was behind them and they were in the utter darkness of the desert. It was like hurtling through an uncharted sea at night, with only the stars to guide them. It grew a little chill again as they climbed over the Pass. Palm Springs was just a blur of white lights and neat white desert buildings, and they were lost in darkness once more, with waves of sun-warmed air blowing against their faces. A sudden forking off the main road, and they wound more slowly over an unfinished bypath, to draw up beside a deserted-looking building, lost in the sands.

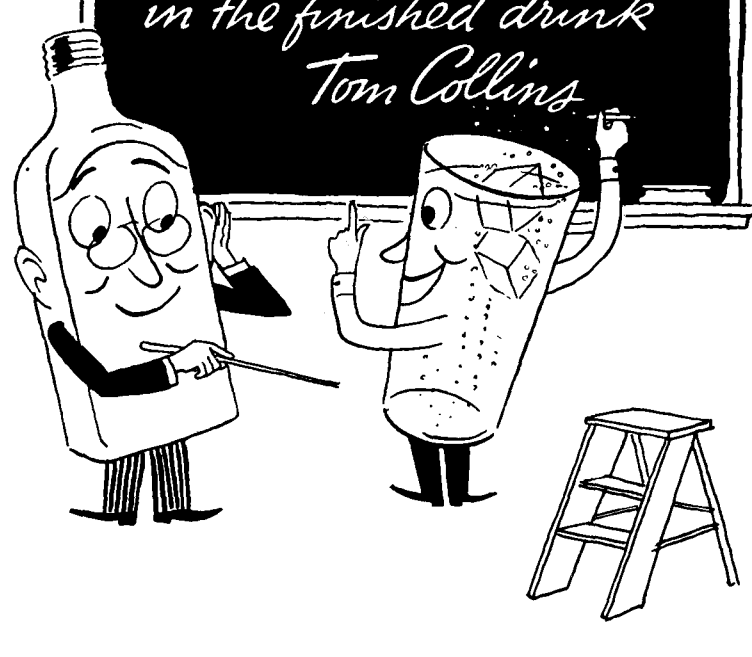
"Oh," said Cornelia, disappointed. "Is this it? I didn't think it would be like this—and it's closed."

"It's it, and it isn't closed, and you mustn't judge from outside appearances."

Within the great black barn of a

WHEN IS GIN A MIXER?

*It is a mixing gin,
we think, when you
neither smell nor taste it
in the finished drink
Tom Collins*



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90 PROOF**

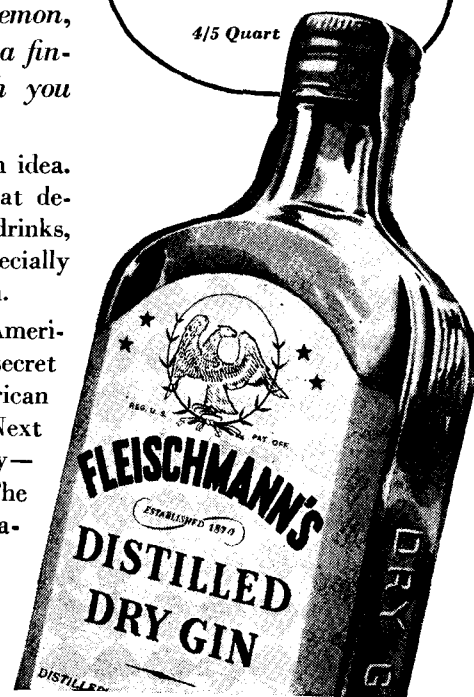
4/5 Quart

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Salads for summertime appetites. The Pennsylvania's chefs have concocted an array of delicious summer dishes!

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2200 ROOMS
each with private bath
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house, Cornelia had her first dazzling glimpse of a gambling club—spacious dance floor, beautiful gowns, soft music. They wandered in to the roulette tables. A croupier gave them a stack of chips and placed a little marker in cups in front of them. Cornelia looked at hers. It was ivory with a silver fifty inlaid into both sides. She counted the chips. Twenty . . . forty . . . fifty . . . each one must be worth a cent. The wheel spun and the little white ball fell into a slot. The croupier paid off thirty-five chips to the woman next to her.

"Thirty-five for one chip?" she asked Gilman. "Is it as easy as all that?"

"Just as easy as all that. Only there being thirty-six numbers makes it a little more difficult."

Cornelia tried to figure out how much she would get if she played two chips instead of one. Seventy cents. Three chips? Her multiplication table failed her. She decided that two would be simpler. And now for her numbers. What were her lucky numbers? The third of November was Andy's birthday. She would try three. And Jennifer's birthday was November 27th. She would try twenty-seven. She got her chips down just in time to be paid seven stacks for Andy's birthday.

It was intoxicating. She forgot everything.

"Why didn't I ever hear of this before?" she demanded ecstatically.

She decided to add her own birthday, the tenth of April, to her list of lucky numbers. The zero came up. She decided to double her bets, to make up for losing. It was just as she had thought. The white ball dropped into Jennifer's birthday and she had to get busy gathering in stacks of different colors.

She played her own birthday for four turns of the wheel and lost each time. "I'm just unlucky," she complained. "What's your birthday, Bob?"

"The twenty-seventh of February." "That's the same number as Jennifer's. And I already won on that. I'll play it anyway. Two chips for you and two for her."

She placed her bet and watched the wheel start to turn.

Gilman looked worried. "That's not the way to play," he warned her. "The only hope is to bet on five or six numbers and reduce your odds."

"What's 'odds' mean?"

The croupier interrupted their conversation by announcing "Twenty-seven."

"Sorry," Gilman chuckled. "You appear to know more about this game than I do. At least you win at it."

"But I'm still unlucky," Cornelia grumbled. "My own birthday hasn't come up."

SHE continued to play her birthday for six turns of the wheel. "I'm furious. Simply furious. My birthday certainly ought to come up." Several players smiled in her direction, but she didn't notice them, for she had to work fast to pile her chips onto the number ten. She put one of every color she had, and she now had three colors. Gilman didn't realize what she was doing until the wheel had started to turn.

He grasped her arm. "Good heavens, Cornelia. You're going it pretty steep, even if you are winning!"

"Oh, I guess I can afford twenty-five or thirty cents for my own birthday," she answered flippantly.

"Twenty-five or thirty cents? Say, don't you know what you're playing for? Those chips are—seventy-five, thirty, a dollar and a half. You've got one hundred and six dollars and fifty cents on your birthday!"

Her jaw dropped. "A hundred and what?" She began to understand. "Then these weren't just fifty cents' worth of chips?"

A crowd had gathered about the table,

attracted by the size of the bet. The wheel started to slow.

"More than a hundred dollars," she whispered to Gilman with her heart racing and her hands icy-numb. A hundred dollars was a month's rent, it was a down payment on a car—or used to be.

The croupier's flat, steely voice announced, "Number ten," and a little buzz of excitement and envy went up from the crowd. The croupier pushed a huge stack of chips toward Cornelia, telling her under his breath, "Thirty-seven hundred and twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents." He punctuated the announcement by rolling over a final and single white chip of the color she had started to play with.

"Now what?" she implored Gilman. "I just can't go on playing for these stakes, now that I know what I'm doing!"

"We go and dance and forget about gambling," he told her.

SHE watched him gather up her winnings for her and then watched the awful total being paid off in hundred-dollar bills. He rifled out three hundred and fifty dollars. "Shall I?" he deferred to her.

"Yes," she said, without understanding what he meant.

He passed them to the croupier, whose stony impassivity broke for an instant in a smile.

Later, at their table over a drink, Gilman asked her what she was thinking about.

"Thinking about? Just what a mad world this is and the crazy values that run it. Bob, you gave that man a tip of more money than I used to have to run my whole house on for a month, and now it just doesn't mean anything."

"Gambling money never does."

"But it's all gambling. We're all gambling all the time."

His hand pressed hers. "Not all the time—"

"I'd like to believe that. Look, do you suppose this money would buy a first-rate microscope?"

He hadn't said what he wanted to say, but she had answered him anyway. "I don't know anything about microscopes, but I should think it would buy the best one ever made. How about starting back? We've a long drive ahead of us."

They were standing in the deep shadows of the driveway, waiting for the doorman to bring their car, when the headlights of another car cut through the darkness beyond them. It drew up with a scut of gravel, and then the lights were suddenly extinguished. A moment later the light over the doorway switched on and Cornelia gave a start. The door of The Dunes was opening to Andy and Julia Farrel.

It was all over in an instant, for Andy didn't see her. Gilman bundled her into the car without a word, and they sped off into the night. She felt sick with shock. Had Andy and Julia planned this trip off into the desert? Why hadn't Andy mentioned it to her before she left? Her hand clenched her small evening bag, thick with bills. Buy Andy a microscope! What a fool she was! All that sentimentalism belonged back on Sycamore Street.

Gilman broke the miles-long silence between them. His voice was husky. "That was a rotten, awkward thing to have had happen."

She managed to give a high, tight laugh. "Imagine me forgetting that Andy and Julia were going to be at Palm Springs for the week end!"

The car slowed down, and the brilliant shaft of its headlights cut over to the side of the road. Then the lights were switched off and they were in blessed darkness and Gilman's arms were close about her. He let her cry it out with her head against his breast.

(To be concluded next week)

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Some Rain Must Fall

Continued from page 14

guidance along their courses. The parallel grows complete. Sailors learned that in thick weather safety lay in the open sea, away from the rocks and headlands. Aviators, taking the strides in their science, want to rise clear of the turbulence of the atmosphere near the earth's surface: the menace of fogs and peaks.

Aviation, therefore, brought a new dimension fully into weather science—the vertical. You began to read, in this last extraordinary decade, two new terms with regard to weather matters—air-mass analysis and stratosphere; you also heard, because of droughts and floods, a good deal of back-fence gossip that our climate is changing. You may as well reflect upon these matters now, for they probably mean more to your personal goings-on than you realize.

First, you must be careful not to get "weather" and "climate" mixed up; we have both, you know. Weather means conditions from day to day. Weather moves in cycles, or waves; nice through the week, rain for the weekend. Weather can be exasperating, or stimulating; it affects your emotions, guides your love affairs and the frequency with which you beat your children. Climate, on the other hand, is average weather over the ages; it influences your racial heritage. If you live in the cold or temperate zones, you might be a hustler; if you live in the tropics, you should worry. More than one weather scientist has suggested that air-conditioning generally introduced to homes and business places in the tropics would zip those places up to the productive levels of Pittsburgh or Seattle. A prominent military surgeon has written that if big wars are to be fought successfully in the tropics the soldiers must be kept at least eight hours a day in air-conditioned barracks. Anyway, if it is warm in Florida in February, that's climate. If it rains in Florida in February, that's weather.

It's Just Like It Used to Be

Climate has fooled smart folks. Thomas Jefferson noted in his diary that "heat and cold are becoming more moderate within the memory of even the middle-aged, and snows are less frequent and less deep." Even you and I "remember" that it used to be colder and snowier in our youth. The weatherman says this is because we ordinary fellows remember the outstanding and forget the average. He admits that over vast periods of time there are drastic changes on this planet; that is why explorers find in the polar regions signs of a bygone tropical climate; and, of course, in successive prehistoric eras ice may have covered the site of your home town. He admits, too, that within historical centuries there are evidences of long irregular fluctuations in climate. But the accumulated records show that over memorable periods the climate does not change.

In your home, nowadays, through the science of air-conditioning, you may create weather. Outdoors, against climate, your efforts must be puny and futile—like those of the man who suggested to the Weather Bureau it might relieve droughts by commandeering all the airplanes in the country, loading them with water from the Great Lakes, and sprinkling the devastated areas. It was patiently explained to him that one inch of simulated rainfall for one acre of land would require 113 tons of water. All the airplanes in the world could not dump as much practical water on a single large Kansas farm as one whacking good nor'easter.

The stratosphere will come into your daily life, be a commonplace experience for you, much sooner than a change in climate. Your air travels, in the near future, unless aviation experts are pulling our legs, will be in or near the stratosphere; and you will enjoy them more—no bumps. No disease germs, either; no catching mumps or colds; and if you were to die and be left up there you would stay pretty forever, another Lenin.

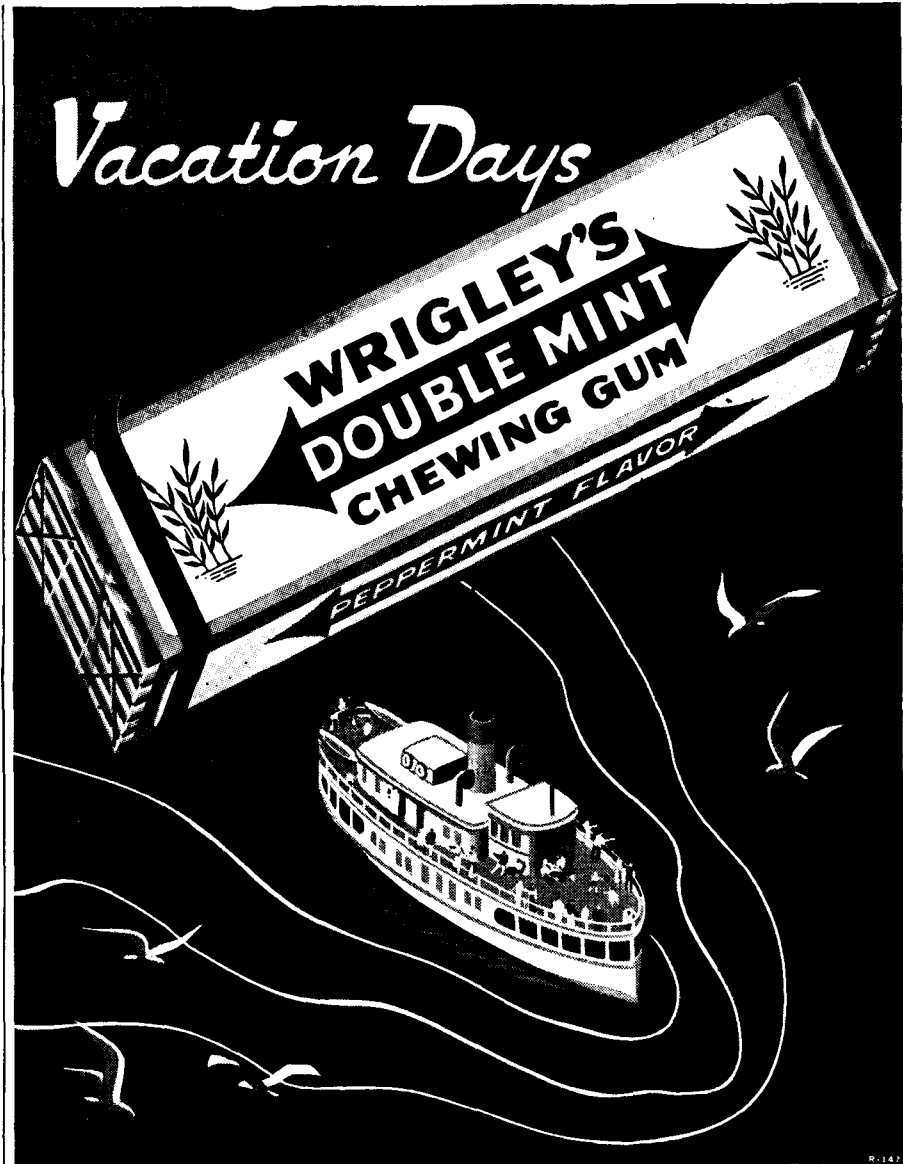
The beginning of upper-air research quickly revealed one important thing: our atmosphere, meteorologically at least, is divided into two major parts—the troposphere and the stratosphere. The atmosphere, you should know, is the shield of air—that is, mixture of gases favorable to human life—which insulates the earth from outer space; the blanket which keeps us snug and reasonably safe. The thickness of the atmosphere is not definitely known; scientists find clues in meteors, the aurora, "night clouds," the duration of twilight, which indicate that it is at least a few hundred miles.

A Region Without Weather

The troposphere, or lower section of the atmosphere, is the one in which you live. It extends upward four to seven miles, depending upon the season, latitude, and other matters. Most "weather" happens in the troposphere: storms, winds, rain and hail. Temperature drops, the higher you go in the troposphere; that is why you vacation in the mountains for relief from summer heat. When you get to the roof of the troposphere it may be as cold as seventy degrees Fahrenheit below zero. Suddenly you come to a line where the thermometer holds steady. You have reached the stratosphere; a region lacking in "weather" as you know it on the ground, and most favorable—according to as much data as weathermen have so far collected—for aviation.

Collecting horizontal weather information is rather simple. Vertical research requires more ingenuity. The box kites and captive balloons have already been discarded at many stations because of the danger to aircraft. Pilot balloons—rubber, 6 inches in diameter, inflated to 28 inches with hydrogen—are released and their brief careers in the air studied by observers, with instruments, to detect wind directions and velocities. Ceiling balloons, smaller than pilots, are used to get cloud heights. Sounding balloons, as big as your coupé, are sent up with self-recording instruments. These rise until they burst from changing air pressure. The instruments are then floated back to earth by parachutes; with records of temperature, pressure, humidity, and tags saying please send us back to the Weather Bureau and you'll get three dollars reward. The return percentage is about 9 out of 10; and the majority are picked up within fifty miles of their home station. Sounding balloons have been known to get as high as 22 miles; that's more than 15 in the stratosphere. The more romantic weathermen like to speculate about the tales that might be told by the ten per cent of sounding balloons which never, never come home.

Then, fittingly, the two sciences which are in line for the quickest help from upper air knowledge have been most useful in bringing it down. The pilots—whose labors contributed to that weather map you saw being made up early this morning—took aloft a variety of instruments; and they met a variety of conditions: ice, blizzards, dark clouds and air



HAROLD! DON'T YOU DARE!



"YEOW! THAT WASN'T A MOSQUITO. IT WAS A FLYING SWORDFISH. AM I GOING TO WALLOP HIM!"



"HAROLD! HAROLD! DON'T YOU DARE SQUASH THAT BLOODY MOSQUITO AGAINST MY WALLPAPER. WAIT'LL I GET THE GULFSPRAY."



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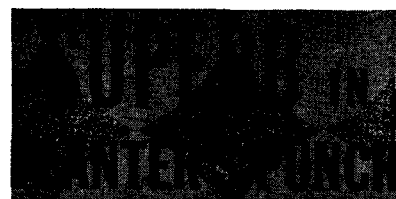


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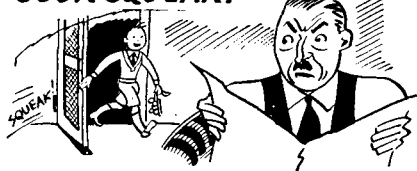
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rough enough to rattle your teeth; then down to a landing-field temperature of 80 in the shade. That is not unusual in the daily routine of a Weather Bureau pilot.

The weather pilot's career, useful and dramatic as it has been, may soon be outmoded by progress. Weather science has developed a new instrument: the radio-meteorograph, which is a transmitter actuated by specially designed lightweight barometers, thermometers, and hygrometers to give respectively the pressure, temperature, and humidity. This radio-meteorograph is attached to a small hydrogen-filled balloon, which carries it to heights of 15 miles or more—beyond the present range of weather airplanes. Automatically and constantly during its ascent the radio-meteorograph flashes signals to a recording station on the ground.

The Weather Bureau believes the radio-meteorograph will soon displace all other methods of upper-air research; moreover, that when all stations are equipped with it forecasting efficiency will reach a new peak, because observations will not only be plucked instantaneously from greater altitudes, but can be got during unflyable weather; the kind of weather that, really, is of most interest to science.

The radio-meteorograph, actually, suggests a new day in weather forecasting. Surmises as to the extent of its possible applications have the boys in the old red building on 24th Street so fussed and restless that the apple-vending machine in the lobby does three times its former business. For example, radio-meteorographs can be placed on uninhabited islands in the hurricane-brewing areas of the West Indies; in the cold-wave nurseries of the Arctic Circle; fixed on mountain tops, in jungles, even to strategically anchored buoys in the lonelier seas. Air-mass analysis will be greatly furthered by this robot weatherman.

The Mechanics of Weather

"Air-mass analysis" and "fronts" are new terms in weather science, which have gained universal attention in Weather Bureaus.

If you could sit on a cosmic ray, a thousand miles or so up there, and look down upon the earth's atmosphere, it would be as if you were to sit on a high tree bough, and look down upon a slow-moving river. You would see general flows, with eddies here and there. Just as certain natural forces cause the river of water to move, and lend it patches of calm and turbulence, there are factors which set the atmosphere in motion: gravity, heat from the sun, cold from the polar ice, the irregularities in outline and composition of the globe's surface. The circulation of the atmosphere is neither uniform nor constant, nor is it fixed in direction. It is, rather, an involved and variable system of currents.

Over wide areas of the earth the circulation may often, and for long periods of time, be weak and dull. Consequently, the unstirred air thereabouts takes on and holds steadily to the meteorological characteristics of the region: forms an "air mass," that is, of similar temperature and moisture conditions. Along comes an atmospheric current, and the whole mass is pushed away to new fields, carrying with it the weather peculiarities of its source bailiwick. When, next winter, your daily newspapers tell of Iowa dairymen frozen to their milking stools, and the oldest inhabitant of Laconia, New Hampshire, reckons this is the coldest spell since the year Dan'l Webster died, you'll know an air mass has ridden down from the Arctic.

When air masses from different zones, moved by atmospheric currents which differ in speed and direction, bang head-on, or sideswipe, the line of contact between them becomes a "front" in the

intermittent but endless warfare of the elements. In a sense, the "air masses" fight; and changes in temperature, wind velocity, precipitation, and other weather phenomena are swift until they modify one another, mix, dissipate, or carry their quarrels along to the next county.

If, from your daily weather map, you attempt to detect the trend of atmospheric currents and work out a chart estimating the durability of the air masses they sweep along, and where those may collide or brush, you are engaged in "air-mass analysis." Intensive work of this nature began in Norway during the Great War, in sheer necessity because Scandinavia no longer got weather data from the belligerent powers and was left to its own forecasting ingenuity.

Signs of the affiliation of aviation and weather forecasting become more exciting. The Soviet Union, youth among nations but with all the grown-up tools, strikes out more enthusiastically and less prudently than others: and sends a mass flight of scientists and planes to establish a portable air base at the North Pole. Timed with the rate of ice drift, the airport will be moved back whenever necessary. The Soviet scientists will flash their notes by long-distance radio: already their work in Siberia has been of splendid value to our Weather Bureau. Now, with firsthand information available from the polar cap, air-mass analyses, long-term predictions, protective forecasts for the international airways net that is swiftly being spun this year, may leap forward a generation.

In Washington the vital dependence, one upon the other, of commercial flying and weather forecasting has been emphasized by the advocates of a unified and progressive national air program and policy.

The air-line operators have their own weather departments, manned by expert meteorologists. Their work does not duplicate that of the U. S. Weather Bureau; rather, they supplement the government forecasts with special analyses of conditions along their own routes.

The Weather Bureau maintains an elaborate system of forecasting and reporting for the benefit of pilots and air lines; frequent reports, by radio and teletype, and special information whenever requested. Indeed, the demands, in the stark interest of your life when you

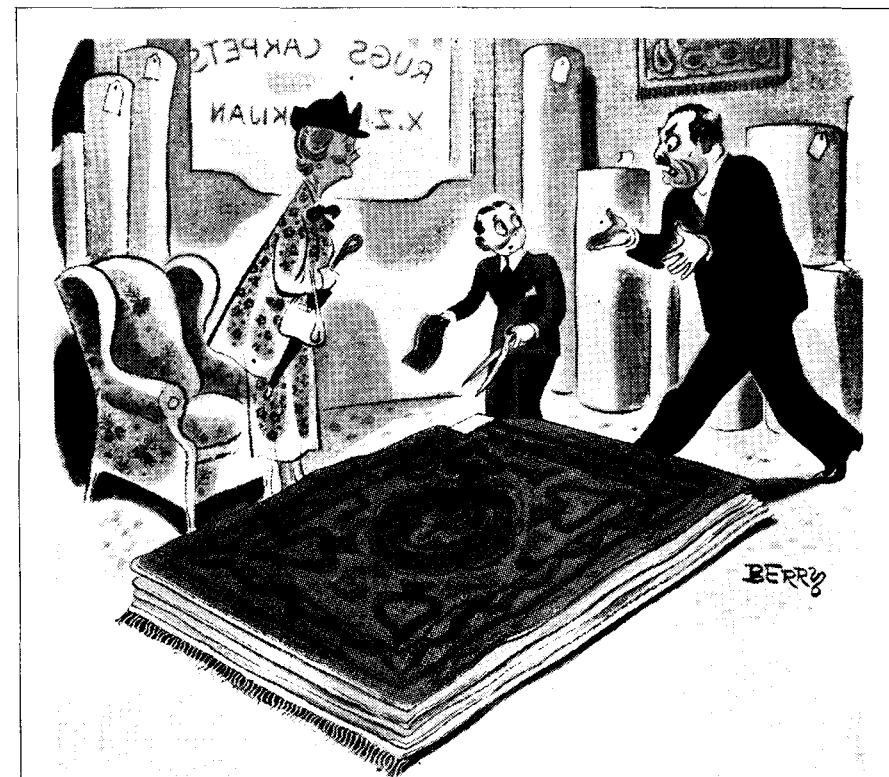
fly, have eaten into its resources at the expense of other works. Back in 1926, the allotment for aviation work in the Bureau's annual budget was one twenty-fifth. In 1937, it will be virtually one half. Since 1932—although the need, due to night and instrument flying, has been keener—the general appropriation for the Weather Bureau has been cut down. In 1932, when one hundred and twenty million passenger miles were flown, the Weather Bureau had nearly two million dollars to spend in helping to make flying safe. In 1937, when half a billion passenger miles are being flown, the Bureau must get along with \$300,000 less.

Tomorrow: Fair and Safer

The industry, knowing that fair weather for air travelers lies in the researches and activities of the United States Weather Bureau, wants the Bureau to expand greatly its role in the transportation life of the nation; wants it to have more facilities, and money, to amplify its services, and to pursue its researches into the deep ocean of air, where the future lies in waiting for that nation which is most enterprising.

Doctor Willis Ray Gregg, chief of the Weather Bureau, believes, with the men of his science, that weather research has come to the frontier of new fields of knowledge, of usefulness to you and to me in everyday life. "Aviation," he says, "has helped to make lay people weather-conscious. More of our colleges are organizing courses in advanced meteorology. Observational material, with the help of developments in other branches of science, is piling up. The practical value to a nation, the husbanding of its public and private resources, to be gained by comparatively small increases for weather research, cannot be calculated in terms of money. Death and suffering and property loss from storms and droughts will be reduced by more accurate predictions. Travel by air—and, of course, by land or sea, too—will be safer. Crop failures can be largely circumvented; nutritional standards raised and maintained against the hazards of erosion.

"Weather is bad, only when it catches you unaware and unprepared. From that point of view, tomorrow will be always fair—and you'll live longer to enjoy it."



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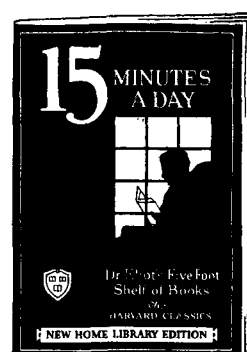
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What Makes the Mare Go

A GRIZZLED observer of the human race remarked to me that there are two activities the successful accomplishment of which has no relation to brains—writing poetry and making money. His personal acquaintance with poets is not extensive; whatever knowledge he has of them has been gained via biography and may be distorted. As to money-makers, however, his testimony is firsthand, and others of us can confirm it.

Earning money and making money are two entirely different things. Many men in business and the professions are large earners. They have acquired a skill sufficiently rare and specialized that society is willing to pay them handsome salaries or fees. Thus they have a surplus beyond their daily needs and not infrequently accumulate small fortunes. But they do not make money; *making* money is something else. A money-maker may have little general intelligence and almost no education, yet there is in him some instinct for smelling out opportunities, some knack of setting the wheels in motion which brings immense returns. Perhaps he is a bore, ignorant of any subject which cannot be mastered by a perusal of the daily headlines. He may play no games, read no books, sit like a bump on a log at the dinner table. Or he may, on the contrary, be puffed up by his financial success and emit *ex cathedra* pronouncements on all sorts of subjects, being most aggressively positive when he is most abysmally ignorant. Yet somehow or other he has the golden touch; everything he takes a hand in seems to prosper.

Writers, teachers, pastors, social workers and members of the intelligentsia are prone to hold him in contempt. These higher and nobler members of the race often cherish an unspoken conviction that if they had chosen to make money, instead of electing the more exalted fields of endeavor, they would have gained great fortunes. It looks so easy. They are mistaken—a fact which can be proved by examining the safety deposit box of almost any successful executive or professional man. At the bottom of the box rests a glittering array of tinsel papers which represent *his* fruitless efforts to make money. He has invested in new enterprises seemingly full of promise, backed young men with fresh ideas, underwritten inventors, bought patents and grubstaked prospectors. In every one of these fields some money-maker has grown rich by the wave of a wand, but the net result of it all in the case of the average smart man is worthless certificates and income tax deductions. I speak with some personal feeling.

It is the present fashion in high circles to discredit and limit the money-maker. This is a natural expression of an Administration made up largely of scholars, philanthropists and social workers. They note that the money-maker is often dumb, and conclude that society can get

along well enough without him. In this they are wrong.

Recently at an evening party quite a collection of these bullion-poets, the money-makers, were on view. They are not the most amusing companions in the world. Yet, in looking them over, I was reminded that this one, in making himself rich, had caused a half dozen industries to grow where none grew before; that another had opened up mines employing many workers and contributing much to the national wealth; that a third, by putting together some small unsuccessful businesses, had produced one large business which now feeds five thousand families. Ten years ago at such a party these men would have been full of enthusiasm and ideas. The mazuma department of their minds would have been steaming with novel projects, enlarged programs, enterprises unexplored. On this recent night they were strangely subdued.

High taxes and the constant nagging of officialdom has taken the starch out of them. They are not scheming, dreaming or taking chances as they used to do. Their talk was of farms and ranches and cruises; the general attitude was "What's the use!"

That these golden-egg layers have in the past been overpaid is probably beyond question. But they are needed. They occur only a few times per million of population and they represent something which modern society has to have if it is to keep on moving ahead. They are a yeast cake in the business dough. Bright or dumb, they have that sixth sense which generates fresh endeavors and spawns employment. Society will find it cannot eradicate them without inflicting injury on itself. They have the instinct for making money, and "money makes the mare go."

BRUCE BARTON



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EVERY DAY you see girls like Helen Jean Talbot whizzing along in expensive cars. Helen Jean is a pert little debutante of fashionable Grosse Pointe, Michigan, who dances all the latest steps, wears the latest clothes, and drives her car as well as a man.

On this particular summer day, Jean was clipping off the miles as she drove north on the road from Lansing to Flint. Beside her sat her mother, as placid as any mother can be when driving with a debutante daughter. And in the back seat was her six-year-old brother enthroned on the vacation baggage.

Heading For Trouble

Judging her distances carefully, Jean swung the car out in the fast lane of traffic to pass the car in front of her. And then things began to happen.

Above the contented purr of her powerful motor burst the ear-splitting "Bang" of a blow-out. The big sedan zig-zagged drunkenly. The color drained from Jean's face as her small hands clung helplessly to the steering wheel.

But Jean has always been lucky, and this time her luck held. The driver of the car which she had just passed was able to stop short as Jean's car lurched toward the soft shoulder of the road. And like the modern girl that she is, Jean kept her head. But all that separated her car from a yawning ditch was a few scant inches of crumbling earth.

Of course, Jean loves a thrill—but as she said later, this was one too many for her. That's why today, Jean's car is equipped with Goodrich Safety Silvertowns with Golden Ply blow-out protection.

Goodrich Aids Motorists

I'm a woman and a writer, not a mechanic, but I am interested enough in my own safety to find out something about blow-out protection. And here's what I discovered. One reason why so many people are killed or injured in blow-out accidents is because at today's driving speeds of 40-50-60 miles an hour, all tires get terrifically hot inside. In fact they get so

hot that the rubber and fabric may pull away from each other. When this happens, a tiny blister forms. Gradually, the blister swells until, without any warning, it bursts, and then you have a blow-out!

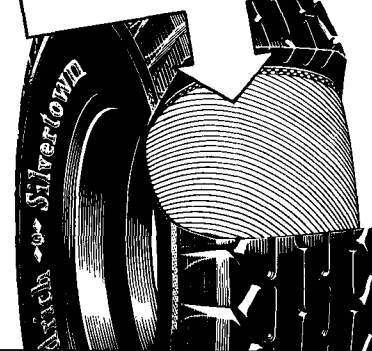
Goodrich engineers saw the need for a safer tire as driving speeds increased. As a result, they invented the Life-Saver Golden Ply, a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist this treacherous *internal tire heat*. Of course, no other tire in the world but the Goodrich Safety Silvertown has this life-saving invention. So in view of the fact that it's always better to be *safe* than sorry, why not equip your car with Golden Ply Silvertowns? *Tomorrow isn't a bit too soon.* They're on sale at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere—and you pay no price premium for these super-quality tires.

Katharine Brush.



"Helplessly she clung to the steering wheel as the car headed for a ditch."

HEAT CAUSES BLOW-OUTS.
PROTECT YOURSELF
AGAINST THOSE
BLOW-OUTS WITH THIS
HEAT-RESISTING
GOLDEN PLY



FREE! Millions of motorists have joined the Silvertown Safety League—pledged themselves to drive safely. If you're not a member, see your Goodrich dealer and join now. There's nothing to buy. He'll get for you FREE a handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light fails.



Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

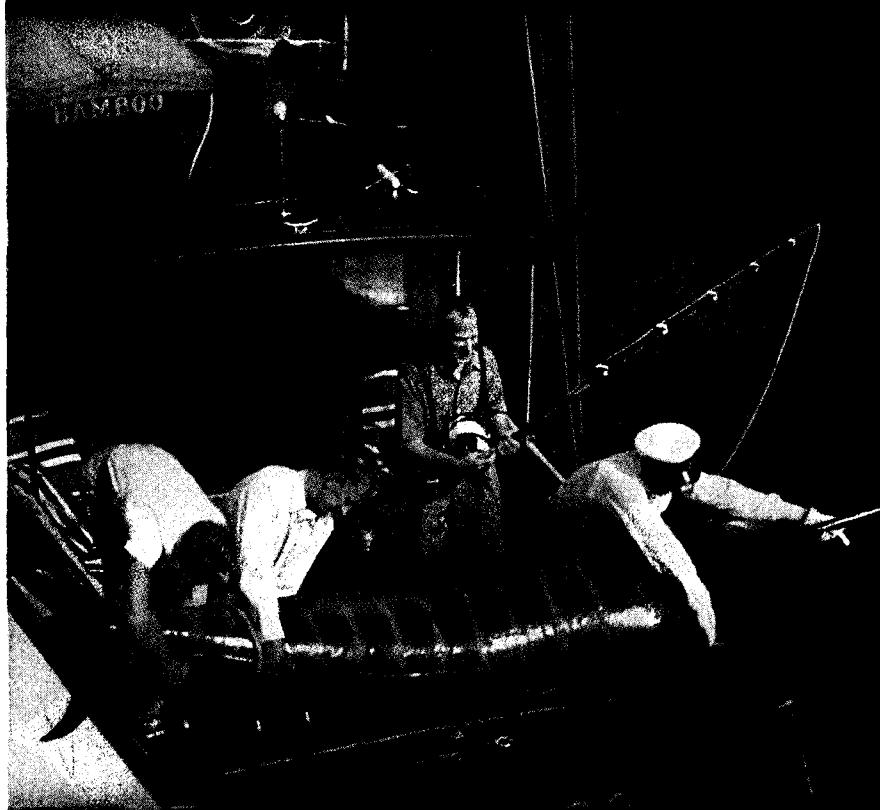


The battle is on — Erl Roman, famous sportsman, vs. 600 lbs. of savage, fighting blue marlin!

How would your nerves stand up to two hours of this?



ERL ROMAN LANDS A BIG ONE!



AS the Miami, Florida, "Herald" said of Erl Roman's titanic struggle with the big fish shown above: "The battle was tough on Erl. He had his hands full staying in the fishing chair." But a sporting spirit and healthy nerves kept Roman going. After a 2-hour fight, he landed the second-

largest blue marlin ever taken on rod and reel.

Mr. Roman considers Camel the preferable cigarette for steady smoking. "Healthy nerves are necessary for keeping on top of things. Camels don't interfere with my physical condition or get on my nerves." Above, right, Mr. Roman enjoys

good digestion and a Camel after his tense fight. "I make it a point," he says, "to smoke Camels with my meals and after 'for digestion's sake.'"

Smooth blending of costlier tobaccos. You see, Camels are made from costlier tobaccos, in a matchless blend. A *mild* cigarette for steady smoking.



AQUAPLANE EXPERT. Miss Gloria Wheeden, a typical American outdoor girl, says: "I pride myself on keeping in good condition. Yes, I smoke. Like all my crowd, I enjoy Camels—especially at meal-times. I enjoy the sense of well-being that good digestion brings."

FOREST RANGER has smoked Camels for 24 years. "If it weren't for the fact Camels are so mild, I couldn't enjoy smoking so much," declares Clarence E. Dare. Mr. Dare likes Camels too after his favorite meal — steak and apple pie. "Camels smooth things for my digestion," he says.



Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other popular brand.

**Camels
NEVER GET ON
YOUR
NERVES!**



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